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The Saturday Evening
POST

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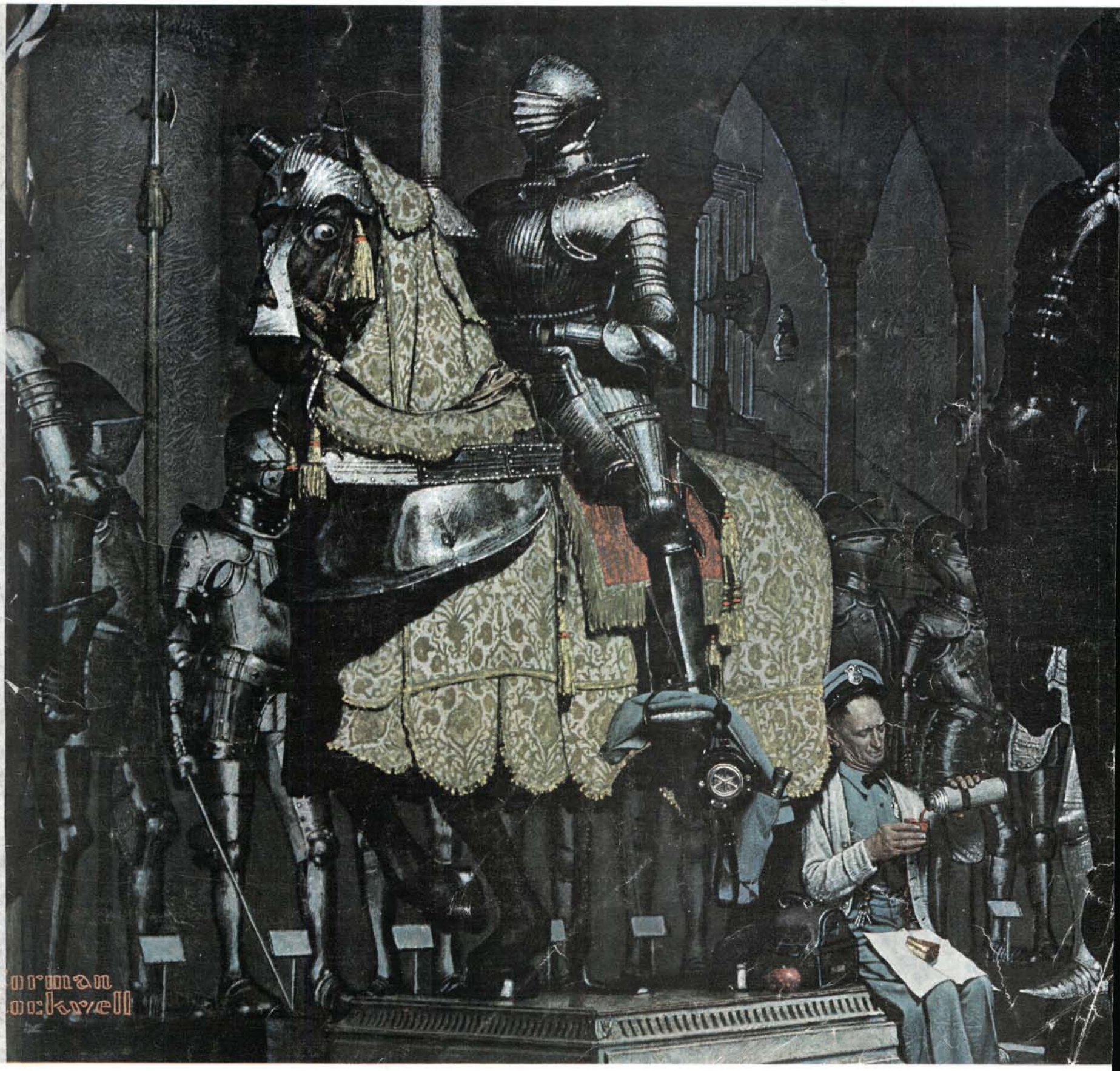
Eichmann And His Trial
By His Prosecutor
The Attorney General of Israel

A Short Story by William Saroyan



Memoirs of a Monster
By Boris Karloff

California Feud
L.A. vs. S.F.

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Never giving a thought to your insurance until renewal time can be risky. Here, from The Hartford, are just a few examples of situations when it is important to review your protection.

Unlike "See your dentist twice a year," there's no time-honored formula to guide you in periodically reviewing your insurance. But you can't go far wrong if you keep this rule in mind: *Any significant change in your personal or family affairs is very likely to make some changes in your insurance necessary*. Here are some examples:

YOU MAKE AN IMPROVEMENT ON YOUR HUUSE

Addition of a recreation room, modernizing the kitchen, or installing a second bathroom can add substantially to the value of your home. Your insurance against fire and other perils should be adjusted to cover your additional investment.

YOU MOVE TO ANOTHER STATE

To avoid problems at your new place of residence, check on your auto insurance *before* you go. One reason: liability insurance that meets safety-responsibility law requirements of one state may be inadequate in another. Also, if your present insurance company is not licensed in the state where you're relocating, your insurance may not be acceptable there as evidence of financial responsibility after an accident. This could cause suspension of your driver's license.

YOU BUY A SECOND HOME

Suddenly you have a new investment to safeguard. You should promptly notify your agent, as additional insurance will be needed to protect against loss by fire, windstorm, explosion, hail and other perils.

What's more, your exposure to accident claims will immediately increase, since people may suffer injury at the new property. If you have a Hartford Homeowners policy it will cover such damage claims and lawsuits until renewal time, without additional cost.

YOU ACQUIRE MORE FURS, JEWELRY

Your present insurance probably provides stipulated limits of coverage on losses of fur garments, jewelry, money, securities, coin and stamp collections. If you add property of these kinds, you should check with your agent so that he can arrange for extra coverage if need be.

YOU BUY A SECOND CAR

In most states and depending on the type of policy you have, auto insurance will automatically cover added cars for 30 days—but it's important to see your agent before that grace period expires. He'll adjust your policy to continue your protection on the added car. Also, he'll tell you if you qualify for a second-car discount, or for the special low rates applicable on most compact cars.

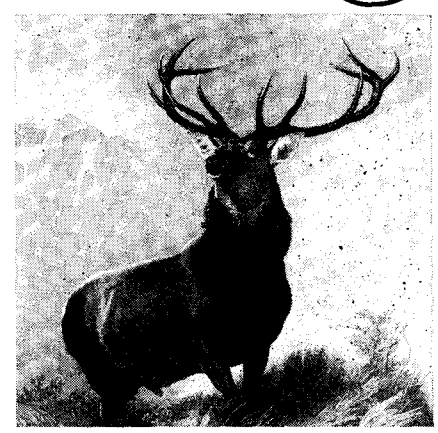
YOU TAKE A NEW JOB

If you've been using your car on the job you're leaving, but will not use it in your new position, you may be entitled to a substantial insurance rate reduction. Since a job change can affect your insurance in many ways, this is a time when you definitely need the good insurance advice of your Hartford Agent.

Get this free booklet for more guidance

The Hartford has prepared a new booklet—*When to Think About Your Insurance*—which covers the subject quite completely. A postcard request will bring you a free copy.

PROTECTION WEEK, November 4-10, is an excellent time for you to get a complete insurance check-up from your local independent Hartford Agent. Check the Yellow Pages for his listing, or look for him where you see the familiar Stag trademark. Many Hartford Group Agents also display this emblem of the National Association of Insurance Agents.



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Eichmann Prosecutor. The decision to write the exclusive behind-the-scenes story of the Eichmann trial for *The Saturday Evening Post* was made by Israel Attorney General **Gideon Hausner** at a luncheon meeting early last summer with four *Post* editors. Soon after Hausner's return to Israel, *Post* contributing editor Roul Tunley flew to Jerusalem to assist the attorney general in assembling and organizing the material. Because of the press of his government duties, Hausner did most of his work on the articles at night, writing the first draft in longhand. A native of Poland, Hausner at age 12 went to live in what is now Israel when his father was appointed Polish consul general to Tel Aviv. Hausner obtained a degree in law from Hebrew University in 1943 and soon afterward opened his own law office. During Israel's war of independence, he was judge advocate of the Jerusalem brigade and established a reputation as one of the new nation's leading young lawyers. Hausner had received his appointment as Israel's attorney general, but had not yet taken office, when the announcement was made in May of 1960 that Adolph Eichmann had been captured in Argentina. He thus took over his new duties just in time to play a leading role in one of the most famous trials in history. Hausner, now 47, lives with his wife Jehudith and a teen-age son and daughter in a Jerusalem apartment. Hausner's *Post* articles will be expanded into a book to be published next year by Harper and Row.

Other By-Lines. **Irv Goodman** is an associate editor of *The Post*. . . . Contributing editor **Arthur Baum**, who writes in this issue about auto manufacturer Sherwood Egbert, has been awarded first prize in the magazine division of the Ted V. Rodgers Journalism Awards, given for the outstanding articles involving highway development. The award was made for Baum's article, OUR NEW SUPER-ROAD SYSTEM (*The Post*, July 8, 1961). . . . **Dick Schaap's** article on Jim Taylor is his second appearance in four weeks. Schaap, who wrote on Anthony Quinn in the October 13 *Post*, is a senior editor of *Newsweek* magazine. . . . **Anne West** (the pen name for Mrs. H. L. Zimmerman of Marion, Illinois) reports that she gained 10 pounds while working on the Greek-food article. "But I love these stories where you can eat your way through the material," says the author. . . . After spending a fortnight researching Los Angeles' liabilities, San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist **Herb Caen** says he felt it necessary to take a vacation in Europe. Replies Los Angeles *Times* columnist **Jack Smith** about Caen's town: "I love the old girl and I'm sure she'll make a smash comeback." . . . Short summary of Boris Karloff by the husband-and-wife free-lance writing team of **Howard** and **Arlene Eisenberg** of Forest Hills, New York: "He's much less terrifying than many editors we know." . . . **Don Schanche** is a contributing editor of *The Post*.

The Cover. Artist **Norman Rockwell** claims he got the idea for his cover painting after visiting the John Woodman Higgins Armory Museum in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he saw one of the world's finest private collections of armor and weapons. The horse and rider are part of the Higgins collection, but the bored guard eating his lunch and the disapproving stare of the horse are strictly out of the famed Rockwell imagination.

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LETTERS

Praise for the Pope

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading THE GENIAL POPE (Oct. 6) and I wish to compliment you on the fine coverage you have given this dynamic personality. Robert Neville has written objectively but with a warmth that not even cold print can restrain.

SISTER MARY FLEURETTE
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

The warmth of the Pope's geniality is great indeed and surely to be welcomed. But it alone can not dislodge the real obstacles that separate Christians. In spite of the Pope's personal qualities, many non-Roman Catholics still see him and the office he holds as the symbol and cause of the fragmentation of Christendom.

GEORGE F. LEWIS
Willowdale, Ont.

Down With Jerks!

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers for Marya Mannes's article (SPEAKING OUT: LET'S STOP EXALTING JERKS, Oct. 6). Our young people are being brainwashed by publicity-seeking jerks into accepting and even condoning their actions. Expose them, *POST!*

MRS. J. H. WALLACE
North Olmsted, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Thanks from all of us who have felt for some time that we in America were hero-worshiping the shabbiest kind of idols. Let's turn to those people in public life who stand for honor and integrity.

MRS. BERT KRAUS
La Grange, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

While agreeing with Marya Mannes in principle, I deplore some of her examples. Apparently she thinks no other section can equal the South in producing the political jerk. Why, we Southerners ask ourselves despairingly, must the typical corrupt politician always hail from below the Mason-Dixon Line? Was Boss Tweed a Southerner? Maybe Miss Mannes should count her chickens a little more carefully before she calls them all bad eggs. One of the most powerful and dangerous of the exalted jerks poisoning public opinion today is the journalist who brushes aside or hand-tailors fact to suit his—or her—prefabricated opinions.

MRS. E. A. NICHOLS
Aberdeen, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Ouch! Marya Mannes has pricked the enemy with her poisoned, needling prose. Of course, the wound isn't fatal; she wasn't after the jerks themselves anyway. It was the docile crowd at the base of the pedestal that needed a good stinging jab. Now let's hope that crowd will slide past paltry idols and on to subjects worthy of emulation.

MARY JANE RUSSO
Michigan State Univ.
East Lansing, Mich.

Master of Mellifluence

Dear Sirs:

Please assign the most able Ben H. Bagdikian to write more thumbnail sketches like the one on Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen (GOLDEN VOICE OF THE SENATE, Oct. 6). What a gem it was!

MRS. E. L. HESS
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Your article leads one to suspect that Senator Dirksen is little more than a mere peddler of words, words, and more words set to more or less pleasing sound effects. I was reminded of an acquaintance who once wrote about some such word mill: "the ponderosity of his sonorous verbosity precluded the assimilation of his erudite elucidation of the difficult proposition under consideration. The inevitable resultant summation of the sad situation was a very profound phooey on such frumpery!"

T. E. ANDREW
Salem, Oreg.

Senator Dirksen: sonorous verbosity?

On the Firing Line

Dear Sirs:

I object to your editorial (WHY ARM POTENTIAL KILLERS? Oct. 6). This is the type of muddled thinking that led to New York's infamous Sullivan Law, whereby an honest citizen finds it almost impossible to own a handgun. Legislation to remove pistols from law-abiding citizens does not do anything but make it easier for the bandit.

DR. S. C. ENDICOTT
Coos Bay, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps the "reasonable regulation" of firearms you propose could be extended to include a "reasonable regulation" of the press. This would probably eliminate collections of nonsense and trash which you have so generously labeled an editorial.

JOHN O. LEER
Eau Claire, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

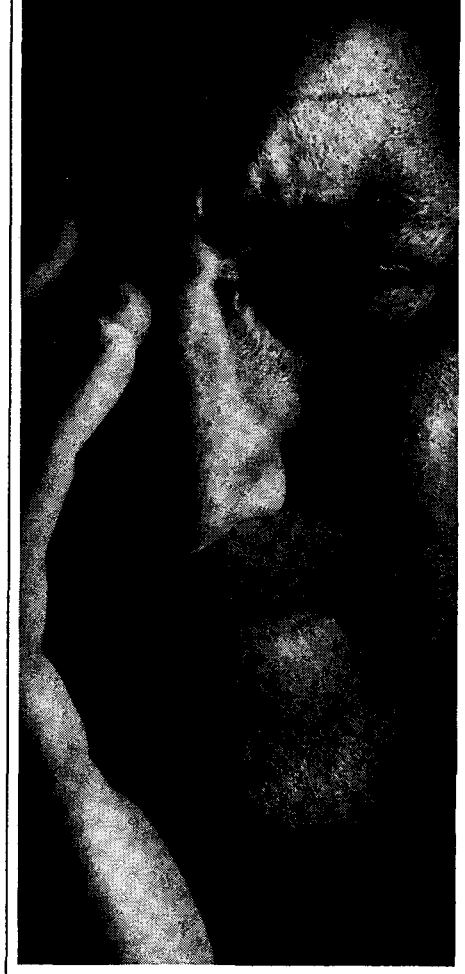
Thank you for printing a very informative editorial. I never realized that a pistol could be obtained so easily.

WILFRID C. MCLAUGHLIN JR.
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Since most crimes are committed with knives, should all kitchen knives, penknives and ice picks be registered? And how about blunt objects? How do you register baseball bats, ash trays and rocks? It's ridiculous, of course, but not as ridiculous as arbitrarily suggest-

Can't Breathe?
Head-Cold Congestion?
—and still have to keep on the go?



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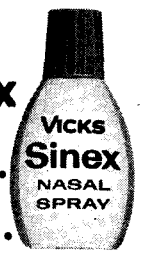

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LETTERS

ing that a law requiring Federal registration of pistols and revolvers would help curb crime. We must legislate against the criminal—not the gun.

ALEX BARTIMO
Peoria, Ill.

● *We never suggested legislating against the gun. We did suggest that a legal omission which makes it a simple matter for idiots to purchase pistols and revolvers should be corrected at once.—ED.*

Sizing Up the Struggle

Dear Sirs:

Merlo J. Pusey (STRUGGLE INSIDE THE SUPREME COURT, Oct. 6) gave a thoughtful analysis of the possible consequences of the recent prayer decision which has given many people pause for thought. Unless the court forbids all acts of devotion, it now assumes the role of determining what is and what is not a religious cause. This is directly opposed to the principle laid down in the past by the court against public officials doing this very thing.

MRS. PHYLLIS HULL
Reedley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Merlo Pusey's article was a bit unfair on the prayer issue. What the court forbade was having the state prescribe a prayer of specific wording because, with such a precedent, other prayers or practices might follow, some possibly less neutral than the Regents prayer. The decision did not bar permitting time for each student to pray silently in whatever way he wishes, and this is exactly what is being done now in many New York schools. We cannot help but suspect that much of the furor against the court on this issue is part of a reactionary campaign to devalue the court's great decisions on segregation and gerrymandering.

FREDERICK S. LIGHTFOOT
Hollis, N.Y.

Palefoot Barnes

Dear Sirs:

When Henry Barnes took on the job of traffic commissioner in New York City (FURIOUS FOE OF TRAFFIC JAMS, Oct. 6) he sure put his foot in it! Right

Barnes: painting the town white.

smack in the middle of the nice, fresh white line he is supposed to be painting on a street. I hope he is a better traffic commissioner than he is a painter!

SHERWIN F. KELLY
Merritt, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

I should like to go on record as saying the article is excellent, except that it makes me look like a mean old SOB which everyone here agrees is so. But, as (Leo) Durocher said, "Nice guys don't win ball games."

HENRY A. BARNES
New York, N.Y.

Coming . . . in next week's Post

The Integration Struggle:
WHAT NEXT IN MISSISSIPPI?

Inside Ike's Scottish Castle

John Crosby Speaks Out:
Movies Are Too Dirty

The Ups of Hugh Downs

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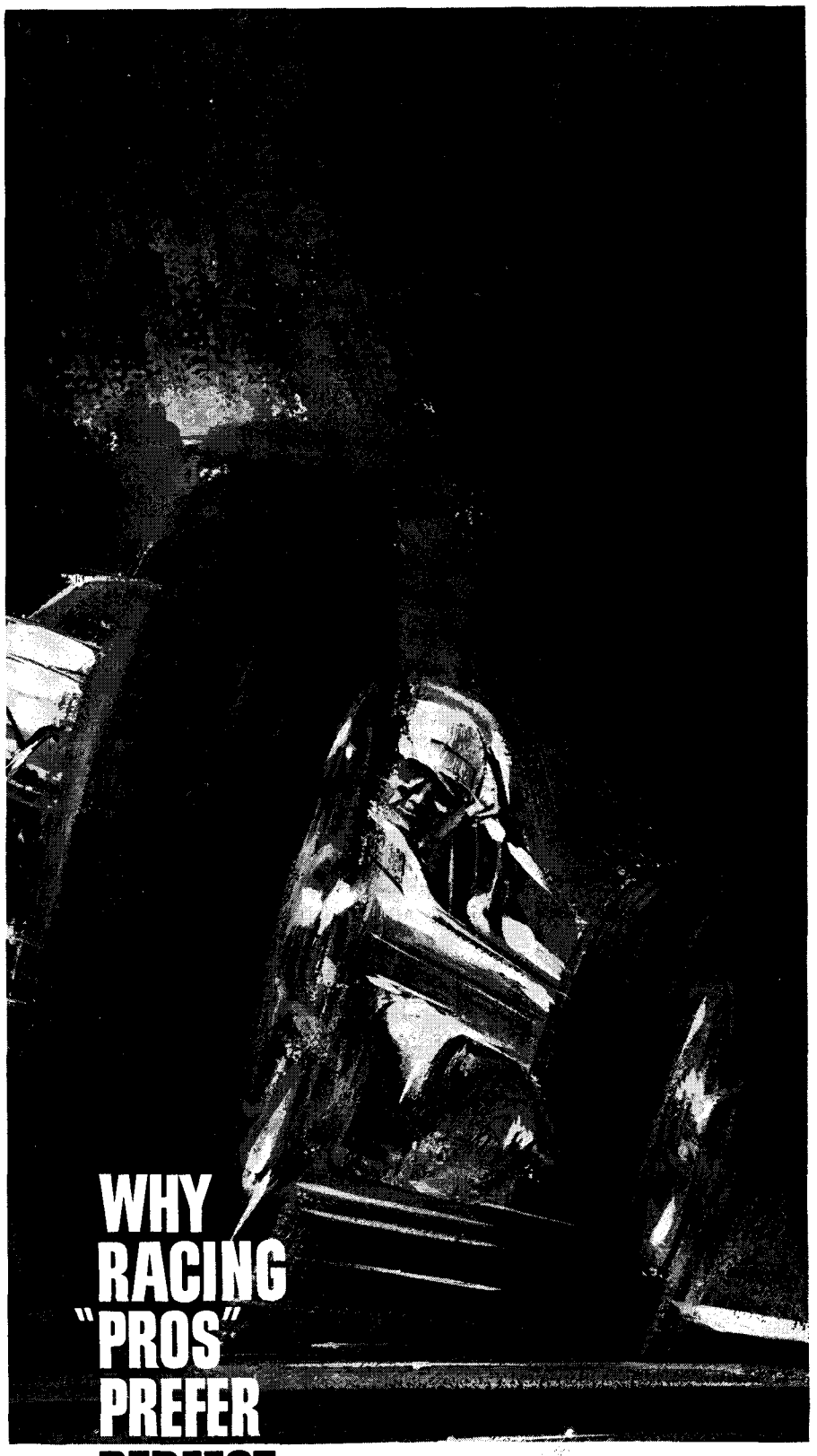

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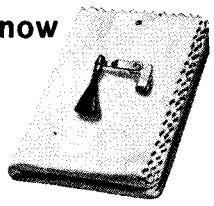

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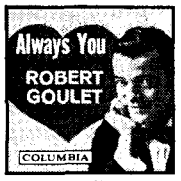

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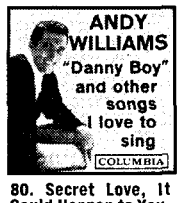

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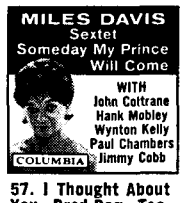
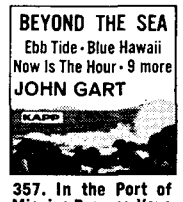


57. I Thought About You, Drad-Dog, Teo, Old Folks, etc.



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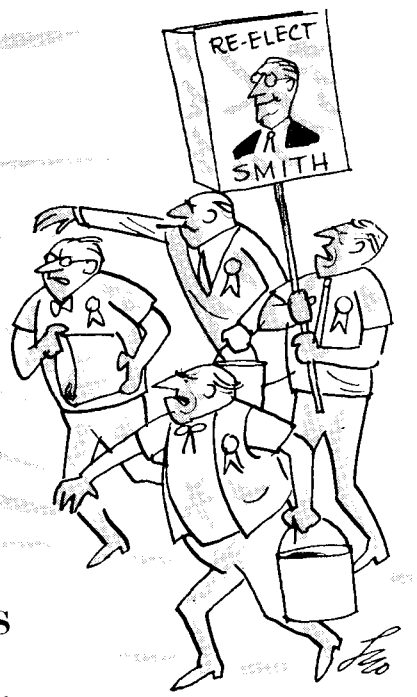

In every election year unscrupulous smear experts ply their shoddy trade.

By Bruce L. Felknor

In the midst of a heated campaign for Congress in Long Island's Third Congressional District, thousands of voters received a yellow, legal-sized mimeographed sheet which supposedly bared the truth about one of the candidates, A. William (Monk) Larson, a popular Levittown Democrat, a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Reserve and a former schoolboard member. The campaign leaflet, which was unsigned, lashed out at Larson with an attack calculated to weaken his chances at the polls.

"While a member of the Levittown School Board, Larson endorsed the *Lonesome Train*, the Communist Cantata," the leaflet charged, a reference to a controversial free-verse poem on Lincoln's funeral which a local parents' group had labeled subversive after it was played to Levittown school children. The anonymous authors then switched their attack to Larson's religious affiliation: "As a member of the Ethical Culture Society, Larson is opposed to keeping Christmas in the schools. Keep Christ *out* of Christmas is the motto of the society," the sheet stated.

The statements proved to be blatant lies, fabricated to create "documentation" for a political smear. In actuality Larson's school-board term had expired three years before the *Lonesome Train* incident. He had never been a member of the Ethical Culture Society—which, incidentally, has no such motto. Larson's opponent disavowed the leaflet, but Larson lost by a sizable vote, with no way of estimating how many Long Island voters were deceived.

Although that malicious smear took place during the 1958 Congressional campaign, it is a typical illustration of the handiwork of the political smearer, examples of which regularly come to my attention as executive director of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, Inc. If my experience is any guide, the present campaigns—in which we will elect thirty-five governors, the entire House of Representatives, and thirty-seven United States Senators—will prove to have yielded a bumper crop of smears by election day.

The Scope of the Problem

Of course, not all political campaigns—probably not even a majority—are marred by smears. But all too many are, more than most people realize or will admit. During the 1960 campaign, for example, I studied more than 300 smear complaints, undoubtedly only part of the national smear picture. A recent Fair Campaign Practices Committee survey showed that in only 20 states did Republican and Democratic state chairmen agree the campaigns had been "clean."

Although smears originate with unprincipled citizens—both in and out of political parties—the voting public must certainly bear a large measure of blame. Some voters complacently accept the smearer's perversion of our democracy, and with it the gaping loopholes in our election laws and the enforcement of the laws we have.

Others are so naïve that they do not understand that their minds are being manipulated by the skillful smearer. Because a smear cannot succeed without this manipulation, full knowledge of the smearer's technique can instantly rob a smear of its effectiveness.

One of the most scurrilous—and, unfortunately, most potent—of the smear methods is the false insinuation that a candidate suffers from shallow patriotism or is secretly soft on Communism. A vivid example took place in September, 1961, during New York City's bitter Democratic mayoralty primary fight when, in the closing days of the campaign, thousands of Bronx voters received anonymous packets of political material.

The "Communist Puppet Kit," as New York state investigators termed it, was an unsigned, stapled four-sheeter which charged that Mayor Robert F. Wagner was the tool of "left wingers" who were "taking over the Democratic Party." The leaflet cover showed a lifeless Wagner puppet being dangled by such prominent New Yorkers as Eleanor Roosevelt, and labor leaders David Dubinsky and Mike Quill. Inside the "kit" was a reprint of an editorial from the Catholic publication, *The Tablet*, praising the anti-Communism of New York State Controller Arthur Levitt, the rival candidate.

Special Assistant State Attorney General John G. Bonomi, named to investigate the case, established that the anonymous packets were distributed by the regular Democratic organizations in the Bronx and Brooklyn supporting Levitt—who personally disavowed the smear. Philip Gilsten, Democratic leader of the Bronx's Eighth Assembly District, readily admitted that his club had been the "drop" from which volunteer party workers addressed the leaflets. When questioned, Gilsten characterized the kits as "brilliant," and rationalized their use because, as he stated it, "We were fighting for our political life."

Totally Inadequate Laws

The "Communist Puppet Kit" case underscores the drastic shortcoming of many laws designed to deter smearers. Although anonymous campaign literature is illegal in New York State, Gilsten and the others could not be prosecuted, for the statute penalizes only the printer.

I have found that no political party or candidate is immune to imputations that they are somehow associated with "unpatriotic" elements. Even such a stanch conservative as Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona has been the target of a smear attack which tried to tie him to an allegedly Communist-dominated union in his state. During Goldwater's campaign for election to his current Senate term, Arizonans in Phoenix and Tucson were deluged with a single-page flyer containing a caricature of former Red dictator Joseph Stalin, grinning a self-satisfied smile, and asking, "Why Not Vote for Goldwater?" Directly above the cartoon, the smearers had headlined: "Union Lauds Goldwater. 'Honest, Sincere,' Miners Say"—referring to the Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers Union which had been expelled from the CIO in 1950 for allegedly promoting Communism and flouting CIO policy.

A Pair of Smearers Who Paid

In actuality Goldwater had no connection with the left-wing union. A Mine, Mill official had gratuitously made the "honest, sincere" statement at the same meeting in which the union had endorsed Goldwater's opponent who, incidentally, had nothing to do with the smear. The culprits, Frank N. Goldberg and Earl N. Anderson, members of the anti-Red Machinists Union, readily confessed. The two men were convicted in Federal court on June 20, 1960, for distributing anonymous literature involving a Federal candidate and fined $1000 each under the seldom-enforced law. Had it not been a Federal election, the smearers would probably have answered to no one, for Arizona has no comparable statute.

Subterfuge is vital to the smearer, and one of his most effective "covers" is the instant political committee, formed during a campaign without benefit of members or officers and solely for the purpose of lending spurious respectability to his smear-sheet innuendos. Generally these committees carry high-sounding names.

Bruce L. Felknor is executive director of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, Inc., a national bipartisan organization formed in 1954 to improve the morality of political campaigns in the United States.

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- **REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA.** Plain or mint-flavored. 12-oz., regularly 63¢, **2** for **64¢**
- **EPSOM SALT.** 1-lb., **2** for **54¢,** 4-oz., **2** for **26¢**
- **REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS.** 85, reg. 59¢, **2** for **60¢;** 36, reg. 29¢, **2** for **30¢**
- **COTTON BALLS.** 130, reg. 69¢, **2** for **70¢**
- **REXALL BABY TALC.** Powder, 1-lb., 89¢, **2** for **90¢;** large 10-oz. "Baby Care" Lotion, Oil or Shampoo, regular 89¢, now **2** for **90¢**
- **REXALL DIAPER RASH CREAM. 2** for **76¢**
- **FUNGI-REX** for athlete's foot. 1½-oz. ointment, regularly 98¢, now get **2** for **99¢**
- **REXALL ADHESIVE TAPE.** Wide or narrow. 2" x 5 yds., 1" x 10 yds., reg. 75¢, **2** for **76¢**
- **TRI-SALVE.** Triple antibiotic salve with polymyxin. ¼-oz., **2** for **90¢;** 1-oz., **2** for **$2.60**

TOILETRY VALUES

- **AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.** Aerosol Mist Cologne, reg. $2.50, **2** for **$2.51;** Dusting Powder, reg. $1.75, **2** for **$1.76;** Aerosol or Powder Sachet, Cologne, Soap (3 cakes in box) each, regularly $1.50, now **2** for **$1.51**
- **BRITE SET HAIR SPRAY.** $1.25, **2** for **$1.26**
- **REXALL RO-BALL DEODORANT. 2** for **70¢**
- **CARA NOME CREAMS.** Face Creams: Cold Cream or Special Dry Skin Cleansing Cream, $1.25, **2** for **$1.26;** Night Cream smooths and softens, $1.50, **2** for **$1.51;** Estrogenic Hormone Cream, fortified, now **2** for **$2.01**
- **REXALL THEATRICAL COLD OR CLEANSING CREAM.** Pound, regularly $1.50, **2** for **$1.51**
- **"8480" NAIL POLISH REMOVER. 2** for **40¢**
- **TWIG COLOGNE.** 2½-oz., $1.50, **2** for **$1.51**
- **RADIANCE LIQUID FOUNDATION. 2/$1.26**
- **FAST DANDRUFF TREATMENT SHAMPOO.** New 8-oz. plastic bottle, reg. 98¢, **2** for **99¢**
- **LAVENDER OR REXALL AFTER-SHAVE LOTION.** Perfect way to end a shave! **2/60¢**
- **AEROSOL TOOTHPASTE.** Rexall. 98¢, **2** for **99¢**

FAMILY BARGAINS

- **SUPPORT STOCKINGS.** "Sheer Comfort" by Spuntex. All nylon. Seamed or seamless. White, Mist. Reg. $4.95, now **2** pr. **$4.96**
- **KLENZO TOOTHBRUSHES.** 49¢, **2** for **50¢**
- **INFRA-RED LAMP.** Reg. $1.79, **2** for **$1.80**
- **LEATHER BILLFOLDS.** Genuine leather, men's & ladies', $5, **2** for **$5.01;** others, **2** for **$2.01**
- **HAIR BRUSHES.** Many styles, $1, **2** for **$1.01**
- **AEROSOL SNOW.** For Christmas! **2** for **99¢**
- **HOUSEHOLD GLOVES.** 89¢ pr., **2** pr. **90¢**
- **SYRINGES.** Fountain, reg. $3.89, **2** for **$3.90;** Comb. Syringe & Water Bottle, **2** for **$4.60**
- **RAZOR BLADES,** Permedge, 18 single-edge or 20 double-edge, reg. 49¢, now **2** for **50¢**

FOR [illegible]

- **MONACET APC COMPOUND.** Combination-of-ingredients brings fast relief of headache, colds discomfort, helps reduce fever. 100's, **2** for **$1.05;** 25's, reg. 42¢, now **2** for **43¢**
- **REXALL TRIPLE ACTION COUGH SYRUP.** Adults', **2** for **$1.10;** Children's, **2** for **99¢**
- **ELIXIR TERPIN HYDRATE** with ammonium chloride and antihistamine. 4-oz., **2** for **80¢**
- **BIOKETS.** For minor throat irritations. Vial of 15 Troches or 10 Lozenges, 79¢, **2** for **80¢**
- **TRIPLE ACTION CHEST RUB.** 98¢, **2** for **99¢**

VITAMIN SAVINGS

- **VITAMIN C** (Ascorbic Acid) 100 tablets: 100-mg., **2** for **$1.20;** 50-mg., **2** for **78¢;** 25-mg., now specially-priced at **2** for **46¢**
- **VITAMIN B_1 TABLETS.** 100, 100-mg., **2/$3.99;** 50-mg., **2** for **$2.26;** 25-mg., **2** for **$1.46**
- **REXALL B-COMPLEX FORTIFIED CAPSULES** with vitamins B_1, B_2, B_6, niacinamide, calcium pantothenate & liver. 100, now **2** for **$2.60**
- **GER-RITE VITAMIN & IRON TONIC,** 12-oz. liq., $2.79, **2** for **$2.80;** 80 tabs, **2** for **$4.80**
- **PANOVITE VITAMINS WITH MINERALS.** Helps insure balanced vitamin-mineral nutrition. 100's, regular $4.95, now **2** for **$4.96**
- **PANOVITE CHEWABLE VITAMINS.** 1¼ to 2½ times minimum daily requirement of all vitamins with known minimums. 60, **2** for **$2.01**
- **REXALL THERAMINS.** Therapeutic potencies of vitamins A, B_1, B_2, C, D, Niacin. 100 capsules, $6.95, **2** for **$6.96;** 50's, **2** for **$3.80**
- **REXALL BREWER'S YEAST TABLETS.** B_1, B_2, 250's, $1.39, **2** for **$1.40;** 100's, **2** for **80¢**

STATIONERY

- **ELITE LINEN TABLETS.** Reg. 25¢, **2** for **26¢;** pack of matching envelopes, get **2** for **26¢**
- **BALL-POINT PENS.** Belmont disposable pens, assorted styles. Specially priced at **2** for **40¢**
- **BALL PEN REFILLS.** "All-in-one" refills for 150 makes of pens. Regularly 49¢, now **2** for **50¢**
- **CRUSHED RIPPLE POUND STATIONERY.** Pkg. of large flat sheets or envelopes, **2** for **90¢**
- **DELUXE BOXED NOTES.** $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**
- **AIRMAIL TABLET.** Regularly 25¢, **2** for **26¢**

NOT 1¢ SALE ITEMS, BUT EXTRA VALUES DURING THIS SALE

Christmas Gift Ideas

- **6-TRANSISTOR RADIO.** Carrying case, earphone unit, battery..Now only **$12.88**
- **GIFT SET.** Golden Lilac fragrance in Aerosol Mist Cologne, Dusting Powder. **$2.19**
- **REX-RAY STEAM & DRY IRON. $7.88**
- **16-PC. DINNERWARE SET.** Only **$2.99**
- **REX ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK.** Just **$3.29**
- **WRIST WATCHES.** Men's, women's, **$8.88**
- **VANITY CASE HAIR DRYER.** Hood. **$9.95**
- **ELECTRIC FRY PAN.** Auto. control, **$9.88**
- **GIANT BEAR.** 29", mixed colors. **$2.99**
- **REX-RAY HAIR DRYER.** Big value, **$3.99**
- **NEW! 900-CALORIE DIET AID WAFERS.** Chocolate flavor, 18 calories per wafer, 50, **68¢; REXALL LOW CALORIE DIET AID.** Liquid 6-pack, new flavors. **$1.44;** 8-oz. Powder, **3/$1.19;** 3½-lb. Powder, **$2.39** *Consult your Physician before dieting.*
- **REXALL FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTE.** Reg. 3 for $1.59, now **3** big tubes for **89¢**
- **BOULEVARD WRITING PAPER.** Smart stationery. 100 white sheets, 50 envel., **98¢**
- **REXALL FACIAL TISSUES.** 400, **3** for **79¢**
- **REXALL TOOTHPASTE. 3** tubes for **89¢**
- **BUBBLE BATH.** 20-packet boxes, **3** for **98¢**
- **REX-WAY BATH SCALES.** Accurate! **$4.44**
- **COLOR MOVIE FILM.** 8mm, 25', day or indoor. *Price incl. proc. Technicolor.* **$2.85**
- **FLASH BULBS.** 12 #5, **$1.29.** 12 M2, **$1.14**
- **CHRISTMAS TREE LIGHT SET.** 7 indoor C7½ lights, **$1.09;** C7½ 15-light indoor set, **$2.39;** C9½ 15-light outdoor set, **$3.39;** C9½ 25-light outdoor set, **$4.99**
- **ALUMINUM CHRISTMAS TREE.** 6', **$8.88**
- **QUIK-BANDS.** Adhesive, 31's, 43¢, **29¢;** "True Skin" 21's, 43¢, **29¢;** 45's, 63¢, **43¢**
- **SANITARY NAPKINS.** Box of 40, **$1.23**
- **SYMBOL FOLDING SYRINGE.** $4.79, **$2.99**
- **MINERAL OIL.** Qt., $1.19, **75¢;** Pt., **49¢**
- **NYLON HOSIERY.** Spuntex, 60-gauge with plain seams, 99¢, **67¢, 3** pr. **$2.01.** Stretch Seamless, $1.29, **97¢, 3** pr. **$2.91.** Mesh Seamless, $1.19, **87¢, 3** pr. **$2.61.** Seamless Reg. Knit, $1.19, **3** pr. **$2.61**
- **REX-RAY VAPORIZER.** 1-gallon, **$3.99**

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- **DELUXE GIFT WRAPS.** 4-sheet packs, **2/26¢**
- **RAYON CURLING RIBBON.** 75', 25¢, **2/26¢**
- **CHRISTMAS CARDS.** "Christmas Carol" Collection, $1.50, **2** for **$1.51;** "Hollywood Originals"—25 of same design, $1.50, **2** for **$1.51;** "Studio Collection," $1, **2** for **$1.01**
- **PAK-O-TAGS.** 30 Christmas pieces, **2/26¢**

- **SACCHARIN** 1000's: 1-gr., **2/$1.60;** ½-gr., **2/$1.31;** ¼-gr., **2/$1.20.** 100's: 1-gr., **2/56¢;** ½-gr., **2/46¢;** ¼-gr., **2 for 36¢**
- **GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES** Rexall. Adults' or infants'. Jar of 12, 53¢, **2 for 54¢**
- **DUSTING POWDER** Fragrant Lavender Dusting Powder or Adrienne Bath Powder, reg. $1.75, **2 for $1.76**
- **ENVELOPES** White, jumbo packs. Business, social size, **2/26¢.** Business, **2** for **16¢.** Social size, reg. 10¢, now **2 for 11¢**
- **PLAYING CARDS** Double-deck bridge, $1.98, **2** for **$1.99.** Single-deck: bridge, poker, pinochle, $1, **2 for $1.01**
- **FEVER THERMOMETERS** Guaranteed-accurate. Oral, rectal, stub. Adult or Baby, **2 for $1.70**
- **HAIR NETS** Keep your hair under perfect control! Nylon nets come in bob or reg. styles. Pack of 3, **25¢,** **2 packs for 26¢**

This advertisement is presented on behalf of 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective November 1 to November 10, 1962, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities, subject to compliance with applicable laws. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, California.

YOUR Rexall STORE

[illegible] REXALL PRODUCTS [illegible]

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

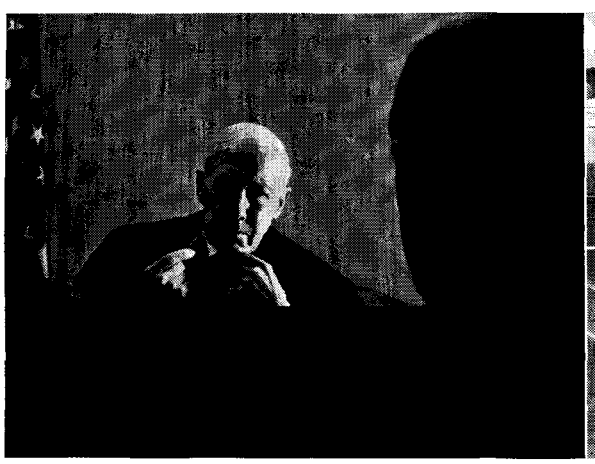
You could lose every cent you have

—and be forced into thousands of dollars of debt besides—

by having the wrong insurance on your car or home!

Suppose you have an automobile accident, are sued and found personally liable. How much are you likely to be compelled to pay the injured party or parties—whether you have the money or not, whether you have adequate insurance or not?

Ten thousand dollars? Fifty thousand dollars? A hundred thousand dollars?



In the United States last year hundreds of car owners, most of them average people who considered themselves good drivers, *had liability judgments exceeding $100,000 rendered against them!*

Think of the chance that thousands of car owners are taking because they bought insurance without professional, independent advice! These car owners *think* they're adequately insured. Were they told that the minimum legal requirements for liability insurance have been proved *inadequate* time and time again? Have they ever been told how *little* the additional coverage would cost?

Or suppose a deliveryman slips on the front steps of your home and injures himself. The resulting lawsuit could take away your home and lifetime savings unless you are properly protected by the right insurance. Have you been told about this and the many other hazards to which you may be exposed right now?

Or again, think for a minute what would happen if your home burned down tonight. Would your present insurance enable you to rebuild a new home at today's inflated prices?

Think, too, what you would do if the insurance company disagreed with you as to whether your policy covered any of these losses. Would you have to settle for less than your actual loss because you don't have an independent agent on your side?

Don't take chances with your savings, with your family's future happiness and security. Insure your car and home through an independent insurance agent.

Because he represents several insurance companies, *all strong and reliable,* he can select the best policies for you. He will keep your insurance *up-to-date,* take into account changes in the trend of liability judgments and increases in home construction costs. And when you have a loss, he'll be at your side, *making sure you are paid quickly and fairly, with no red tape.*

The Big Difference in insurance is the continuing, personal attention of an independent insurance agent.

Look for this Big "I" Seal when you insure your car, home or business. Only an independent insurance agent can display it.

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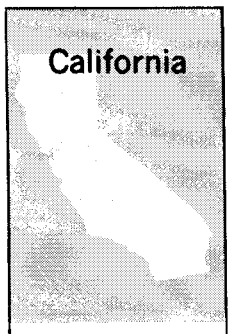
Protection Week is November 4-10

Check up on your insurance this week!



Find your city in California and buy your insurance through one of these independent insurance agents.

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V H Clearman
Roger Hooper
H W Justin
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Elbridge F Russell
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ANAHEIM
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Brady-Brandt
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Pioneer Ins Agcy
Pryor, Vetter & Pryor Ind Ins Agts
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Henry M Roth Ins
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BANNING
W F Roberge Inc
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BANTA
Joe Sanguinetti
BARSTOW
Rex L Hott
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DeBoer & Snapper Ins Service
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Brandt Bros
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BURBANK
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Brown & Sons
Jim Brown Ins
Paul L Brown Assoc
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Fred R Flinders
Vincent K Fox
Paul P Grant
Bertha Hart
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Val V Margoit
Archie Offield
Chris Phelan
George S Reed
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Grant Sweet
Turner-Robertson Co
Welsh and McLeod
Edward Wright Agcys
CALEXICO
Edwards & Padilla Inc
H H Griswold Inc
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CALIPATRIA
M L McKendry
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House-Parkinson Ins Agcy
Harold B Nielsen Agcy
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Fennel & Christiansen
McClellan Ins
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Tom Kiernan Ins Agcy
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CARPINTERIA
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Crystal & Cundall Ins Service
CONCORD
Earl M Goldman
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CORONA
Bender Ins Agcy
Howard L Blakeley
Corona Ins Agcy
Robert L Freeman Agcy
John P Key Ins Agcy
Payne & Jeansonne Inc
CORONADO
Goodenough Ins Inc
CORTE MADERA
The Maehler's Ins Agcy
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Richard Pick-John Biedermann
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Nelsen and Nelsen
House of Nelson
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Taylor Ins Service
Tower Ins Assoc
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Callan Realty Co
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Fahey Realty Co
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Jama-Shortridge Ins Agcy
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DANVILLE
Insurance by Hockins
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DINUBA
Alta Ins Agcy Inc
Dinuba Realty Co
Newton Ins Agcy
DOS PALOS
Del Hale
Hume Ins Agcy
Leonard & Stocking
DOWNEY
Calvin-Powell Ins Agcy
Fred E Dodge
"Kim" Stevenson Ins Agcy
EAST PALO ALTO
Jay M Finley
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Grable Co
Snapp Ins Agcy
Vanorsdale Corp
EL CENTRO
Campbell Ins Agcy
Howard Jackson
Knights Ins Agcy
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Tyler Ins Agcy
Washburn & Wattles
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Motter & Cooper Ins Agcy
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Estelle Goodwin
FERNDALE
Gerald R Becker Ins
FIREBAUGH
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FOLSOM
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FREEDOM
Bill Johnston
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William Fries Ins Agcy

FRESNO—Cont.
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Leo F Jarvis
Robert W Kinsey
Kortzenborn's Ins Agcy
Speed B Leas Co
M-F Ins Agcy Inc
Mitchell Bros
Leland T Petersen Co
C H Ross & Son
Harold Shay—Insuror
Thompson Ins Agcy
Whitman & Erbes
Winegar Ins Agcy
FULLERTON
Hamell & Dunn
GARDEN GROVE
Garden Grove Ins Agcy
Sowers & Patterson
GLENDALE
Julian Bailey Co Inc
A T Barnebey Agcy Inc
Barnes Ins
Glen C Barnes Agcy
Clinton L Booth Inc
Colvin Ins Agcy Inc
Daly and Johnson
Hayward & Hayward
Knauf Ins Agcy
John W Knight Ins Agcy
Lawrence Ins Agcy Inc
Ted Russell Ins Agcy
Traughber-Gateway Agcys Ins
Dana B Van Loon
Hal E Wright Agcy
GLENDORA
Alandale Ins Agcy
Emerson L Duff
Darrow H Sellers
Robert N Weaver
GRIDLEY
Beilby & Benson
Fife Ins Service
GUSTINE
Wilbur E Gomes
John D McCarthy
Andrew F Silva
HANFORD
Chatten & Childs Ins Agcy
Cunningham & Baird
Frederick & Sheets
Ralph Green
HAWTHORNE
Laven Ins Inc
Martin-Wiest Agcy
Ritter Agcy
The Robertson Agcy
HAYWARD
Bay Ins Brokers
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Dave Carter
Cooper & Cook Ins Agcy
Lawrence L Delgado Ins Agcy
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Francis W Keyes
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Adams, Hambro & Armento
Joe Dismondi & Assoc
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HOLLISTER
Shaw-Stark-Danbom Agcy
HOLLYWOOD
Lem Bailey Co
Russell C Edgerton
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A E W Greaves
Lindsey-Erickson & Co, Neil Akers & Co
Hugh L Ross Assoc
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Dale C Cooper Ins Agcy
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HUNTINGTON PARK
Harvey Wolski
INDEPENDENCE
Krater's Ins Agcy
INGLEWOOD
H F Bensfield
Borgal Ins Agcy
Centinela Ins Agcy
Citizens Ins Agcy
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SPEAKING OUT

During the last California gubernatorial campaign, in which former Sen. William F. Knowland ran against the present governor, Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, a so-called "Citizens Committee for Political Integrity" distributed a one-page leaflet in Los Angeles aimed at the reputation of Republican candidate Knowland. The article implied that the Senator's father, Joseph R. Knowland, had acquired his interest in the Oakland *Tribune* by excessively sharp business tactics, but pointed out that the California civil courts had completely sustained him. Our investigation of the sponsoring Committee for Political Integrity supported our suspicions. Its executive director was a University of Southern California student, and its membership list was nonexistent.

Creating a full-blown smear lie by inflating a small kernel of fact is often accomplished through another technique—the whispering campaign. A classic of such a campaign is a case involving the former Republican governor of Wisconsin, Vernon W. Thomson, who was the target of a whispering smear during the gubernatorial campaign of 1956. The touch of truth behind it was that Thomson had once been mayor of Richland Center, Wisconsin, a dry town under the state's local-option liquor law. Thomson himself was not a teetotaler, but this did not stop whisperers, reportedly local Democrats, from circulating in the taverns in the state's northern resort area. "Thomson is a fine chap," they stated, "but he's dry, you know. If he's elected governor, he'll dry up this whole state just like his home town." The smear was effective, cutting heavily into Thomson's vote in the resort area. He was elected governor, nevertheless, and proved the complete falsity of the smear by making no attempt whatsoever to extend prohibition in Wisconsin.

Racial and Religious Smears

Many unscrupulous attacks are directed at a candidate's racial or religious background. The most prolific religious smearer is the anti-Catholic, who has been a resident of the political scene for some time but who emerged in large numbers during the 1960 presidential campaign. As in other campaigns, the most common weapon against Catholics, especially Mr. Kennedy, was the false "oath" of the Catholic Knights of Columbus, generally distributed with a warning not to vote for the Catholic candidate. Although a complete fake of unknown origin, it is peddled by smearers as the authentic pledge taken by Fourth Degree Knights. The "oath" is replete with vulgar and ridiculous lies, such as a bloody admonition to "hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle and bury alive these infamous heretics," including "Protestants and Masons."

Unfortunately, the "oath" was inserted into the *Congressional Record* in 1913 by Congressman Thomas S. Butler to expose its falsity. Anti-Catholic smearers have been using the *Record* reprint as "proof" of its authenticity ever since.

Although religious attacks against Vice President Nixon were far less serious, he too was the target of such a smear during the 1960 campaign, when his Quaker heritage was used against him in two opposite directions. A leaflet titled *Friend Nixon*, emanating from Miami, was reportedly distributed to Quaker voters. It "exposed" the fact that Nixon was not a devout Quaker, completely ignoring the fact that he had regularly attended a Methodist church in Washington and made no claims of being a practicing Quaker. Meanwhile, a whispering campaign of unknown origin spread the false rumor that, as a "devout Quaker," Nixon could not be trusted to support our giant nuclear-arms effort.

Another smear technique, the racial political smear, has become increasingly common as more Negro candidates enter the political arena. In Cincinnati, for example, candidate Ted Berry, who had been the only Negro member of the city council and vice mayor of the city, was the target of a whispering campaign that helped defeat his two bids for reelection in 1957 and 1959. The whisperers, capitalizing on the fears generated by an urban-renewal program that displaced Negro families, spread a succinct and apparently effective rumor: "If elected, Berry will move a colored family into every white block." In his last bid, former Councilman Berry finished tenth in a field of twenty-three seeking nine council seats.

How to Disinfect Politics

Specifically, what can the voter do to improve the situation? During a campaign, he must be smear-sophisticated. I suggest that voters who receive anonymous campaign material turn it over immediately to their state attorney's office, or to their local U.S. attorney if it involves a Federal candidate.

Newspapers can help by screening political advertisements and rejecting obvious smears. Candidates themselves can help in several ways: By refraining from smearing their opponents, by not closing their eyes to the unfair campaign conduct of their supporters and by making a spirited defense of the truth when falsely attacked.

Just as basic as individual effort is the improvement of our state and Federal election laws—laws that are woefully inadequate to meet the smearer's challenge. They must be drastically updated and given state-to-state uniformity. Thirteen states, for example, have no regulations whatever against anonymous political literature, and few of the other states have any record of enforcement. Our libel laws are also hopeless as deterrents, for the typical victimized candidate has neither the desire nor the funds to press a libel suit which may not be settled until years after the election.

A proper legislative program, to help make fair campaigns a reality, should, I believe, contain the following points.

One: State laws prohibiting anonymous literature; strict enforcement and stiffer penalties.

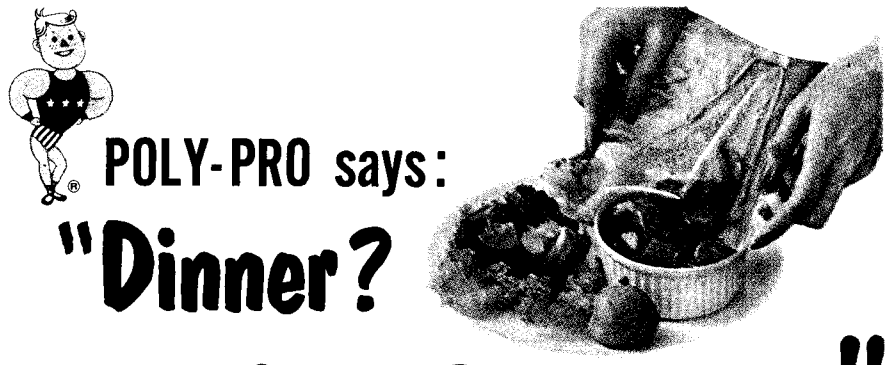
Two: Increased enforcement of the present Federal law against anonymous political literature.

Three: New legislation to curb smear "front" committees. Only bona fide organizations who have filed their committee name with their state would be permitted to sign political literature.

Four: Studies on the feasibility of refusing to seat winning candidates who have been party to unfair campaign tactics.

Five: New state laws modeled after Oregon's unique political-libel law, which places the responsibility of fighting smears on the local district attorney rather than on the victimized candidate.

There are few aspects of our civilization as crucial as the intelligent choice of leaders. Curbing dirty campaigning need take none of the starch out of spirited elections fought on the real issues. However, if we refuse to act, abandoning the field to the smearer, we must face the inevitable result: the loss to politics of our most qualified citizens, and irreparable damage to our representative system of government. THE END



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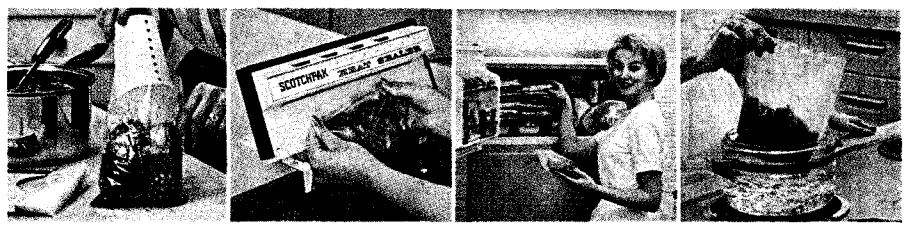

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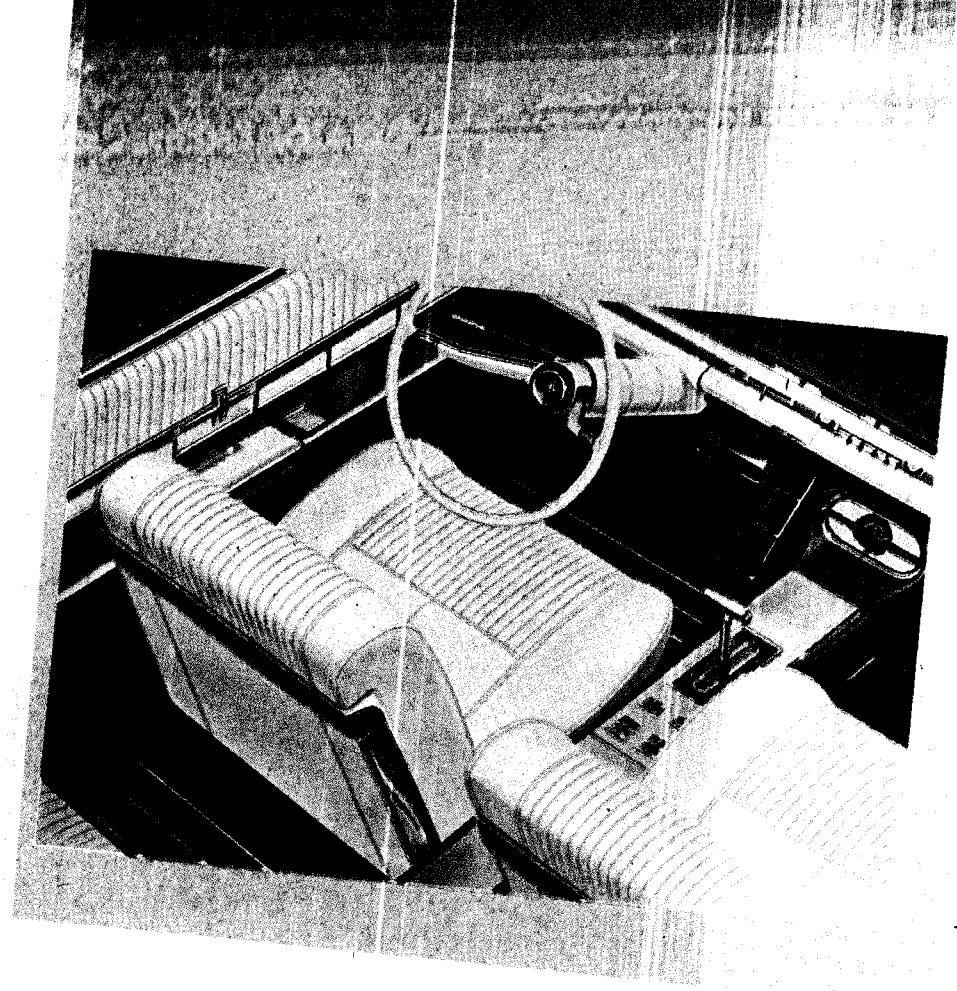

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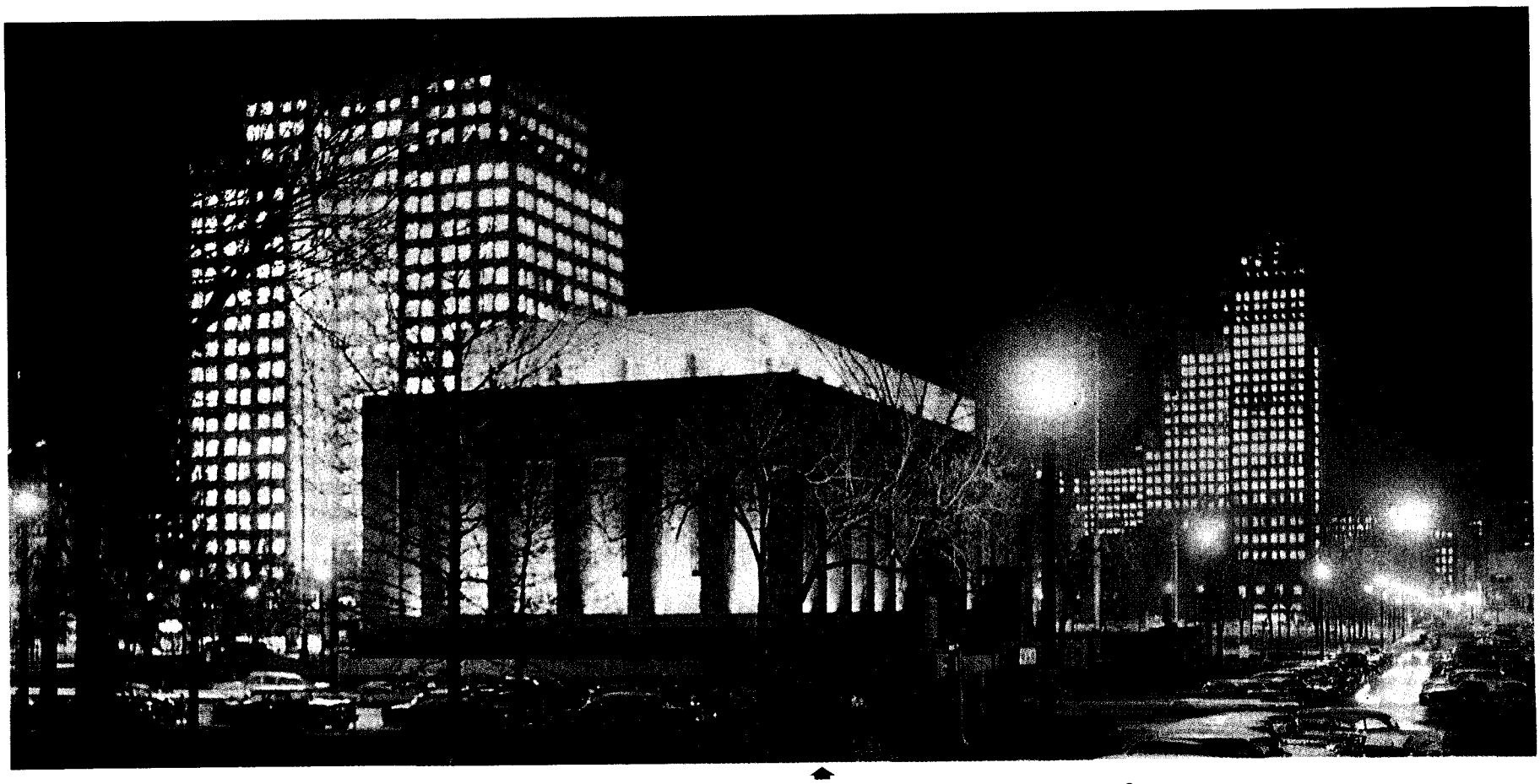
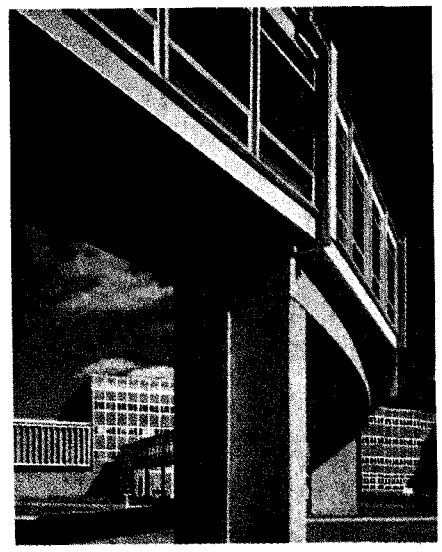
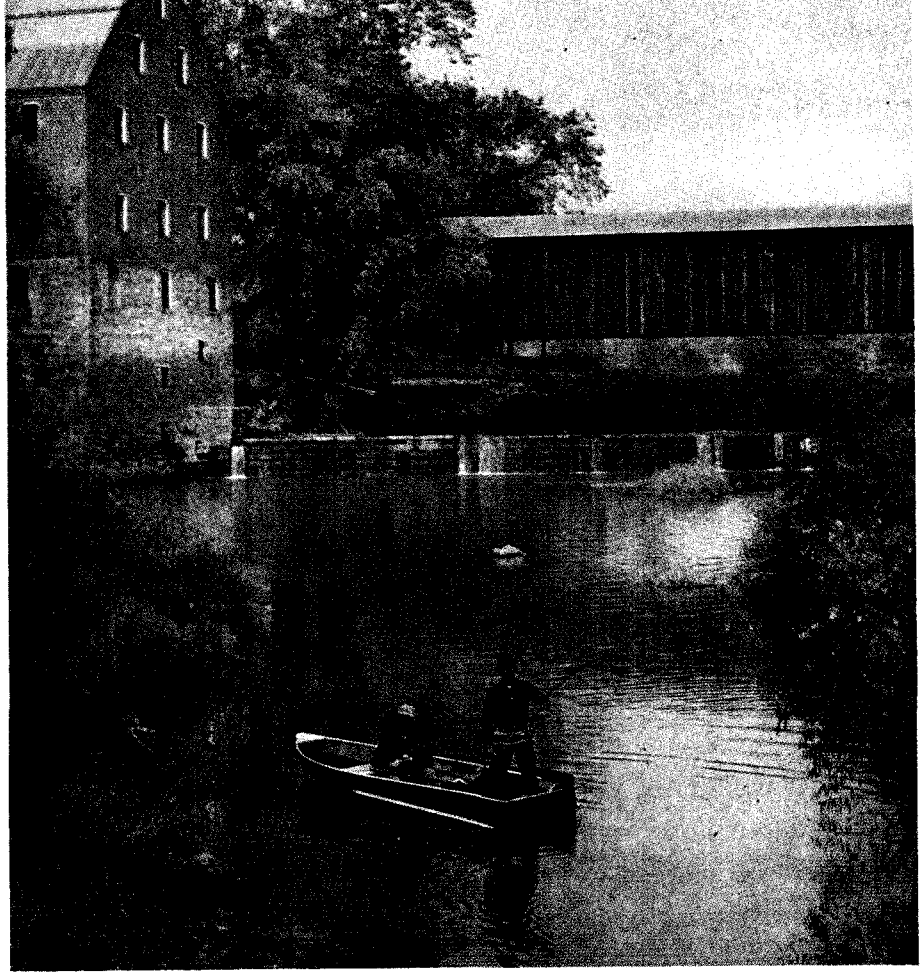


Vibrant with activity is Downtown St. Louis where massive building projects range from luxury apartments and office buildings to a 55,000-seat sports stadium and the 630-ft. Gateway Arch.

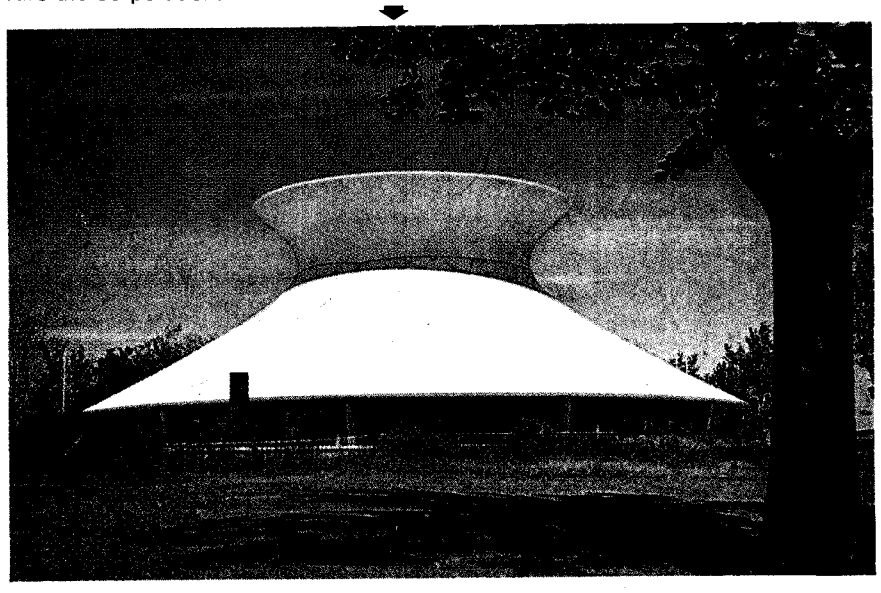


Adding to this area's prominence as a scientific center is Monsanto Chemical's new multimillion-dollar research center at the firm's world headquarters in fast-growing St. Louis County.



The leisurely Ozarks, only a short drive from St. Louis, abound with quiet streams, inviting lakes to delight fishermen and weekend mariners.

New City Planetarium, in famed Forest Park, symbolizes imaginative building in St. Louis. Financing was by city bond issue funds and a gift from McDonnell Aircraft Corporation.



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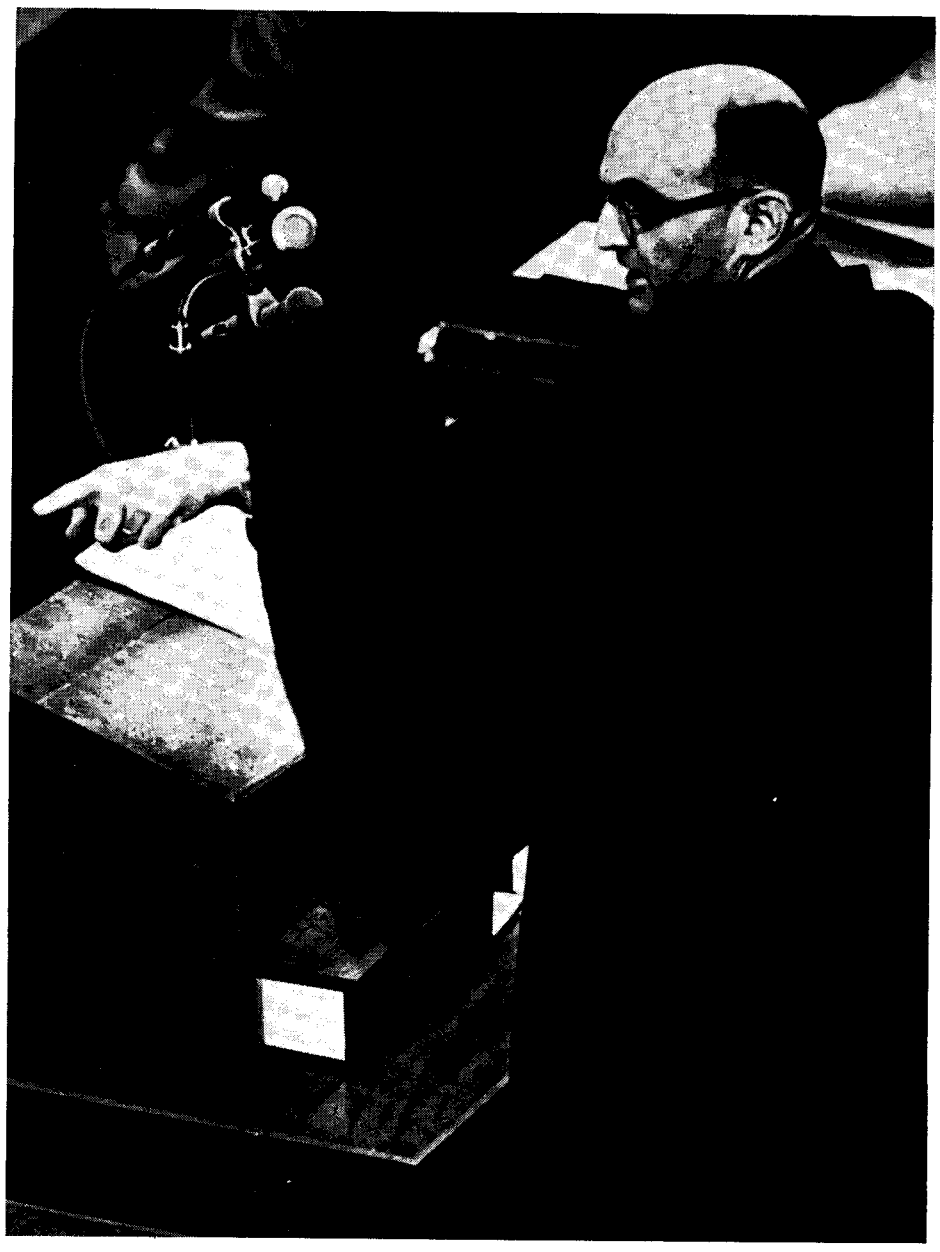
EICHMANN And His Trial

The Defendant: Eichmann in the dock.



The Prosecutor: Hausner pressing home the case for Israel.

By Gideon Hausner, Attorney General of Israel

The full story of the Nazi who murdered six million Jews. How the gruesome evidence was collected against him and how he was convicted.

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The test showed "a man obsessed with an insatiable urge to kill . . ."

This is one of Eichmann's victims, just after the liberation of Belsen.

What kind of man was Adolf Eichmann, the Nazi who murdered a third of the world's Jews? As the man who prosecuted this arch criminal, I am often asked this question. And I don't know any better way to answer it than to tell something that happened while I was preparing Israel's case against him—something we could not bring out at the trial.

Shortly after Eichmann was caught in Argentina and brought to my country, I realized he might attempt to plead insanity. In order to be ready for such a maneuver, I ordered him examined by psychiatrists. One of the many tests given him was the famous one invented by the Hungarian psychologist, L. Szondi. It consists of showing the accused a long series of photographs, arranged in groups. In each group are inserted pictures of a convicted murderer and a proven sadist. The man being examined is then asked to select from each group two photographs of people who attract him and two who repel him. Eichmann was given the test 10 times over a period of 40 days. In all, he selected faces he liked and disliked a total of 240 times.

The important thing about the test, of course, is the interpretation of the results. It must be highly accurate. Wishing to take no chances in this regard, we decided to have the results sent to the inventor himself, Professor Szondi, by the examining psychiatrists. It was not revealed in their letter who the subject was.

Doctor Szondi's reply astonished me. He started by saying that he never analyzed tests of people who had not been identified for him, but then added that when he'd glanced briefly at the results, they were so extraordinary that he performed a complete analysis. The person who'd taken the test, he declared, revealed in all phases "a man obsessed with a dangerous and insatiable urge to kill, arising out of a desire for power." In every single group of photographs, he continued, the subject had unerringly picked out the murderer and the sadist as people who appealed to him. According to Doctor Szondi, this was something that had never happened to him in his 24 years of practice as a criminal psychologist, a period in which he'd tested more than 6,000 criminals. He requested further information about the man in question.

Other psychiatric tests produced similar, although less spectacular, results. They all confirmed that we had on our hands a dangerous, perverted, sadistic personality with an unlimited capability of using fellow men as inanimate objects for the attainment of his goals. However, they also confirmed he was legally sane and responsible for his actions. Eichmann's feeling about Jews started with anti-Semitism and gradually developed into something much more. In the end it was no ordinary hatred. In order to hate, one must *feel*. It is impossible, for example, to hate a chair or a table. And to Eichmann, Jews were nothing more—in fact, far less. In short, he was the final, undiluted product of the murderous Nazi regime—a man chosen because of his special qualities to perform the grisly task of exterminating 6,000,000 Jews. And he did his job so well that he was once able to say with satisfaction that, although Germany had lost the war, nonetheless "I can joyously jump into my grave, knowing my mission has been fulfilled."

Prosecuting More Than Eichmann

Because of the rules of legal procedure, it was not permissible to bring in evidence of Eichmann's character. Nor was it always possible to give a full picture of a system of government which made his rise inevitable. Humanity deserves the fullest possible picture of a system of government and of a man able to spread a deadly dragnet over most of Europe and scoop up millions of men, women and children for slaughter in what was one of the greatest crimes of all times. Therefore, since portions of the story could not be told in the courtroom, I think it will serve a useful purpose to relate here some additional aspects of the trial which are not generally known.

It is a mistake, of course, to assume that Eichmann was alone. There were many like him, and he had legions of assistants. And in the advanced stages of the "final solution," many millions of Germans were aware of what was going on. The regime started by indoctrinating the German people with notions of racial superiority and the denial of moral duties toward their fellow men. "Thou shalt not" ceased to exist for them. Next, they instilled hatred and contempt for aliens. Later, when the time seemed ripe, they were ready to embark on mass slaughter.

I would like to emphasize that although we were trying a single murderer, we were also exposing the whole Nazi movement and anti-Semitism at large. This is the reason why the trial attracted the world's attention. We were, in a sense, trying a great many people.

Let me say at the start that, prior to that fateful morning when the trial started in Jerusalem last year, I had never laid eyes on Eichmann. My first glimpse of him, however, was a shocker.

I already knew a good deal about him, of course. I had collected and examined the documents we planned to use. I had talked with the witnesses—most of them his intended victims—whom we planned to call. I had studied his life and I had read the statements he had made during the long police interrogation. I also knew a good deal about how he functioned as a Gestapo—Nazi secret police—official in the hierarchy, a job which gave him direct charge of "the final solution of the Jewish problem"—that is, death by gas and shooting.

His Relentless Death Juggernaut

I was fully aware of his ruthlessness. I had seen numerous pleas addressed to him in an effort to spare the lives of certain Jews. Some of these requests had been written even by Nazi big shots who, for reason of bribery or economic policy, wished individuals or groups of Jews temporarily spared. Eichmann's reply to all such requests had been a resounding "No!" On one occasion, he even bucked Hitler himself. The *Führer*, late in the war, made a concession to the wavering government in Hungary to allow 8700 Jewish familes to leave the country, provided the rest of the Hungarian Jews—about 400,000—were handed over to the Nazi exterminators. Eichmann was so outraged at the possibility of this tiny remnant of Jewry escaping that he actually appealed to Hitler to change his decision, and finally got the *Führer* to do so.

Eichmann frequently came to grips with high officials who felt that winning the war was more important than the annihilation of the Jews. Toward the end of the war especially, when things were going badly for the *Reich*, military men insisted that Germany needed every man, every rifle and every railroad train. They did not want these diverted to concentration camps. They wanted the Jews to be put to work as long as they had an ounce of strength. However, in the teeth of all this pressure, Eichmann stubbornly managed to keep his death juggernaut rolling at top speed, killing as many as 18,000 Jews a day. There was no stopping him.

Obviously, in living so closely with such a man for the six months when the trial was in preparation, I came to know this creature well, even though I never saw him. It is therefore natural, I suppose, that when he finally appeared before me for the first time, I half expected to encounter some of the arrogance, some of the posture and some of the diabolic strength of this Gestapo leader.

The shocker—to me at least—was that I saw none of these things. In fact, Eichmann looked like nothing much at all. The man facing me was the kind you might rub elbows with in the street any day and never notice him. He was nondescript, in his middle 50's, balding, lean, of dark complexion and of medium height. The first unusual thing one noticed was a twitch around his mouth which, when he lifted his lips, gave his face a strange, almost grotesque appearance. Only his narrow eyes behind the heavy eyeglasses disclosed his real personality. During the course of my cross-examination, when he was cornered on some particularly slippery ground, those eyes would light up with bottomless hatred. Once, when this happened, my assistant tugged at my robe and whispered, "Did you notice his eyes? They frightened me."

But such moments were rare. Almost immediately afterward Eichmann was able to revert to his usual, gray, nondescript appearance. It was an appearance that, thanks to our system of justice, he was able to cultivate carefully in advance.

According to Israeli law, after the conclusion of the pretrial interrogation, an accused man must be shown *in advance* every piece of evidence, every docu-

The man Eichmann faced in court: "We were also exposing," says Hausner, "the whole Nazi movement.

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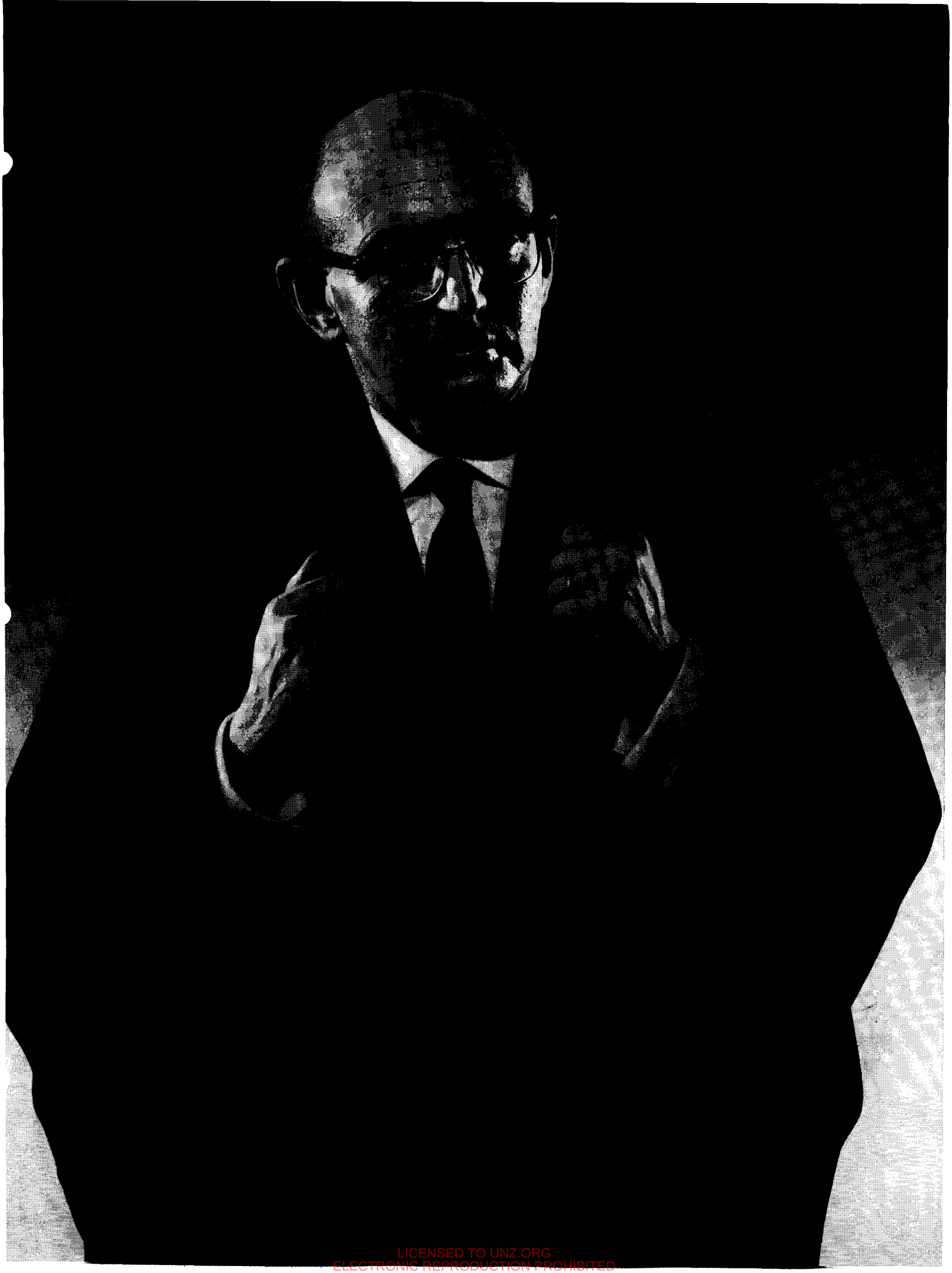

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"I have nothing to regret," he had said. "Had we killed the eleven million Jews ... however, I would have been happier."

Eichmann hid behind a series of masks.

He was vain and fussy about details.

He could pass for a man in the street.

His twitch made him look grotesque.

ment, every statement of every witness who will testify at the trial. Unlike American prosecutors, Israeli ones cannot introduce anything the defense doesn't know about.

Eichmann made the most of this situation. He studied the hundreds of things we planned to introduce and memorized most of them. He not only knew what we had, but also what we lacked. He made extensive notes, and he brought these into the witness box daily, turning his glass cubicle into a one-man office. He even had a special microphone in his bulletproof "office" by which he could communicate privately with his counsel, Dr. Robert Servatius.

Warned in advance of everything that would be used against him, Eichmann carefully constructed a picture of himself that was best calculated to save his life. If—as was proved—Jews were segregated from their neighbors, placed in ghettos, starved, looted, tortured, turned into slave workers and eventually destroyed in camps, Eichmann's portrait of himself never varied: he was a mere clerk engaged in arranging train schedules and other minor details. He never denied that the annihilation of 6,000,000 Jews took place, but he presented himself as only a small cog in the annihilation machinery. He maintained that he never displayed any initiative on his own or made independent decisions; he was always acting under orders.

When Eichmann Gave the Orders

This picture was, of course, distorted. We proved that Eichmann displayed a lot of initiative and authority. Once, for example, we introduced a handwritten memo from a German official who said that when he asked Eichmann by telephone what to do with the Jews in Belgrade, he got the reply, "Shoot them on the spot!" At another time, a Nazi official wrote that Eichmann had "agreed" to exterminate Jews by poison gas, rather than by shooting. These obviously were not the decisions of a mere train scheduler.

We also introduced Eichmann orders showing how he diabolically lulled his victims into a feeling of confidence that nothing would happen to them if they only "behaved themselves"—that is, wore the yellow badge proclaiming their Jewishness, lived in ghettos, turned over their property to the state and quietly took the special trains to the "work camps," which were actually extermination camps. We showed how Eichmann's orders were so skillfully thought out that most Jews were unaware of what was really happening to them until they were on the point of being gassed. Even at the entrance to the death chambers, the victims were told they were merely to be disinfected. Small children were handed pieces of candy to keep them quiet.

All these things were done at Eichmann's behest. Nonetheless, he insisted that in everything he was merely acting under orders. When a document proved that he was acting on his own authority, he took the last retreat: he branded it as a forgery!

Knowing the evidence that we had, Eichmann still half expected somehow to escape with his life. In fact, just before the cross-examination he said to one of his guards, "So long as Mr. Hausner sticks to the documents, I am on safe ground." But on a day when particularly damaging admissions were elicited from him in questioning, he remarked that he never expected cross-examination to be like this, adding, "I don't like the attorney general."

The portrait Eichmann presented in court rarely brought out his total lack of remorse. Four years prior to the trial, when Eichmann had a long discussion in Argentina with the Dutch journalist, Willem A. Sassen, he declared, "There is nothing I have to regret. Had we killed the eleven million Jews as contemplated, however, I would have been happier." (The figure of 11,000,000 referred to the total European Jewish population, including those in Russia, Great Britain, Ireland, Switzerland, Turkey and other countries which the Nazis optimistically expected to get their hands on when they won the war.)

Later, under arrest in Israel, when Eichmann was being examined by psychiatrists, he admitted that he'd rarely felt remorse in his life. When asked to name an occasion he said, "In Linz when I was fourteen. I skipped school one day."

This singular lack of a sense of guilt was confirmed during the trial. I pressed Eichmann as to how he felt

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about his deeds, whether he had any regrets, etc. His reply was, "Regrets are for small children. They don't do any good. They don't bring the dead to life again."

It became increasingly clear to me that the only things that really mattered to Eichmann were the formalities. The true significance of his unbelievable acts never bothered him, certainly not the untold suffering he inflicted on millions of human beings. We had a striking example of this early in the trial.

One evening, in accordance with the procedure that the defense must be shown in advance everything that we planned to use, we were previewing in the courtroom some films we wished to introduce as evidence. Some of the films depicted shattering scenes of helpless victims being loaded on trains like cattle. Other pictures, surreptitiously shot inside the camps, showed all the ghastly details of mass slaughter. There were pictures of naked men, women and children being lined up before the Nazi execution squads. As the soldiers shot, we witnessed one wave of writhing corpses after another fall into the deep open grave that had been dug beforehand by the victims themselves.

Finally came the scenes of the liberation of these places when thousands of bodies had to be shoveled by bulldozers into mass graves for fear of infection. They were pictures of unspeakable horror—the kind that turn one's stomach and make the blood run cold.

The courtroom was almost empty at the time. The judges were not there, nor was the general public admitted. The defense counsel, Doctor Servatius, and the accused were in their usual places. Suddenly, in the middle of the show, Eichmann, who up till then had been watching the films calmly and unperturbed, never lowering his gaze or missing a scene, started an agitated argument with his guards. Everybody was under the impression that he wished to communicate to his counsel an objection as to the truthfulness of the pictures being shown at that particular moment. However, the reason was quite different. He had noticed that there were some people sitting in the seats reserved for the public, and on being told that they were journalists, he protested against having been brought to the courtroom in slacks and a sweater instead of the dark-blue suit provided him for the trial.

A little later another incident occurred which underlined the man's unusual concern with externals.

One evening he developed a rheumatic pain in his right arm. It hampered the free movement of his right hand in putting on his earphones to get the simultaneous translation of the proceedings in German. He asked the doctor to give him some medicine to relieve the pain at once so that he would be able to put on the earphones in the usual way. "I don't want to appear clumsy in my movements," he explained. The doctor complied, and the next day Eichmann was able to appear as always.

Mechanical Man in the Courtroom

I doubt whether Eichmann ever entered the courtroom without first neatly adjusting his tie or patting his hair in order. Nor did he ever omit a courteous greeting to his lawyer. For him, externals were more important than anything else.

In all this, Eichmann was true to the Gestapo type, which Dr. G. M. Gilbert, the Long Island University professor who was the prison psychologist at the Nuremberg trials of the Nazi war criminals, summed up in the following words: "An inhuman, murderous robot, quiet and correct in military bearing, functioning intellectually on a high level of mechanical efficiency, utterly devoid of human empathy."

Sometimes Eichmann gave us a droll illustration of the way this mechanical man operates. One morning he was given by mistake six slices of bread for breakfast, instead of the usual two. He ate all six. When the guard asked him whether he'd like to have six in the future, he replied: "Oh, no. Two are quite enough. But when you give me six, I have to eat them." On another occasion he asked that a portion of onions be removed from his food tray because the particles got in his dentures. It never occurred to him that he could simply leave the onions uneaten.

Eichmann's mask was so impassive that it was only in such things as his eating habits that we were occasionally able to get a glimpse of how the accumulating evidence was affecting him. In the course of his interrogation

A moment of reflection. "The true significance of his unbelievable acts never bothered him."

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"Eichmann remained fanatically hostile t

before the trial started, he was questioned about a secret Berlin meeting in 1939 at which 16 high-ranking Nazis got together to arrange that all Polish Jews be concentrated in ghettos near railroad junctions where they could be turned into slave laborers and prepared for the "final solution." Apparently Eichmann was at this stage not yet aware that we had evidence that would place him at that meeting, and he denied that he was ever there. In fact, he went further and insisted that the "final solution" was not decided upon until two years later. But when we produced a document showing that he was one of the 16 high-ranking Nazis at the conference, he replied, "Of course, it cannot be denied anymore that I was there." That day Eichmann, instead of eating everything placed before him, asked if he might be excused from having any lunch or dinner.

One of the things that Eichmann remained fanatically hostile to was religion. In the course of my cross-examination, he admitted that he became so infuriated when he saw his wife reading a Bible that he snatched the book away and tore it to pieces. He refused to take an oath on the Bible during his trial, saying that he did not belong to any church. Although he had frequent conversations with the Rev. William Hall, a Protestant clergyman who visited him in prison, he was never reconciled to religion, not even when his devout wife visited him before his execution and urged that he make his peace with the church. He died as he lived—a pagan. He had a kind of mystic belief in the unity of the universe and in man's being solely a biological product.

Surprisingly Talkative Prisoner

One might assume that because Eichmann presented himself as an unimportant cog in a big machine, he was the silent type. Far from it. We found him one of the most garrulous prisoners on record. His pretrial statement, recorded on tape, covered 3564 typewritten pages—the equivalent of six long novels. And this did not include his extensive personal notes, memoirs, observations on documents, charts, etc.

In the first stages of his interrogation he was particularly talkative about his early years. He revealed a fairly conventional upbringing. Born in Solingen, Germany, in 1906, of Protestant parents, he told how his family moved to Linz, Austria, when he was eight years old. He went through elementary and high school as an average student, and spent several years in a vocational school. He left this to go to work for the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company as a traveling representative. A few years later—1932—he joined the Nazi Party; not long after, he lost his job with Socony. This, plus the rise of Hitler to power, encouraged him to leave Austria for Germany. There his fanatical dedication to the party and his ruthless efficiency as an organization man assured him a bright future in the Nazi ranks. Soon he was so involved in the party that when the girl he was about to marry made a remark to the effect that "those marching SS men are bloody fools," he abruptly broke off the engagement. Later—1938—he met a girl of German origin in Prague who was more tactful in her remarks, and he married her.

In talking so fully about his life, Eichmann revealed an astonishing memory. He could remember in smallest detail the books he had read in the '20's, the name of the German consul who had given him a visa in Linz in 1933, the way the furniture was placed in his first office, the names of all the persons he came in contact with on a trip to Egypt in 1937, and the price of a meal and a glass of beer at a military canteen he had visited 25 years before. "A roll was given extra without charge," he recalled.

It was only in matters relating to Jews that he had a lapse of memory. He couldn't remember what he'd seen at extermination camps, although the picture must have been a vivid one. He couldn't remember when he had first ordered Jews to their death. And he couldn't remember why it was necessary for him to send three retroactive orders to Poland to "cover" the execution of 750,000 human beings that had already taken place, killings over and beyond the quota prescribed by Berlin. It was, of course, needed to make the Nazi records "legal." Unfortunately for him, his earlier feats of memory had been so stunning that no one could seriously believe he was capable of such monumental lapses.

Time and again I asked Eichmann in court what made him consider the Jews, who were less than 1 percent of the population of Germany, the main "disaster" of the country. His reply was he was convinced the Jews were "opponents." Opponents had to be combated.

The idea of solving problems by the physical annihilation of opponents was not new to Eichmann. He once suggested to Gestapo chief Heinrich Müller that half a million Germans who did not wholeheartedly support the Nazi measures be executed.

At the height of his career Eichmann was a man of towering arrogance. During the war he strutted across Europe in his smart uniform, topped with the SS cap complete with skull and crossbones. In winter he wore a long leather overcoat on which, according to his own evidence, the brain of a baby was once spilled when he came too near an execution squad liquidating the Jewish population of Minsk in 1941.

His name was whispered in horror throughout the ghettos of Europe. In his capacity as supreme head of the Gestapo department dealing with Jews, Eichmann had offices in Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Paris, Oslo, The Hague and other capitals. He was in constant touch not only with the cabinet ministers of Germany but also with the prime ministers and foreign secretaries of the occupied countries. He operated so deftly that Gestapo chief Müller was once moved to say of him, "If Germany had had fifty Eichmanns, we would have won the war!"

On one occasion an almost grotesque situation developed when Eichmann got into a telephone argument with an equally arrogant German general, Karl Wolff. The latter insisted that the life of a certain Jew be spared, and Eichmann was just as insistent that it wouldn't be. As the words got hotter and hotter, Wolff shouted, "Do you realize you are talking to a general of the SS?" Eichmann's reply to this was "And do *you* realize you are talking to Lieutenant Colonel of the Gestapo Adolf Eichmann?" Wolff hung up on him. Eichmann was so enraged at this affront that he challenged Wolff to a duel. It was only through the intervention of the chief of the SS, Heinrich Himmler, that the duel was called off.

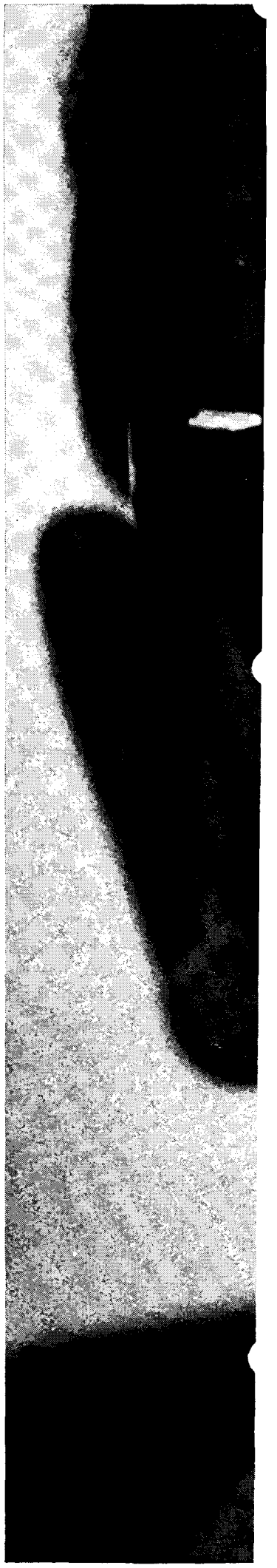
In court, naturally, we saw a totally subdued Eichmann. Resolved to fight for his life by all possible means, he knew that creating a picture of a small man, forced by events beyond his control into doing things he did not like, gave him his best chance for saving his neck.

Anticipating a Cunning Opponent

Of course, by studying his records, I knew that Eichmann was a sly, cunning opponent who had been able to fool the various officials who had been searching for him through the prisoner-of-war camps after the war. I knew he had been clever enough to elude his trackers for 15 long years—a period in which he'd had ample time to prepare himself for a trial he might eventually have to face. Because he destroyed all records of his Gestapo office and because of a legal system in which he knew in advance whatever documents and witnesses we would confront him with, he had the advantage of being able to allege or deny facts that we would be in no position to refute except by general questioning. It was clear, too, that the court of Israel would insist on strict compliance with the rules of procedure and evidence.

Consequently, although we all know now the outcome of the trial, I confess that when Eichmann—looking and acting like an insignificant clerk with a faulty memory—appeared before me for the first time that spring morning in Jerusalem, I realized it would not be easy to convince the court that he was indeed the archmonster who presided over the liquidation of 6,000,000 Jews in the shooting pits and gas ovens of the Nazi overlords.

● *In the next installment of his story of the Eichmann trial Attorney General Hausner tells how the 110 witnesses for the prosecution were chosen and the things they had to tell.*—The Editors.



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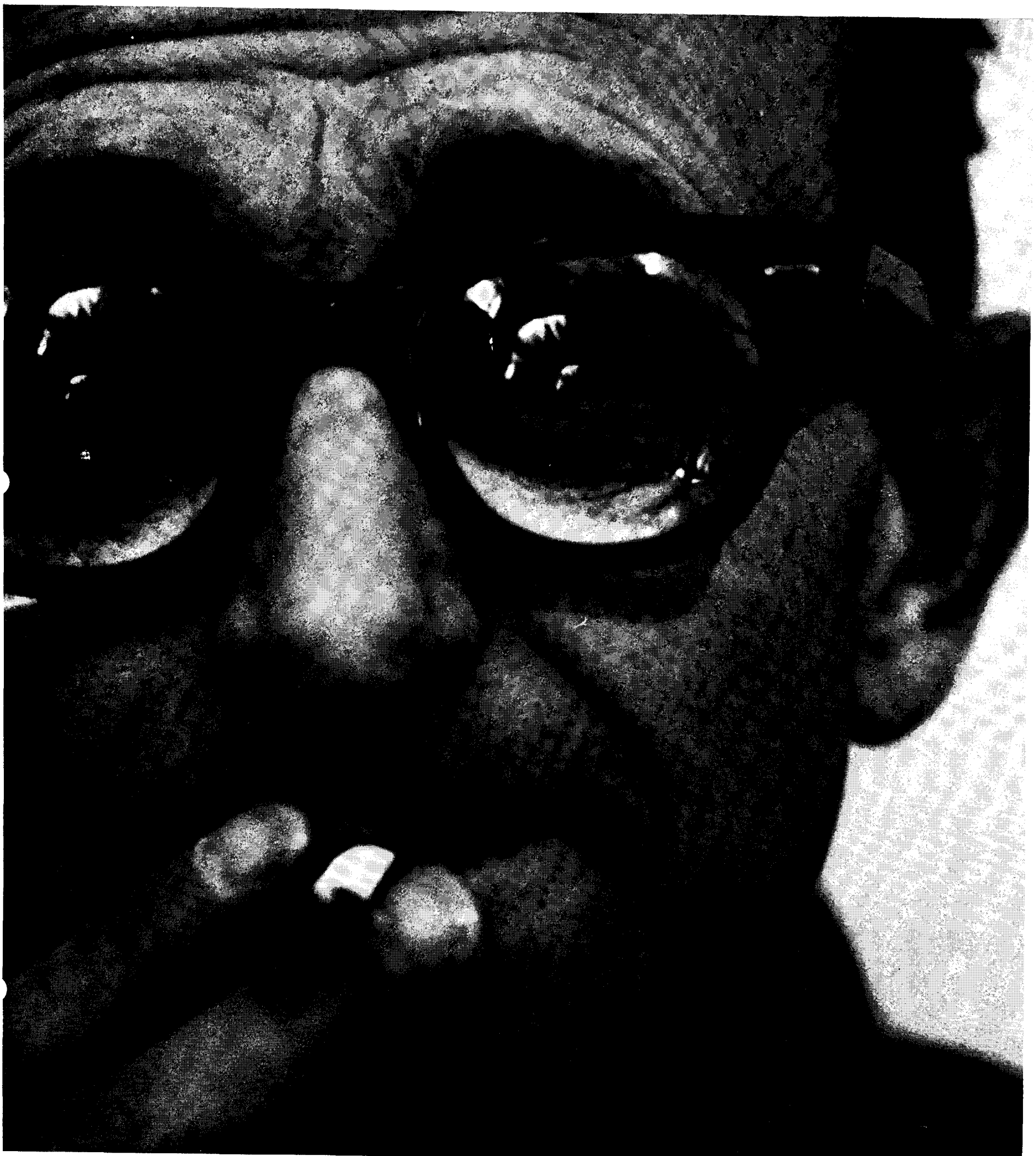
religion. . . . He died as he lived–a pagan."



"Did you notice his eyes?" one of Hausner's assistants asked during the trial. "They frightened me."

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Change of Pace on

New York's grab bag of entertainment

Spoofing the world around them, the crew of bright and biting improvisers of the Second City, a Chicago import based in Greenwich Village, has pumped satiric spirit into New York City's night life.

Big Wilt's Small's Paradise is a Harlem bar with a long name and a large back room. The name derives from Ed Small, the original proprietor of the Paradise, and Wilt Chamberlain, the seven-foot one-inch professional basketball player who is the part owner and occasional attraction of the place today. The back room is, at the moment, one of the hot nightclub spots in New York City.

Like many of the other popular, off-the-beaten-track clubs in Manhattan, the room veers sharply away from the upholstered tradition of conventional night spots. It has a side-door entrance, a raised dance floor surrounded by a rail, and tables of ample size. There is a $1 cover charge and a $1 minimum tab. Hard drinks cost $1.10. Small's Paradise is what the cognoscenti describe as an "in" club, a port of call for those with the taste and talent for an unusual night on the town. Several times each evening three men and four women—the girls in scanty costumes—take over the dance floor and wiggle-waggle through the rapid rhythms of the twist, the slop, the hully gully and other dances of the contemporary scene. In between these staged gyrations, the customers dance. Everybody twists. The joint jumps.

Unfamiliar Night-life Paths

Small's is only one of a number of clubs that offer a change of pace to the tourist who is in the mood to skip the famous and familiar. The New York visitor who already has explored such oases as the Copa and the Latin Quarter would do well to investigate the entertainment available on less familiar paths.

A successful recent addition to New York's life-after-dark is the Second City at Square East, on West 4th Street at one edge of Greenwich Village. Second City consists of a platoon of eager young actors improvising on the news of the day in a search for humor and satire. Audience members may order sandwiches, pastries, coffee or liquor to accompany the hour and a half of wild spoofing. An evening for two, including the price of admission ($3.50 per person on Saturday), a sandwich and a drink, costs about fourteen dollars.

In a long, narrow, street-level room, the Second City crew takes off on such diverse subjects as the syndicated television show *Open End*, German tenors, U. S. military advisers in Vietnam and a joint Kennedy and Khrushchev press conference. A particularly funny bit presents Venda-Buddy, a subway machine which, for a nickel, talks with insecure people.

The popularity of sophisticated theater-cabaret probably began with those irrepressible twins, The Upstairs at the Downstairs and The Downstairs at the Upstairs. The Downstairs, the original room, opened more than six years ago.

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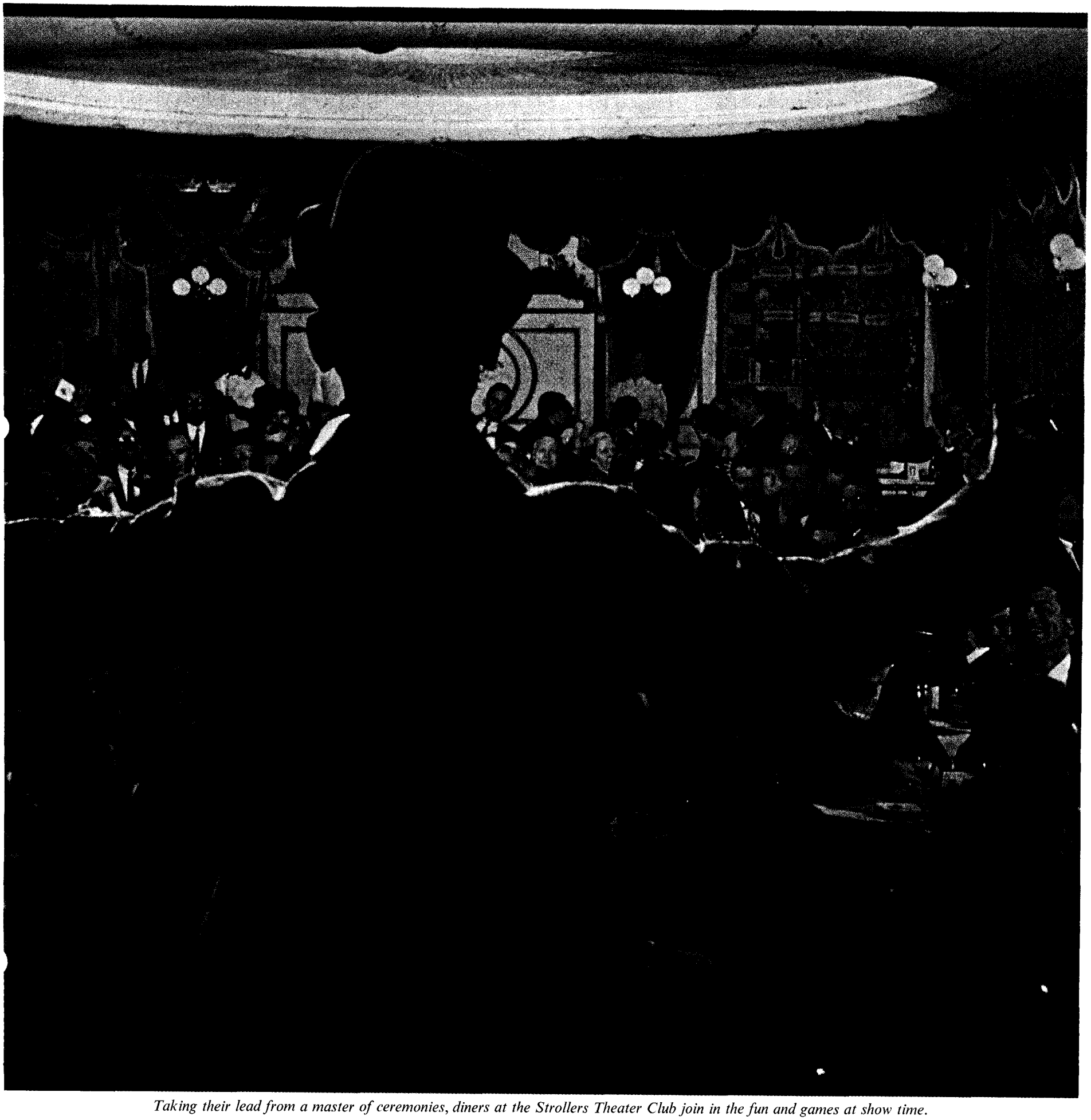
the Night-Club Scene

holds a varied fare for the enterprising visitor.



Taking their lead from a master of ceremonies, diners at the Strollers Theater Club join in the fun and games at show time.

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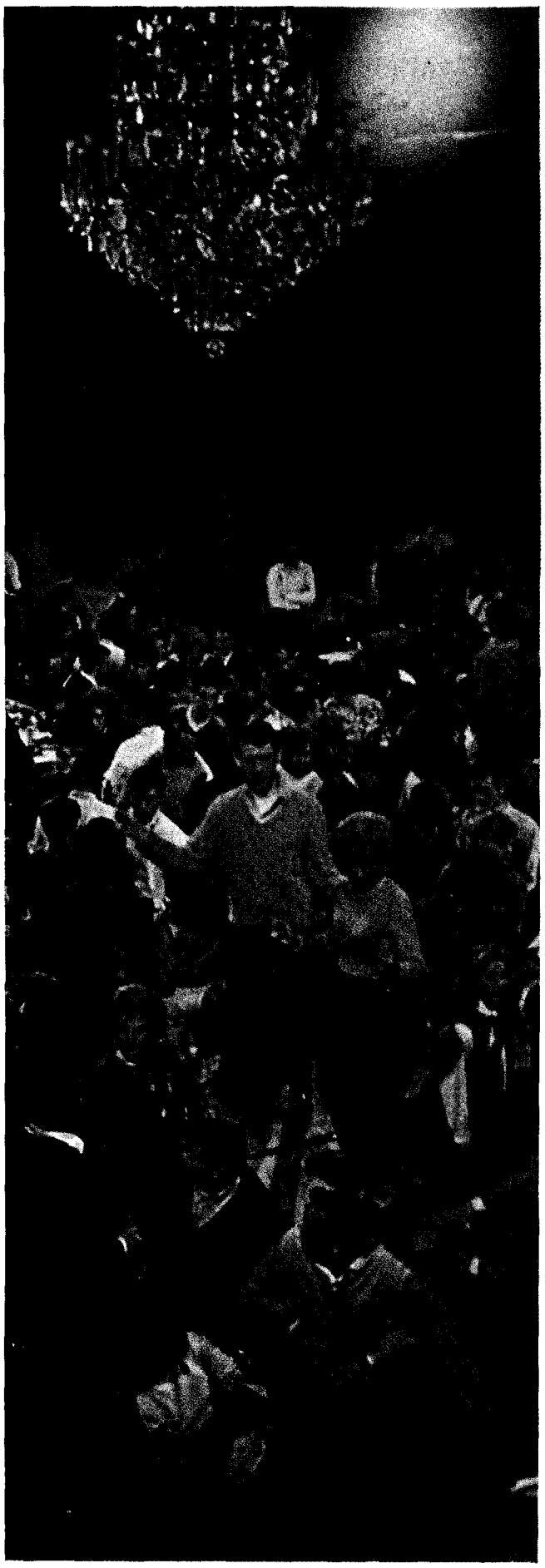
Off the beaten track: Twist temples, Greenwich Village jazz joints, sophisticated and snappy theater-cabaret.



An uninhibited couple twists on the table top, a tradition at the Sunday sessions at the Roundtable.

The Upstairs, the larger room, made its debut a year later. Both are part of a double-tiered establishment on West 56th Street, converted from John Wanamaker's former town house, and both offer bright, sophisticated revues. The Upstairs serves nothing more substantial than sandwiches, which may be eaten as an inroad into the minimum charge of $5 during the week, $6 on the weekend. At The Downstairs, the minimum ($4.50 and $5) can be attacked with a steak dinner.

The Upstairs' newest revue, "No Shoestrings," which opened in October, is a bright production filled with satirical sketches based on such topics as the efforts of New York police to nab muggers by donning women's clothes. There is also a skit centering around Jacqueline Kennedy.

Chanted Indictments of Hotels

The show at The Downstairs, called "Seven, Come Eleven," was shifted from The Upstairs last summer after a long and successful run. It has some amusing bits, such as a song parody of the John Birch Society ("If your mommy is a Commy then you got to turn her in") and a chanted indictment of New York's newest hotels.

A different blending of the muse with booze is the Strollers Theater Club. It opened as a theater-cabaret last November on the site of the old El Morocco on East 54th Street, which has shifted down the street. The Strollers, in an attempt to re-create Victorian London's music halls, presented turn-of-the-century songs, skits and period quips ("A horse with a hansom behind"). This fall the club shifted to a Caribbean revue—Haitian Jean Leon Destiné and his company of dancers, singers, drummers and flutists—with singing master of ceremonies Lanny Ross handling the opening and intermissions. The Destiné revue features the dancing of voodoo, limbo and *bossa nova* ("new beat"), a calm Brazilian rhythm that is catching on in American jazz circles and threatens to become a popular dance step too.

The Strollers is a restaurant as well as a theater. Dinner orders are taken while patrons drink in the Strollers Bar and the food is served later at reserved tables in the show room. An evening at the Strollers, for dinner, drinks and show, averages about $15 per person.

Of the big clubs uptown, the Embers is known for pure jazz, Basin Street East for big-name jazz, and the Blue Angel as a supper club with style. (Working definition of a supper club is that it serves dinner, has no dancing and begins its "intimate" entertainment after 10 o'clock.) The Blue Angel is not a new club; it opened in 1943. But it is one of the few long-established spots in town that nurtures fresh young talent. Such comics as Shelley Berman, Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce, Carol Burnett and Jackie Mason played the Blue Angel early in their careers.

The club has one of the highest minimum charges in New York—six dollars on weekdays, seven dollars on the weekend—yet it is so popular it can afford a neglected-looking façade and an interior that might generously be described as shabbily elegant.

What helps keep the Blue Angel fresh and interesting is its "farm system." Owner Max Gordon has been in the business since 1934, when he opened a tiny cellar room in Greenwich Village called the Village Vanguard. The Vanguard is often used by Gordon to test a new act before booking it into the Blue Angel. When Johnny Mathis first came in to play the Blue Angel for four weeks, his singing met with some criticisms. So Gordon sent him downtown to polish his style at the Vanguard for three months. Then Mathis came back and sang to acclaim at the Blue Angel for eight weeks.

The Vanguard, of course, is more than a minor-league Blue Angel. It is as solid a nightclub as Greenwich Village can claim, and the Village has a company of solid spots. The Village Gate, a spacious basement room, effectively mixes jazz, folk singing and international music. For the jazz purists, there is the Half Note on Hudson Street, with its hero sandwiches, and the Five Spot Cafe, now in new quarters on Eighth Street.

The Vanguard's strength over the years has been as an innovator. Harry Belafonte first sang his dramatic folk songs and Jack Kerouac read poetry to jazz there. Some five years ago Gordon brought modern jazz to the Vanguard. That—and the new comics—are what successfully sustain the pie-shaped room today.

Clubs Switching to the Twist

The twist, the master nightclub-transformer of late, has popularized other clubs in addition to Small's Paradise. Once the Peppermint Lounge discovered that the dance could draw crowds, all manner of rooms began switching to it. One of the popular successes is the Roundtable, which opened in 1958 on East 50th Street as a plush supper club that promised to bring pure jazz uptown. That attempt lasted only a while, so the Roundtable experimented, in turn, with Dixieland, comedians and pop singers. None really caught on. Then the club decided to try the twist, in November, 1961. It struck the mother lode.

The Roundtable still serves dinner (steak for $7), and supper (spare ribs for $3.50), and even a late-night nibble (chicken-and-ribs platter for $4.25). But for the most part, it is a twist haven. From 9:30 in the evening until four in the morning, the 500-capacity room rocks.

Sunday at the Roundtable provides a special kind of madness. To a twist session that runs from four P.M. to four A.M., the room draws young people by the thousands, at three dollars a head. The room's tables are run together, and the youngsters climb on them and swing to five rotating twist bands. It is almost the only and surely the noisiest Sunday show in town. —IRV GOODMAN

Working his modern-jazz wonders, Thelonius Monk enraptures the crowd at the Village Vanguard.

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His Car Is Named Desire

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

One spring day in 1961 a tall, handsome man bought six dollars' worth of sports-car magazines at Chicago-O'Hare International Airport, then boarded a jet for Los Angeles. The man, who bears the improbable name of Sherwood Egbert, had a problem. A few weeks earlier he had taken over as president of Studebaker-Packard (later re-christened Studebaker Corporation), the invalid of the auto industry. Just 40 and with no experience in the automotive field or as head of any firm, Egbert was supposed to come up with the trick that would boost the company's fortunes.

As the jet streaked over the Great Plains, Egbert pored over the sports-car magazines, assembling in his mind's eye a dramatically new and different prestige automobile.

"By the time we were over the Rockies," Egbert said recently, recalling the event, "I knew what kind of car I wanted, and the rest of the way to the Coast I sketched it out."

Birth of a Glamour Car

Egbert's airborne sketches, refined by industrial designer Raymond Loewy, have become the Avanti, one of the sexiest machines ever made in America. As befits a car conceived at Mach 1, the Avanti is high-powered and fleet of silhouette. The hood sweeps up from a ravenous-looking air scoop; the trunk flows back slickly from the greenhouse roof. Bucket seats, a roll bar and similar features should help lure the buyer who pays $4545 for the satisfaction of knowing that if he ever happens by Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats he'll be able to light out at 135 mph—or 171.1 mph if he indulges in a $210 supercharger.

Although sanguine about the Avanti's chances in that piece of the market now dominated by Ford's Thunderbird and Chevrolet's Corvette, Egbert does not expect Avanti sales alone to pull Studebaker out of the red. He does expect that his glamour car will pull large numbers of people into the showroom. There, presumably, after ogling the Avanti and boggling at its price tag, they will turn with interest to the lower-priced Studebaker Hawks and Larks.

Studebaker is an old company. It made wagons and gun carriages for the Union Army during the Civil War and Conestoga wagons afterward for the pioneers. For the past half century it has been making automobiles without ever capturing a notably large share of the U.S. market. It now makes fewer automobiles than any other of the five major U.S. firms, little more than one in every 100 of the industry's total of 6,000,000. In the last half-dozen years Studebaker has enjoyed only one substantially profitable year. The company concedes that about one-quarter of the country has no Studebaker dealers.

Egbert, the man Studebaker picked to cope with its plight, looks and acts like a reinvigorator. He is physically impressive—big (six-feet-four; 195 muscled pounds) and handsome. He brought to his new job a reputation for hard-charging and making subordinates hop, and the reputation is holding up. When Egbert took over at Studebaker last year, the company was heading for a $3,100,000 operating loss. This year sales are 'way up; the company showed a first-half profit of $776,000.

Egbert was born in Easton, Washington, on the Cle Elum side of Snoqualmie Pass, on July 24, 1920. He became a night flagman on a road-repair job at the age of 12, a truck driver at 14 and a road-builder at 16. While he was in high school he held a monopoly of Easton's three paper routes and on the side was manager of the local airport. He learned mechanical engineering at Washington State between 1937 and 1940, attending when he could and never graduating.

When Boeing Airplane Company built another factory in Seattle, Egbert got a laborer's job with the contractor and at the age of 20 had leaped to assistant chief engineer with Boeing. He looks back with considerable cheerfulness and even some relish on the mistakes he made as a young engineer. He mismeasured the depth of a half-mile tunnel, and he managed to lose money for Boeing and hold up construction of a new building by accidentally selling to a scrap dealer some new steel that had been delivered to the job. "They should have fired me," he says.

When he returned from the war, in which he served as a Marine aviation officer, he went to Washington to help design jet engines for the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics. Then, at the age of 26, he returned west to a small, young company in Los Angeles, the McCulloch Corporation. McCulloch made light-metal power chain saws and later acquired the Scott-Atwater Outboard Motor Company. Egbert became McCulloch's executive vice president.

It was his tenure of 15 years there that spread the young man's powerhouse reputation. For one thing, McCulloch was a spectacular manufacturing success, revolutionizing the chain-saw field on an international scale. For another, McCulloch was a vividly colorful company, thanks mainly to Egbert. The firm produced, advertised and packaged in gay pastel splashes.

Egbert inevitably became known for his leading role in this sprightly outfit. He also drew some attention as an industrial snoop. He appeared at more than 300 American industrial plants, asking permission to go through them in search of good ideas. He persuaded one company to hire him as a plant laborer for one week so he might watch the manufacture of grinding wheels. When McCulloch acquired Scott-Atwater, Egbert promptly became an outboard boat racer.

He Learned to Keep Hopping

Egbert is happiest piloting a fast airplane or cruising an automobile at over 100 miles per hour, but sitting at a desk he appears almost lazy. His normal conversation is neither fast nor overpowering. He doesn't mind being interrupted, grins like a schoolboy, smokes moderately and doesn't fidget. Nor does he take himself too seriously. When I asked the source of his apparent appetite for incessant work, he smiled and said, "I guess it was living in a tent when our house burned down. We had a big potbellied stove in the middle. When that was going it was too hot, and when it was out it was too cold. You had to keep hopping every minute to be comfortable."

One American who became aware of the existence of this high-voltage charge in the McCulloch Corporation was Clarence Francis, an elder statesman of the business world and board member of a dozen large American corporations. Francis became chairman of Studebaker in 1960 and immediately began a search for a president to set the Studebaker house in order. On the record alone he selected Egbert. Before starting his search, he had never met the younger man.

Egbert accepted a five-year, $125,000-a-year contract, with stock options, and went to work in early 1961 under challenging circumstances. The company had blown an early postwar styling lead—won in 1947 by a line of Loewy-designed cars—with a dismal bullet-nosed flop in 1950, a setback which eventually led to frequent management shifts. Then in 1958 the Studebaker Lark, a roomy compact, came along to give the company a prosperous 1959. The following season that prosperity was nearly wiped out by competition from the Big Three's new compacts.

When Egbert became president, he moved immediately to investigate a weak spot, the thinning ranks of Studebaker dealers, whose numbers at that time had dropped to around 2,000. Egbert air-hopped around the country gauging their morale, which needed bolstering. Very quickly he decided on sending them a rather remarkable message of reassurance—the Avanti. This speedily conceived car, which was put into production in a single year, is a family car that looks and performs like a European sports racer. The Avanti reveals a split in the Egbert personality. He never knows whether to preach about the car's safety—its braking characteristics, sunken control knobs, positive door latch and so on—or about its being "the fastest production car in America."

Egbert Versus the Picket

Dealers are receiving the Avanti with warmth, and orders are piling up. Studebaker planned to make only 5000 but now expects to sell more than 15,000. If Egbert was right, the Avanti is telling dealers, "This is the youth and vigor you may expect in all the Studebaker lines from now on."

Although Egbert is expending his own youth and vigor like a greyhound pursuing a mechanical rabbit, he is not precipitate. (One picket claimed otherwise, however, during a strike against the company early this year; he said Egbert had offered to fight him. A judge dismissed the charge.) He has disappointed those who thought he would immediately lay violent hands on Studebaker's bread and butter, the Lark. He has not done so, except to lengthen it a bit and change the grille. His personal influence on the company's regular cars will not show up until the 1964's.

Meanwhile, however, he has made an imprint on other aspects of the business. He was astonished to find that Studebaker, a supplier of military equipment clear back to the Civil War, had not had a military contract in years. He quickly prepared the company for bidding on military supplies and has already won $45,000,000 worth of contracts and delivered 6000 trucks.

Egbert has also stepped up a company diversification program. Studebaker will need some

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With the racy Avanti, Studebaker's Sherwood Egbert hungers for big sales.

money to sharpen its competitive effort in the automotive field, and Egbert believes in acquiring profitable companies to help provide it. Six additions have been made since he took office. The auto maker now has a broader base, with 13 manufacturing divisions and a third of its income from sources other than automobiles.

The chief impact of the dashing young president, however, may well be among Studebaker personnel and within the walls of the company plants at South Bend, Indiana. At the executive level he has not made any new-broom sweep-outs. On the contrary, he is capitalizing on the bank of Studebaker experience. He has become fast friends with the president he supplanted, Harold Churchill, and they work together like army mules. All the new man has asked of the old staff is that they now do a month's work in a maximum of three hours.

A Promise to Make Money

Most of the Studebaker plant buildings at South Bend are old but of a certain simple stateliness. The word "wagons" can still be faintly discerned on a wall of one of them. Egbert is as fussy as a Dutch housewife and as color-conscious as an artist, and he is intent on transforming these properties into striking, tidy structures. The lobbies are already glowing with modernity, and revamping is going on in several plant buildings. Employees voluntarily joined a plant-wide paint-up campaign, and Egbert has even got the foremen into snappy white-and-green coats, partly so these key men can be spotted easily.

This is not being accomplished by directives from the executive offices. Egbert is present in person. He is loping the aisles of the production buildings before the first shift arrives in the morning, greeting workmen, who are fast becoming friends, discussing the work to be done and how to do it better and faster. "Studebaker has had presidents who were never seen in the plant," he says. "That is shameful."

Not long ago an elderly shopman commented pointedly on the change. "Mr. Egbert," he said, "in my forty-one years here you are the first president who has ever spoken to me."

Egbert, who has no ulcers but recently went to the hospital to have plastic bile ducts installed, puts in a 12-hour day. I once was 10 minutes early for an appointment with him, and his comment was typical. "You're late," he said.

When he does go home in the evening, fracturing speed limits in an Avanti, Egbert still doesn't get away from Studebaker. He and his wife, a Minnesota blonde who looks like Kim Novak, live in a house on the company proving grounds. At this strategic spot Egbert can entertain, hold a conference, run out and test a car at more than 100 miles per hour or do anything except relax.

If Egbert can secure a respectable piece of the market for Studebaker he will go down in business history as something of a hero. He has made one promise—that the company will make money for the full year 1962. Another prediction might be hazarded—that the company will not return to making Conestoga wagons. **THE END**

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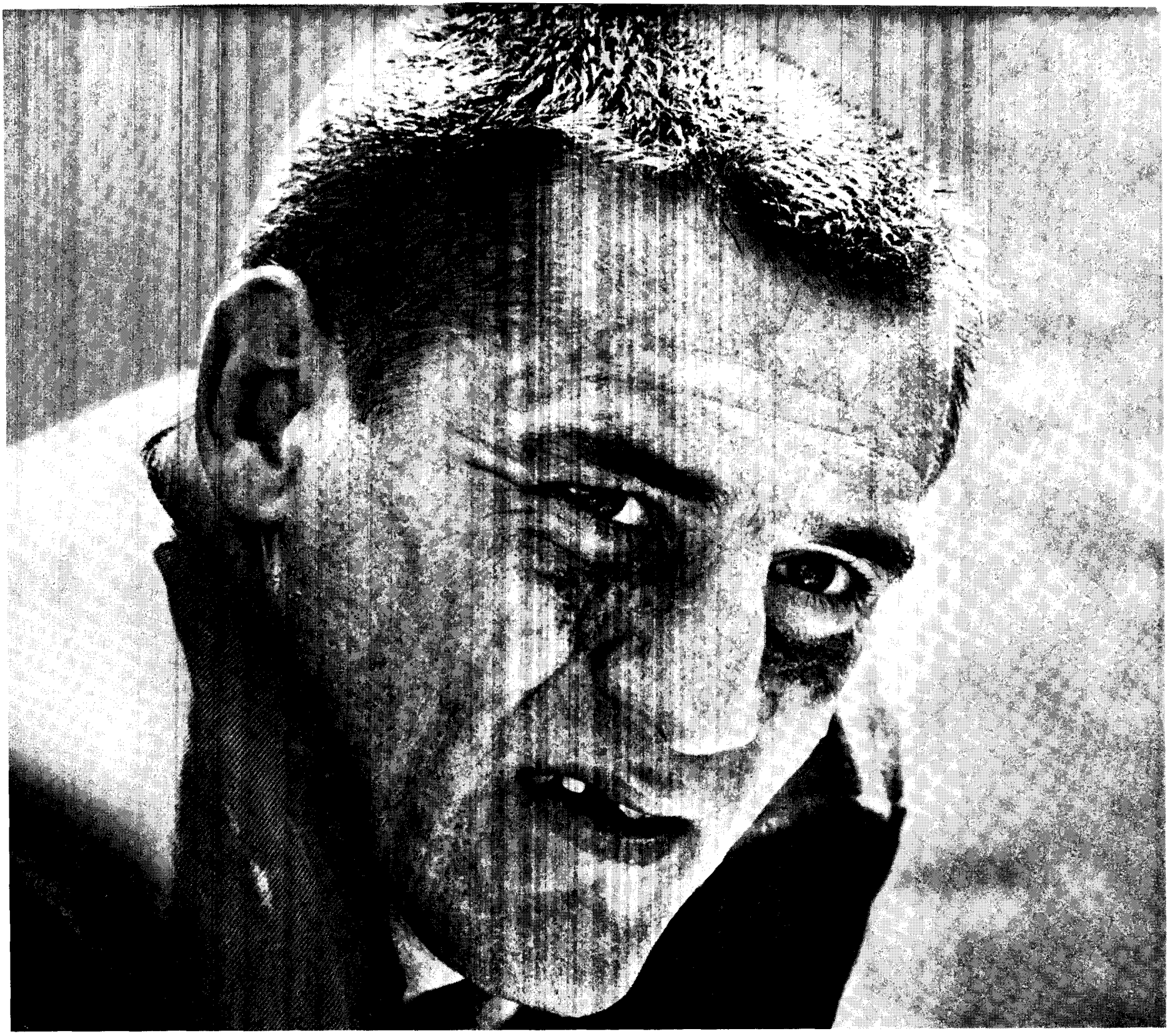

'Genius' at Green Bay

Jim Taylor shrugs off gibes at his intellect, contenting himself to deliver the running power for the Packers. • BY DICK SCHAAP

One of the reigning myths of professional football is that the game has become so complex only mental giants can play it. To demolish this theory you need merely to look at Jim Taylor, the overpowering fullback of the Green Bay Packers. Taylor is a thoroughly pleasant, likable young man who spent four years in college and emerged virtually unscarred by education. Yet Jim Taylor is a full-fledged genius when it comes to running with a football. In this basic art he is no worse than second to the Cleveland Browns' mighty Jimmy Brown.

Considering his ability, Taylor is probably the most underpublicized star in the National Football League. He has been playing in the shadow of two men—his fullback rival, Brown, and his teammate Paul Hornung, the glamour boy of the Packers. In giving insufficient attention to Taylor as a performer, the football writers have also been overlooking one of the league's most singular personalities, for Taylor is a sort of pigskin edition of baseball's Yogi Berra.

Shy and unsophisticated at 27, Taylor talks in clichés, thinks in circles—and takes in $25,000 or so a year. Insists one member of the Green Bay coaching staff, "Jim Taylor makes more money using less brainpower than anyone else in the world."

After four and a half seasons with the Packers, Taylor is accustomed to such abuse. He takes it good-naturedly, then hands it back, sometimes in a weird Louisiana bayou argot. "That guy's got fishhooks," he says, nodding toward a teammate. "You know, whenever there's a tab to be picked up, he pokes his hand in his pocket and gets stuck on fishhooks."

Taylor is most completely himself when sitting in the living room of his Baton Rouge home and running movies of Green Bay games. Some pro football players, when they analyze game films, sound like nuclear physicists unraveling Einstein's theory of relativity. Taylor sounds like a hopped-up cheerleader.

"Look, look, there's Maxie," he says, pointing at Packer end Max McGee on the screen. "And see Bart," he adds, indicating quarterback Bart Starr. "Now watch, watch this play. I got to cut the mustard. Got to rough it all the way.

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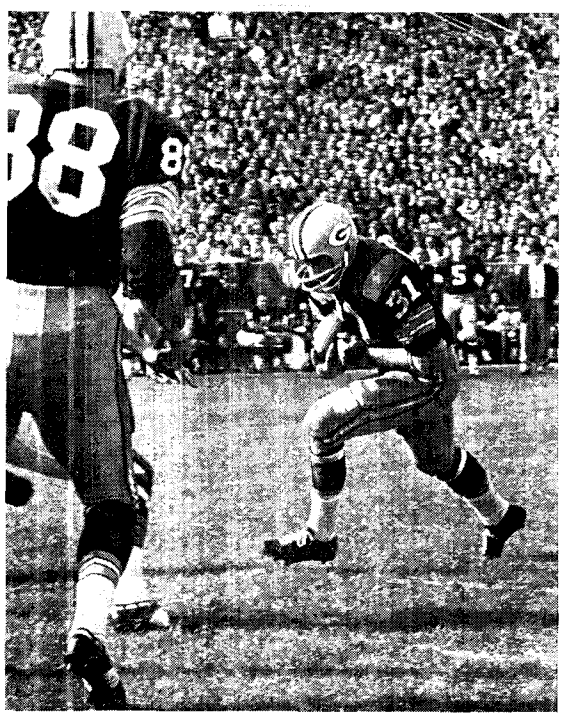
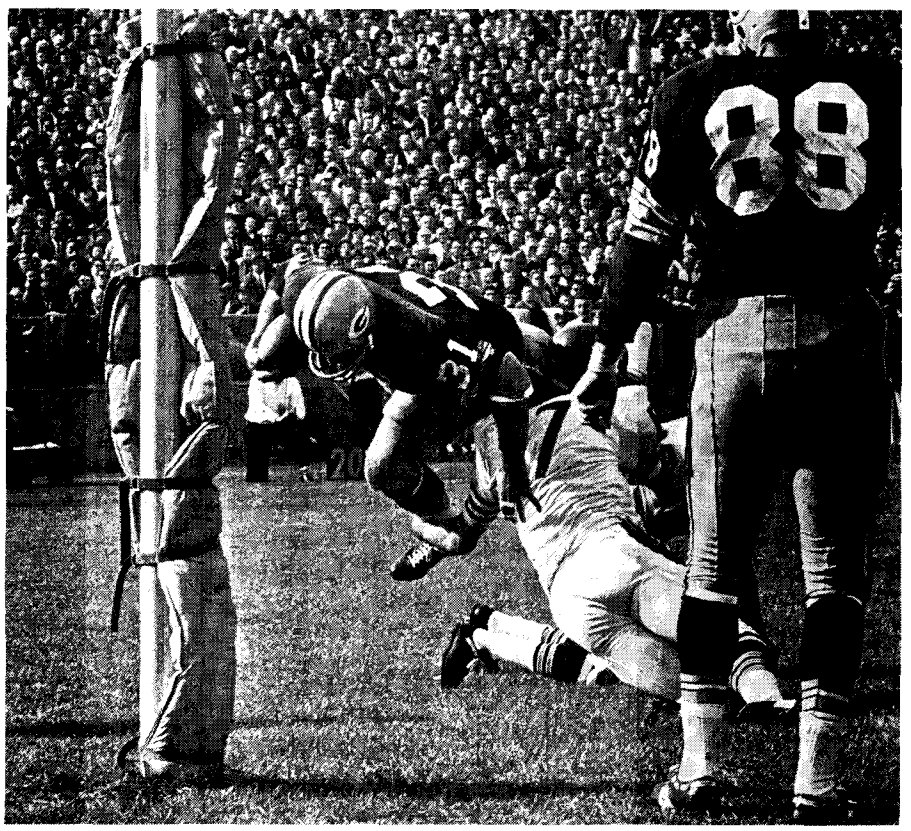
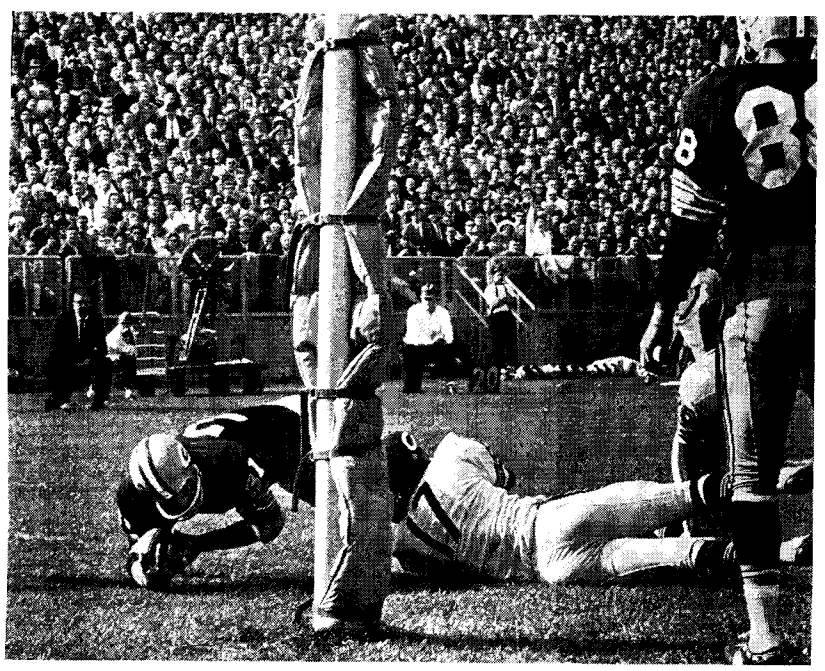


Against Chicago Bears, end Ron Kramer is ready to block for Taylor if the fullback cuts left.

"Gotta sting 'em a little, coach."



Instead Taylor decides to crunch straight ahead into halfback Richie Petitbon and another Chicago defender. Kramer turns spectator.



Momentum carries Taylor over the goal, with Petitbon dragging along. Jim scored three touchdowns as Packers won the game, 49–0.

Taylor Oh-oh. I chickened out there. I didn't drive. I didn't want to go down on that hard ground. I got to hit. Got to hit! There's Huff, Sam Huff of the Giants. Look at him dillydallying there. Here's where Huff tries to act tough. He throws a bit of a left hook. Hey—keep that elbow down! See that other guy; he's a pretty dirty ballplayer. He knows I don't have the ball, but he grabs me anyway. See! I just kick him." . . . And so on.

But while Taylor may never fit an intellectual mold, he does fit perfectly into the Green Bay attack. Coach Vince Lombardi's ball-control offense thrives upon running power, and Taylor supplies the bulk of it. He is a master of the high knee, a virtuoso of the lowered shoulder. From the top of his flat crew-cut to the bottom of his size-10½ cleats, Jim Taylor is all football player.

In 1960, when the Packers won the N.F.L.'s Western Conference championship, Taylor gained 1101 yards rushing, a Green Bay record, and scored 11 touchdowns. In 1961 both team and man improved. The Packers won not only the conference but the N.F.L. title, with Taylor gaining 1307 yards and scoring 16 touchdowns, more than anybody else in the league.

Yet both seasons Taylor was topped in rushing yardage by Jim Brown, the 228-pound sprinter who has led the N.F.L. for five straight years, and in point scoring by Paul Hornung, who runs, passes and place-kicks.

Taylor has no bitter feelings about his competition with Hornung. Each man wants to be the best of the Packers but praises the other. Says Hornung, "I'll keep scoring as long as Jim keeps carrying the ball to the one-yard line." Says Taylor, "Paul is dangerous running or passing, and that opens up the defenses and makes it easier for me."

Taylor does get steamed up, however, about his rivalry with Brown. He desperately wants to be No. 1 in the rushing statistics. After each Packer game, the first thing he does is find out how many yards he gained. The next morning, the first thing he checks on is Brown's yardage.

During the early weeks of the current season this generally was pleasant reading for Taylor. After four games he was leading the league with 418 yards gained rushing. Brown's total at that point was 332.

A Taste for Collisions

While Packer teammates never kid Taylor about Paul Hornung—both men are immensely popular on the squad—they do needle Jim when he falls behind Brown, the object being to goad him into greater efforts. Even during the off-season in Baton Rouge, Taylor gets ribbed on the subject. People greet him on the street and say, "You're OK, Jimmy, but you're no Jim Brown. How come he gets paid $42,000 a year and you don't?"

Taylor takes all this joking seriously. Clearly he would rather be named the N.F.L.'s all-star fullback, which Brown was last year, than the N.F.L.'s Most Valuable Player (Associated Press), which Hornung was.

There is one conspicuous difference between Taylor and all other fullbacks, including Brown. Given the choice of running around a tackler or running into a tackler, the other fullbacks prefer to avoid a collision. Taylor prefers to *have* a collision. This is, in fact, his trademark. Jim Taylor loves to run over people.

Two years ago, for instance, in a game against the Chicago Bears, he crashed through the defense to the five-yard line and found only Charlie Sumner, the safety man, between him and a touchdown. By slanting toward the sidelines, Taylor was a cinch to outrun Sumner and score untouched. Instead, without even a feint, Jim drove straight through Sumner and into the end zone.

The following Tuesday the Packer squad watched movies of the game. When Taylor's scoring play flashed on the screen, coach Lombardi stopped the projector and turned to his fullback. "You had a clear path, Jim," Lombardi said. "Why did you hit him?"

"Gotta sting 'em a little, coach," said Taylor cheerfully.

"He's a Crazy Runner"

Taylor is not cruel. He is merely, to use his favorite cliché, "hard-nosed." He can absorb punishment as well as he inflicts it. On one play against the Los Angeles Rams last year, he was knocked down in front of the Ram bench. Five Los Angeles players piled on top of him. When they unpiled, Taylor leaped to his feet, clapped his hands and told the Rams, "Way to hustle, guys."

Defensive tackle Dick Modzelewski of the New York Giants says, "Taylor is a crazy runner. You'll knock him down and he'll get up and say, 'Is that the hardest you can hit me?'"

From all this it might be assumed that the Green Bay fullback is a big bull who has to rely on size rather than speed. Actually he is relatively fast. Taylor has been timed running 40 yards in 4.8 seconds; the swiftest men on the Packers were only three tenths of a second faster. Nor is Taylor very large for a pro fullback. He is only five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 215 pounds.

According to the official rosters, Taylor and Mel Triplett of Minnesota are the same weight. But the first time they met off the football field, six-foot-one-inch fullback Triplett looked down at fullback Taylor and said, "Well, gee whiz, you're just a little old bitty thing, ain't you?"

If so, Taylor makes up for it in strength. A physical-fitness fanatic, he has for several years lifted weights to build up his arms, legs and shoulders. In addition, for the past two years he has been doing isometric-contraction exercises. This is basically an updated version of Charles Atlas's "dynamic tension" for 97-pound weaklings. It stresses the development of muscles by pushing and pulling. One simple isometric exercise, for example, is pushing against a brick wall.

As a result of his intense conditioning, Taylor's body is incredibly hard. His broad, powerful shoulders taper to a rocklike 34-inch waist, supported by sturdy, oaken legs. Even his buttocks seem filled with concrete. Nevertheless, he is not quite the physical equal of Jim Brown, who is about 15 pounds heavier and, in a straight race, considerably faster.

But Taylor rates ahead of Brown in some important respects, such as finding

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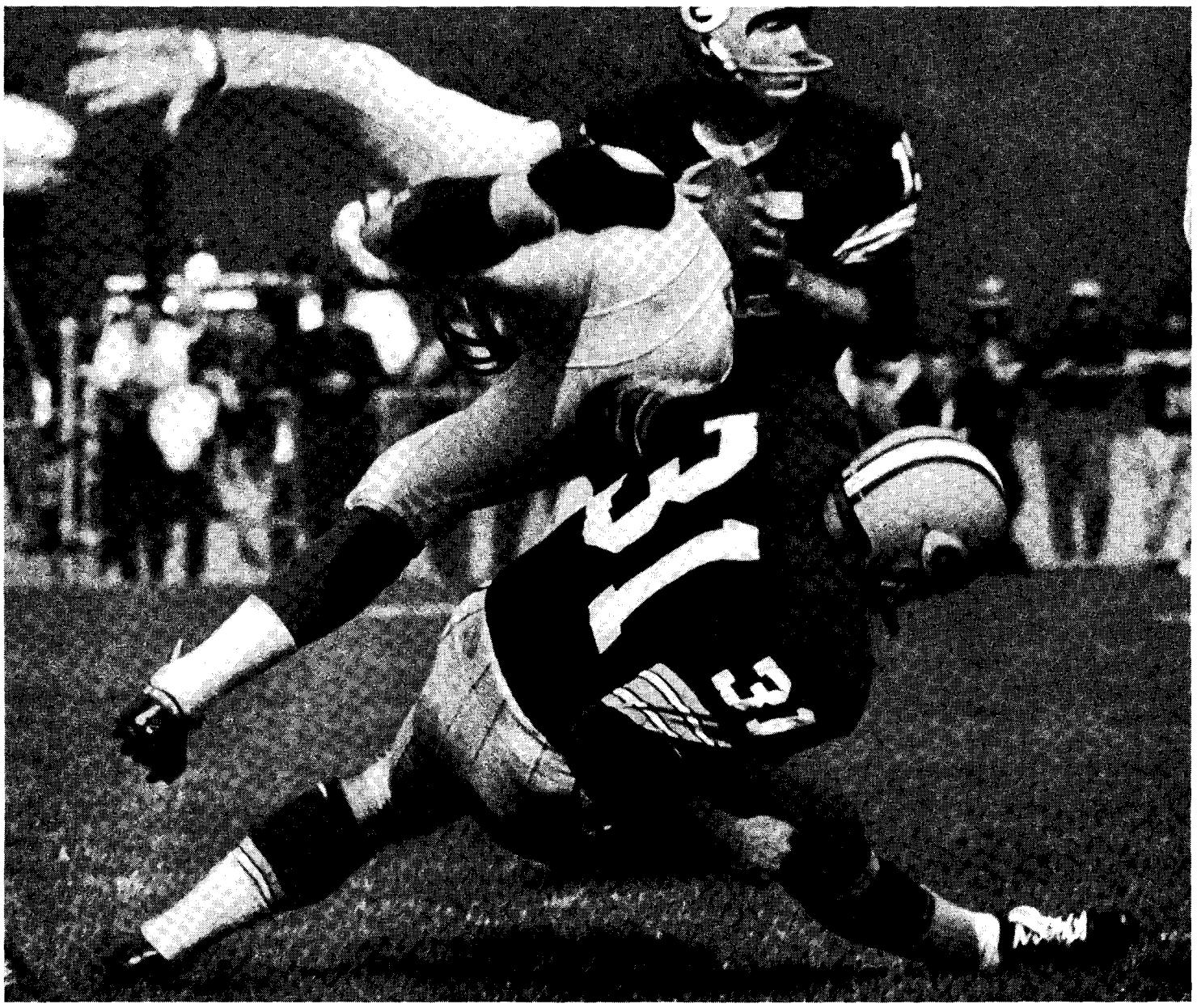
Vince Lombardi: "At times Taylor blocks as well as anyone. But he has the feeling that he's not being paid to block."



Upending a St. Louis Cardinal, Taylor protects Packer passer Bart Starr. But the jury is still out on his blocking efficiency.

Taylor a hole in the line. Coach Lombardi's offensive motto is "Run for daylight." Taylor does. He knows that his penchant for running over tacklers in an open field will not work at the line of scrimmage. His first step is not particularly fast, but he accelerates rapidly and adjusts to the defense. "Because he can adjust quickly," says Red Cochran, the Packer offensive backfield coach, "he'll hit holes Jimmy Brown might not get into. But if Brown breaks through, nobody catches him."

Taylor can be caught—but bringing him down is a different matter. "The impact of meeting Taylor after five yards is greater than meeting Brown at the same point," testifies New York's middle linebacker Sam Huff. "Brown is strong, but he doesn't shock you like Taylor does. Brown would rather slide off to one side and keep going."

Taylor's strong legs never stop churning. His balance is remarkable. "Brown is certainly more elusive," says assistant coach Bill Austin, who directs the Packers' overall offense. "He won't let you grab a leg. Taylor will—and then he'll ram it through your chest."

The ideal fullback must also be a good blocker. Here Taylor's ability is a subject of controversy. Bill George, the Chicago Bears' brilliant linebacker, calls him "one of the best blocking backs I've ever seen," but this is a minority opinion. Although almost everyone agrees that Taylor is a better blocker than Brown, this is a bit like saying that Peter Lorre is better looking than Boris Karloff.

"At times," Vince Lombardi sums up, "Taylor blocks as well as anyone. But he has the feeling that he's not being paid to block."

Blocking is not Taylor's only shortcoming. He is sometimes too slow on pass patterns and sometimes too stubborn to take coaching advice. He does not do well in practice, evidently because pro football practices don't involve much contact work, and Taylor's main joy, as he says, is "banging heads."

He is more likely to outdo himself in important games than in unimportant ones. During 1961 Taylor's best performances came in the two games that meant the most to him personally.

When the Packers met Cleveland in the fifth game of the year, Taylor was facing Brown head-on for the first time ever in a regular-season game. "I made up my mind I was gonna work like hell to have one of my top games," Taylor says.

Taylor worked like hell. Three times during the game he was so groggy he had to sniff smelling salts. Once he was so dazed he lined up in the wrong formation. But Taylor outgained Brown, 158 yards to 72, and outscored him, four touchdowns to none. As Green Bay wrapped up a 49–17 victory, Hornung slid into a spot next to Taylor on the bench and said, "Who's Jimmy Brown?"

Rating vs. Jimmy Brown

Taylor does not consider the one game an accurate gauge of his and Brown's relative abilities. "If you can look at it objectively," he was asked after the season, "do you rate yourself ahead of Brown?"

Taylor considered briefly. "No," he said. "I don't think so."

His second great performance of 1961 came in the 12th game of the season, which paired Green Bay, leading the Western Conference, against New York, leading the Eastern Conference. Green Bay needed a victory to clinch its division championship. The Packers got it, 20–17, as Taylor rushed for 186 yards. This was a Green Bay record for a single game, and 117 yards more than the entire New York rushing total for the day.

When the Packers later beat the Giants again, 37–0, in the N.F.L. championship playoff, Taylor was nursing a back injury and served mainly as a decoy. However, although he suffered muscle spasms every time he was hit, Jim managed to carry the ball 14 times and average five yards a carry.

Taylor's background helps to explain why he rises to difficult circumstances. He was born September 20, 1935, in Baton Rouge. His father, an invalid, died before Jim's tenth birthday. His mother worked in a laundry. From the time he was 10 Taylor earned his own way, buying his own clothes and providing his own spending money. He had a newspaper route in the morning and another in the evening. He caddied, did construction work and spent his spare time at odd jobs.

He was a somewhat lonely child. "I felt that I wasn't really accepted," he

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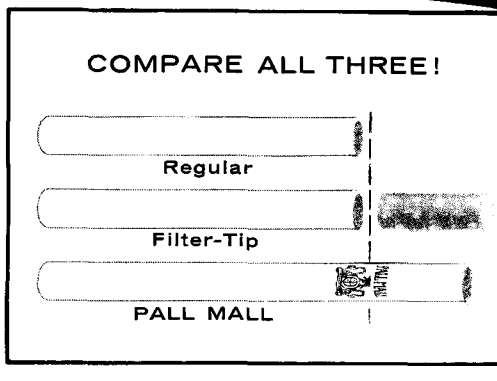

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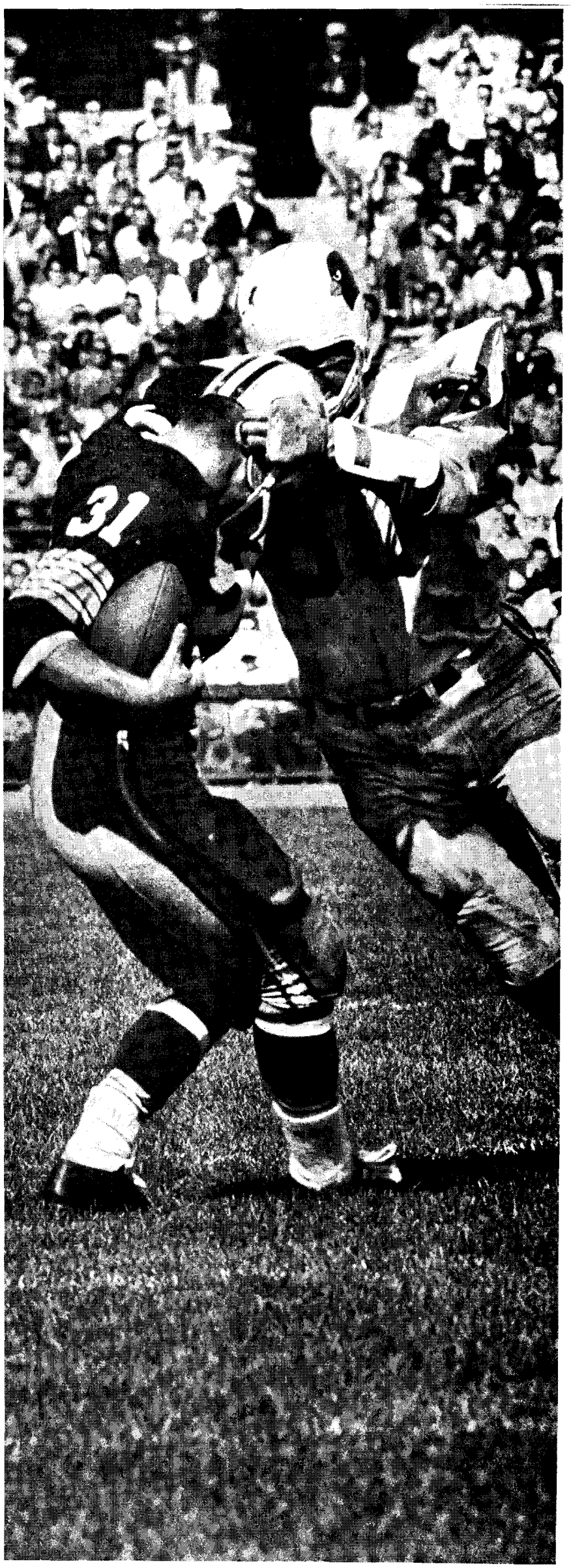

Cardinal defensive end Ed Henke finds a way to stop hard-running Taylor with a helmet tackle in a game the Packers won, 17–0.

"He's a sort of pigskin edition of the Yankees' Yogi Berra."

Taylor recalls. "I didn't get to date much. I wasn't in any of the cliques."

As a teen-ager, Taylor made basketball his game and Bob Cousy his hero. He shot baskets in a schoolyard by moonlight; sometimes he even broke into school gyms at night to practice. As a freshman at Baton Rouge High he played first string on the varsity basketball team but didn't go out for football. "I didn't like the game," he says. "I didn't think I was big enough. I don't like anything unless I can do it real well."

He finally tried it as a junior, when he got up to five feet nine inches and 155 pounds. He made third-string offensive fullback that year. Then as a senior, filling out to 170 pounds, he caught fire in football and basketball too. He was all-state in each sport, and after graduation Taylor in the summer of 1954 became the first athlete chosen to play in both the High School All-American football game and the High School All-American basketball game. In the football game at Memphis, Tennessee, Jim spurred the West to a 6-6 tie against the East and was named the most valuable player. In the basketball game at Murray, Kentucky, he scored six points and helped the South to an easy victory over the North, 109–93.

Dozens of colleges throughout the South offered Taylor scholarships—most of them for basketball—but he decided to stay near home at Louisiana State and concentrate on football.

"Jimmy was probably the finest freshman athlete I've ever seen," says Pop Strange, who was then the freshman coach at L.S.U. But Taylor wasn't the finest freshman student his professors had ever seen. "I didn't know how to study," Taylor concedes. "I didn't study at all in high school. The teachers just passed me through."

Help From L.S.U. Alumni

Jim flunked out of L.S.U. after his freshman year. Determined to get a college degree, he enrolled at Hinds Junior College in Raymond, Mississippi, learned how to study, raised his grades, led the football team in scoring and met his future wife, an attractive young lady with the Civil War name of Dixie Grant.

Then Taylor returned to Louisiana State as a junior and promptly found that he and Paul Dietzel, starting his first year as L.S.U. coach, did not see eye-to-eye. "I was getting help from the alumni," Taylor explains, "and Dietzel held that against me. He wanted everything straitlaced." In his naïvete, Taylor didn't—and doesn't—see anything wrong in getting financial help from alumni.

As L.S.U. lost its first five games of 1956, Dietzel wasted Taylor on the bench. The fullback rushed only 33 times, gained only 83 yards and scored only eight points. Then Dietzel—"the great white father," Jim calls him—put Taylor into the starting lineup. L.S.U. won three of its remaining five games. Taylor carried 84 times, gained 480 yards, scored 51 points and earned a reputation for ferocity. "He'll kill you for a yard," an opponent said.

In his senior year Taylor tackled fiercely from a linebacker post, handled all the place-kicking, and finished third in the country in scoring and eighth in rushing. Still he was overlooked by the selectors of one all-conference team, and the Associated Press rated him no higher than third-string on its All-American team.

Taylor did gain a place on a team that was scheduled to appear on Perry Como's television show. On the program each man was to state his name, school and position. "How am I going to remember all that stuff?" Taylor demanded.

Tongue-lashing at Camp

The Packers, in search of brawn rather than brains, picked Taylor as their second draft choice. At training camp in 1958 his practice play, typically, was uninspired. "Where'd they get this guy from—and what for?" wondered veteran defensive back Hank Gremminger.

Taylor recalls, "I took a steady tongue-lashing. I kept hearing, 'You stupid, dumb punk.' I was scared to make a move."

The Packers reached the point where they had to cut either Taylor or rookie halfback Dick Christy. "It was him or I," Taylor says accurately, if not exactly grammatically. Fortunately for the Packers, they cut Christy.

During the first 10 games of 1958, Green Bay coach Ray (Scooter) McLean generally either ignored Taylor—using him only on "suicide" teams for kickoffs and receiving kickoffs—or harassed him. "Jim got blamed for all the team's mistakes," says teammate Dan Currie. There were, to borrow a Taylor word, "boocoodlies" of mistakes. With McLean misusing both Taylor and Hornung as spare fullbacks, the Packers won only one game all season.

In desperation the coach used Taylor at fullback in the last two games. Jim responded by gaining a total of 246 yards, running so impressively that Lombardi, who replaced McLean in 1959, took one look at the game movies and decided Taylor would be his regular fullback.

Taylor has held the job ever since. He has even volunteered to practice on defense, "just in case somebody gets hurt." His dedication to the game is complete.

The game, of course, has been good to Jim Taylor, who once spent summers working as a roughneck on an oil rig amid swarms of mosquitoes on the Louisiana Gulf. Thanks to football, he now has a college degree in physical education, his own three-bedroom ranch house in Baton Rouge and 20 head of Aberdeen Angus cattle. His five-year-old daughter, Jobeth, takes dancing lessons. Last year he bought his wife a sports car.

"I never thought I'd make this much money," Taylor says.

He hopes to pick up some extra income this winter in the N.F.L. championship playoff. First the Packers must retain their Western Division title. If they do, Taylor knows which team he wants to come out ahead in the East. "I'd kinda like to see Cleveland win," he says. "You know, I'd enjoy another chance to bang heads with Jimmy Brown." **THE END**

Photographs by James Drake.

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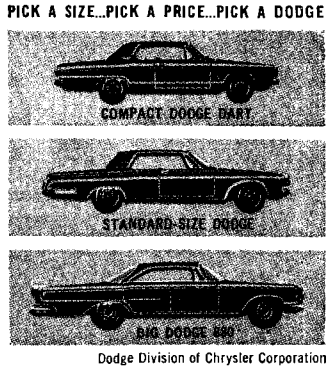

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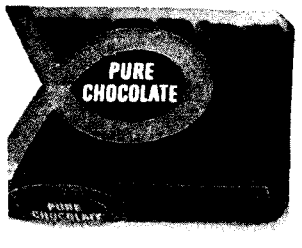

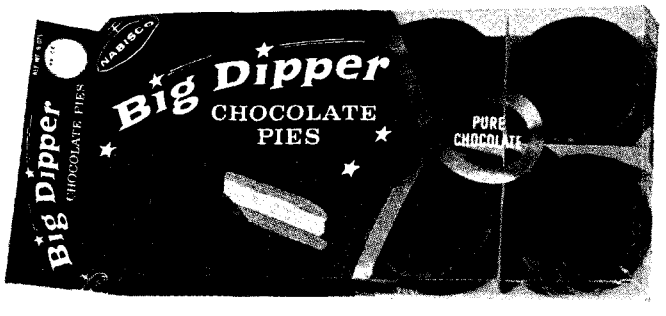

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What a World, Said the Bicycle Rider

But what of a world where the choice is either marriage or love?

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

Going around the world on a bicycle is no longer enough—the daredevil has got to go around the moon on a Pogo stick with one arm tied behind him if he wants to get his picture in the paper. Maybe that's why I wasn't impressed when Amshavir Shamavoor came to my door in Paris, removed a trouser clip from his right ankle, stepped back, his eyes on fire with excitement, and didn't speak, waiting for me (I presume) to get the full picture, which in fact I did get and didn't like.

This has got to be another nut from Fresno, I thought. And while I was trying to think who it might be, he began to speak at last.

"Dan, we went to Emerson together. Amsho? Shamavoor? A block and a half back of your house on San Benito? The little green house by the railroad tracks? In front of the brewery? Hell, Dan, here I am, on my way around the world on a bicycle, and here you are a world-famous picture painter on this high-tone street in the one and only city of Paris, hobnobbing with lords and dukes and high muckamucks. What a world. Amsho?"

I was afraid I might actually know him, might have known him, one of perhaps 300 Fresno boys I had known thirty years ago, because if I *did* know him I would have to make something of it, and this just wasn't the time for it. But no matter how hard I tried to fix him somewhere in the past, I was relieved that I couldn't. He came from Fresno all right, there was no question about that, but to me he was a total stranger. I couldn't even vaguely remember him—name, face, height, weight, voice, excitement, eyes or manners, which were the traditional high manners of the kids of immigrants in Fresno—comedy, confidence, amazement, health and a determination to be superior in any competitive activity of America. He was of my mob all right, but I didn't know him, and I was glad I didn't, because my wife had just left me.

At four in the afternoon of that magnificent August day she had announced in a kind of nervous frenzy that she had at last found true love and was going straight to him. Would I call a taxi, please? No, I would not call a taxi, but I would like to know what the hell she was talking about. Love, that's what she was talking about—in the person of Al Poufnique, a black-bearded American poet from Greenwich Village we had met at a sidewalk table at the Deux Magots a couple of weeks ago. Well, if I didn't know how to be civilized and call a taxi, she would go out into the street and hail one.

Our two boys and two girls were all over the house, about the big surprise they were going to spring on their mother, on the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of her marriage to their father—me. They had let me in on the surprise while she had been out shopping. So now she was back and she had packed an entirely ridiculous-looking little checkered suitcase, and I wanted to know one thing—what about the kids? I meant of course what about their big surprise for *her?* I knew they had bought peaches and raspberries and had made a great bowlful of something to be eaten with thick cream, because we had all had that dessert the one time we had gone to Maxim's for dinner. That's what I meant, but she said she couldn't decide just now what to do about the kids. She might just throw them all over, the way that woman did who married D. H. Lawrence. Why not? Love and love alone is the thing and don't ever forget it, Dan—in a tone of Eastern philosophic earnestness, or would that be more nearly Western, that love-and-love-alone bazaz, maybe out of old what's-his-name's popular hymn of 1910, *Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life*, old Victor Herbert? And then, sure enough, she swung the great door open and flung herself out into the hall, leaving me standing there with my mouth open, thinking, *Al Poufnique, Al Poufnique, who the hell is Al Poufnique?*

Nelly, eleven years old, the oldest, a lot like her mother, came running to let me see her in the new dress she had put on especially for the occasion: "Mamma go shopping again?"

"Well, yes, I think you could put it that way."

"Just so she's back by six for the champagne part of the party before dinner. And yummy, wait till you see what we're having."

Then Pat, ten, then Della, nine, and finally Rufe, eight, came to the door that was still wide open, and each of them said something about the big surprise for their mother, but I didn't remember (or even really hear) any of it, because all of a sudden I remembered who Al Poufnique was.

Well, it just wouldn't do, that's all. Had three weeks in Paris driven the poor woman mad, just because she was thirty-seven and the mother of four kids, or what?

The kids were all right. I didn't have to worry about the kids. They were always fun. I wouldn't have had four, I wouldn't have had my wife have four if I hadn't always liked kids, always liked the idea of them, the whole incredible reality of them forever underfoot and smelling up the house with their fresh clean smells of intensity, struggle and truth. But now what was I supposed to do? Tell them the truth, or a decent variation of it, ask them to sit tight, and go chasing after her in a taxi to the Deux Magots? I had no idea where else to go looking for her, and it wasn't very likely that she would go there with a small suitcase, so where should I go?

"Back to the living room, everybody."

I shut the door and we all went back to the living room, but after a minute or two Nelly ran off to study the situation in the kitchen. Three days ago the cook had quit because it was too hot to be in Paris and she wanted to visit her mother in Montpellier anyway. And so all of us had got acquainted with the kitchen and how the great gas stove worked. After a moment the others ran off to be with Nelly in the kitchen, because that was where the surprise was getting worked out, and I began to think about the whole situation. I picked up the telephone book to see if Al Poufnique was in it—Poudroux, Pouey, Pougatch, but no Poufnique. Who could I call?

I was sitting on the delicate antique straight-backed chair that belonged to the fragile desk with the telephone on it, with the open book in front of me, trying to think, when all of a sudden I realized that I had fallen into a kind of trance of stupor or disbelief or something, and furthermore that I had been sitting there that way for a long time. The faraway voices of the kids in the kitchen and up and down the long hall had somewhere along the line faded away, and now I had the distinct feeling that this silence was not accidental, that it had something to do with the whole family, with the intended surprise, with their mother, with me. And then without looking up and noticing them standing together in the doorway at the end of the long room, I knew they were there and that they had been there for some time; so now how was I to meet this situation? How was I to look up and find

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What a World

them there, and how was I to come out of it and be alive, and say something sensible? Before I could reach a decision Pat was across the desk from me.

"What's the matter, Pop?"

I got up very quickly and saw the other three still in a group at the end of the room. "Why, nothing. Nothing at all. Why?"

Nelly, coming forward with Rufe and Della beside her: "But you've been sitting there that way for hours, Papa—it's almost half past six. Where's Mamma, for the surprise?"

There wasn't anything else to say, so I said, "A surprise is a surprise; she doesn't know there's a surprise going on, so it's almost half past six, so what?"

"Yeah, so what?" Rufe said because in that whole household he was the one whose faith in me never faltered.

"I suggest we wait until seven. If your mother isn't home by then, I suggest we postpone the surprise until tomorrow, and we all go out to dinner and then to the circus."

This seemed to make sense to the kids, so we began to wait. The place became quiet again, as each of them picked up a book or a magazine and began to turn the pages, listening all the while for the sound of somebody working a key in the front door. Pages turned one by one, but nobody was really reading anything or really looking at pictures. Everybody was waiting, that's all, and then suddenly everybody was standing, almost as if at attention, or as if in expectation of something possibly wonderful, but also possibly terrible. I myself was standing, a little scared too, because the doorbell had been given a ring of at least fifteen seconds. Now, who could that be? Al Poufnique, to tell me, "I love Susan. I want her to be my wife." Would he be alone, or would she be with him, or what?

"Probably somebody wanting to sell something. You kids stay right here."

I went down the long hall, kind of slowly too, I must say, because I was scared. If it were actually Al Poufnique I was afraid I might not even let him say hello; I might just push him down the stairs and out of the building, and of course that wouldn't be any good at all for the kids. They would grow up believing America should push any nation that got in its way straight down the stairs and out of the building too.

I opened the door, and there stood Amshavir Shamavoor of Fresno. As he talked, I knew the kids were just a little way up the hall, out of sight, watching me, listening to him and waiting.

I heard him out, knowing he in turn was waiting for me to roar with glad laughter at the sight of him, to be a Fresno kid again, to have him meet the wife and kiddies, as he would have put it if he had put it in words at all. But I couldn't laugh; I couldn't ask him in at a time like this and try to be interested in his bike ride around the world. In the first place, I didn't know him. In the second place, I wanted to get out of there with the kids as quickly as possible, because after dinner and the circus they'd be tired and they'd go to bed, and if Susan weren't home by that time, I'd think of something intelligent to do. There is always something intelligent to do, but the trick is to find out what it is. Sometimes the most intelligent thing is not to do anything, certainly nothing loaded with the imbecility of emotionality. And I was so annoyed with Susan that it amounted to the worst kind of emotionality. How could she even think of any other man in the whole world? How unhappy had she been all these years? How pitifully little did our kids mean to her? If she came back in the middle of the night, had I better tell her to keep moving—from Al Poufnique to Hal Fopkin, to Sal Mineo, to the elevator boy next door? I didn't know what to do, but I knew I wasn't going to entertain the forty-four-year-old lad from Fresno who was on his way around the world on a bicycle.

"Amsho," I said at last. "I'm sure you haven't got any time to lose. You've got to jump on your bike and race east to Damascus, and I know the ride is going to make you awfully

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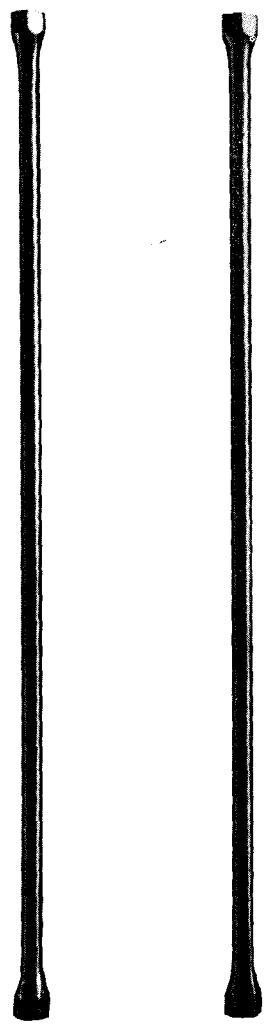

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famous. Thanks for dropping by, it's always good to see a face from the old hometown, and good luck, all the luck in the world, always."

In shutting the door it was actually necessary to have it reach him and move him back into the hall, and during this business he was speechless. After the door was shut I knew he stood there for some time, not believing what had happened. The kids tiptoed up, and I herded them away and up the long hall to the living room again where everybody began to speak at once, calling me names, mainly.

Nelly: "I don't believe I have ever in all my life seen anybody behave with such absolutely lousy manners, Papa."

Pat: "The poor guy was from your hometown. He expected you to bring him in and sit him down for dinner."

Della: "'Amsho, I'm sure you haven't got any time to lose.' Oh, Papa, how *could* you? Maybe all he wanted was a glass of water or something."

Rufe: "Where's Damascus?"

"Damascus is not far from where his father was born. Not far from Assyria, but of course it's not called Assyria anymore. He's an Assyrian, a first-generation American. I know that from his name, but I never saw him before."

Pat: "He sounded like you were old pals."

Nelly (at the window): "He's standing out there looking at his bike."

"Well, do you want me to go bring him back, or what? It's up to you, but I thought you wouldn't want me to use up the surprise dinner and everything on somebody I can't even remember. I'll run down and get him if you want me to."

Nobody said I ought to go get him. They all stood at the big window looking down at him in the street, but I didn't have the heart to join them. Of course I had been rude, but so had he. I had actually thought of asking him how in the world he had found out where I was living, but it seemed to me that knowing how that had happened wouldn't have done me any good and would only have prolonged his standing in the doorway.

Nelly: "He's just waiting or thinking or something. He isn't getting on his bike or anything. He's just standing there."

Rufe: "Maybe he's crying."

Well, if he wasn't, I almost was. Nobody, under any circumstances, should ever be as rude as I had just been, to anybody, let alone to a perfectly decent bicycle rider from my own hometown.

Della: "He's putting on his trouser clip."

Nelly: "Well, aren't you going to come and watch him get on his bike and ride away?"

"No, I think I'd rather not do that."

Pat: "Seems like a nice guy."

"One of the nicest guys in the world, ordinarily."

Pat: "What do you mean, ordinarily. He's still who he always is, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is, but just now I'm not who I always am."

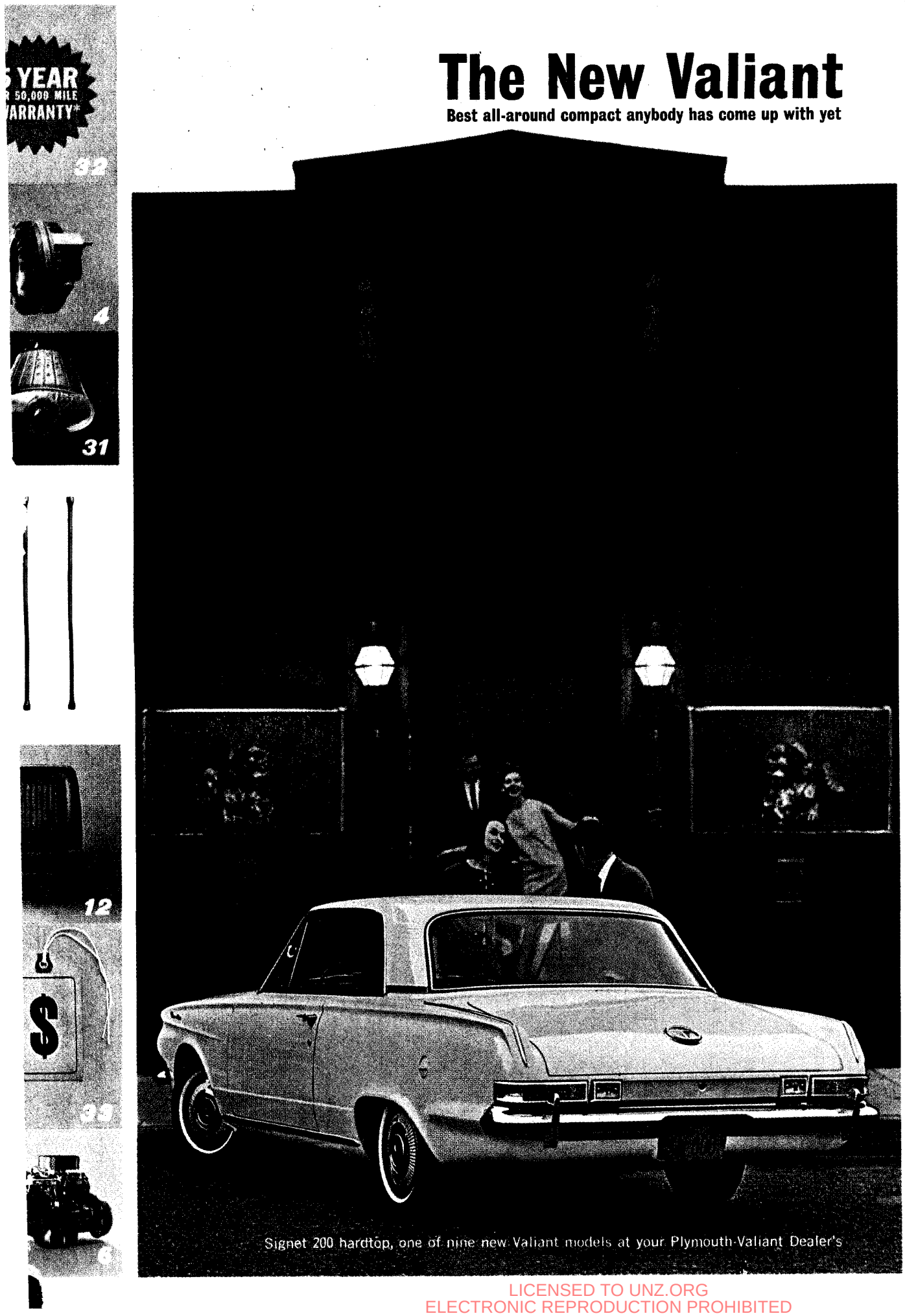
Rufe: "He's riding to Damascus."

They all watched him ride away, and then they turned and looked at me as if I were the most brutal and insensitive human being that ever lived.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I've told you I'm sorry, what more can I say? He came at the wrong time, that's all. Now, let's go grab a taxi to the Drugstore and have hamburgers and milk shakes, and then let's grab another taxi to the circus. Let's just get the hell out of here, shall we?"

Pat: "Language, Pop!"

The Drugstore was jammed, of course, as I knew it would be, but I also knew it was their favorite place, and the hamburgers and milk shakes were almost as good as the ones they had loved in New York. We waited five or six minutes, and then there was a whole table to ourselves, a table for six, actually. When everybody was comfortable, a man with a tray who had been wandering around looking for a place at a table began to attract their attention. I wasn't watching; I was studying the latest issue of *Paris* to choose between the t cuses that seemed to be open t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What a World

around. The kids weren't biting into their hamburgers or sipping their milk shakes anymore; they were just watching, so I looked away from the little magazine to see what it could possibly be.

It was Al Poufnique. Himself. Beard and all.

All right, so where was Susan?

She was nowhere about, although apparently all of the other Americans in Paris were.

He came and took the sixth place, the kids moving some of their stuff out of the way to make room for his tray, and he began to eat his hamburger and drink his glass of milk. The kids fell silent, studying his head and face.

"How are you getting along with your poetry?"

He put down his hamburger, put on his glasses, smiled and said, "Oh, hello. I'm afraid I'm a long way from writing the kind of poetry I *want* to write."

"What kind is that?"

"The best, the way you paint."

The kids watched and listened and finished their hamburgers and milk shakes.

"Thanks, but maybe you're too critical of your stuff."

"That's what my wife says, but let's face it, if poetry isn't the best, it's as good as nothing."

"How *is* your wife?"

"Just fine. A little excited about becoming a mother for the first time."

"*Where* is she?"

"Home, if you can call two little rooms home, and I guess you can." He giggled, and I knew they were almost broke, and pretty worried.

I brought out my wallet and fished out two 100 new-franc notes, each of them worth a little better than twenty dollars, and I placed them beside his plate.

"If that's a loan, thanks a lot. I couldn't accept anything unless it was a loan."

"A loan, and good luck."

"Imagine running into you here. I almost never come here. I just saw some publicity people in the neighborhood about a job, and I have to go back in half an hour. That's how it happened I came in here."

"I'm glad you did. I know you and your wife are going to be crazy about the kid, because I remember how crazy my wife and I were about our first one. That's Nelly here." Nelly nodded. And then I named the other three, and they nodded, and the poet returned each nod earnestly, a man who respected kids, and would be a pretty good father, most likely.

"Biggest event of our lives so far," he said.

In the street the kids wanted to know what that was all about. Who in the world was he, and why had I given him so much money, especially since I had just a little while ago been so rude to a man from my own hometown? I tried to explain, but they weren't especially satisfied.

Well, if Susan hadn't gone to Al Poufnique—and she certainly hadn't—who had she gone to, or where had she gone? What was going on? Had they better go home instead of to the circus, or what?

"Home, or circus?"

"Circus, circus," Rufe said, but the other three, the older ones, the ones who had long ago begun to suspect a thing or two about grown-ups, were silent. Something was going on that

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I carried your book on my head at modeling school."

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didn't permit them to get excited about going to a place to watch clowns and wild animals and acrobats.

"Home," Nelly said, "and the sooner the better."

"Why?"

"I don't know, Papa, but I think home is where we had better get to as quickly as possible."

A cab slowed down. "OK, let's grab this cab."

The door opened and Susan stepped out. (Where was the small checkered suitcase?)

The kids busted out with laughter, exclamations, gladness, anger and questions, but all Susan did was stand there and look at their father—me. She began to smile, but I couldn't figure out the smile at all. Talk about the smile of Mona Lisa. This one made that smile look like the smile of a simple farm girl.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"I had an idea you'd all be here at the Drugstore if I hurried, so I did."

"What happened?"

"Tell you all about it later."

Nelly: "All about *what?*"

Susan: "Twelve crazy, impossible, miserable years together—and for *what?*"

"Four kids?"

Nelly: "Oh, fine. Talk about us as if we were cattle or something."

"What about this—this whoever the hell it was? Turned you down, did he?"

"On the contrary, I turned him down. I just left him."

"Where?"

"His place."

"What did you do that for?"

"Why should I throw over everything for something ridiculous in a ridiculous movie, or something? I'm too old. It's too hot. What are we going back into the Drugstore for?"

"I just want to pick up a pack of cigarettes."

As luck would have it, as I had hoped, Al Poufnique was just ahead of me at the cigarette counter. Susan saw him, but he didn't see her. She looked at me, but I didn't let her know what I was thinking; I just acted as if Al were somebody I didn't know. She seemed terrified that the poet might turn and see her. She flung her arms around the four kids almost as if she were some kind of animal protecting her family before a storm or something, and she moved them in the opposite direction, moving away without a word. Well, what do you know? The things a woman will do to give a man a surprise, or to hang onto something, or to try to make it better or different.

In the street she said, "All right, so I didn't see him, I didn't see anybody, I visited Myra Haley for a couple of hours, but I *could* have gone to him, I could have gone to anybody I might care to choose, but I'm too old, and it's too hot. Let's not get into a stuffy taxi; let's walk home very slowly, because when we get there I want us to have the surprise, after all. Happy anniversary, and I'm glad I scared you."

"I thought you'd gone mad, that's all."

Nelly: "I don't understand you two."

Pat: "Pop, what's going on?"

Della: "Mamma, I don't think I've ever seen you more crazy-beautiful or something. You're different all of a sudden."

We were walking toward the Arc de Triomphe when the kids suddenly stopped, and Nelly said, "Oh, look!"

I looked, and there, racing around the Arc, came Amshavir Shamavoor on his bike, moving with the wild circling traffic like a small colorful bird among a flock of geese.

Pat: "Look at him go, will you."

Della: "I'll never forget your terrible rudeness, Papa."

Rufe: "Good-bye, Amsho, good-bye."

The bicycle rider straightened out when he reached the Champs, his head down, his legs moving steadily and powerfully. As he drew nearer I thought I had better shout out to him, stop him, and ask him to please forgive me, please come with us now to our house and have dinner with us, but he was going too beautifully, everything was too right for me to spoil it with a little corrective courtesy. And then he was gone, on his way down the broad road toward Concorde. The kids and their mother turned and watched him go, but again I couldn't join them. I still couldn't even remember him. Not until he had disappeared among the automobile traffic did they turn away and begin to walk again.

"Who was that?"

"Some kid from Fresno who doesn't know he's forty-four years old."

"What about him?"

"He's riding around the world on a bicycle."

"So what?"

"Precisely. He's an Assyrian. *They* won't be getting in rockets to the moon or anything like that for some time, most likely, if ever."

Nelly: "I don't think I've seen anything more beautiful."

Della: "Than Mamma, the way she is now?"

Nelly: "Than that nut on the bicycle."

Pat: "What's he want to ride around the world for?"

Rufe: "Will he get there, Papa? Will he get to Damascus?"

"Rufe, maybe I'd better tell you this now, right now, because I might forget later on. You don't *have* to get there, to Damascus, or anywhere else. All you've got to do is *want* to get there. And *try*. That's enough to carry you all the way through. Can you remember that?"

"Sure, Papa. I'll remember it."

We all moved along, on our way to our surprising house in one of the most surprising cities in the world, and to the little daily surprises of our thirteenth year together, in the same boat, so to say, or on the same bicycle, racing through heavy traffic toward another place, and then another, and all the way around, and finally back where we started. THE END

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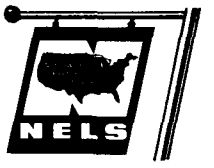

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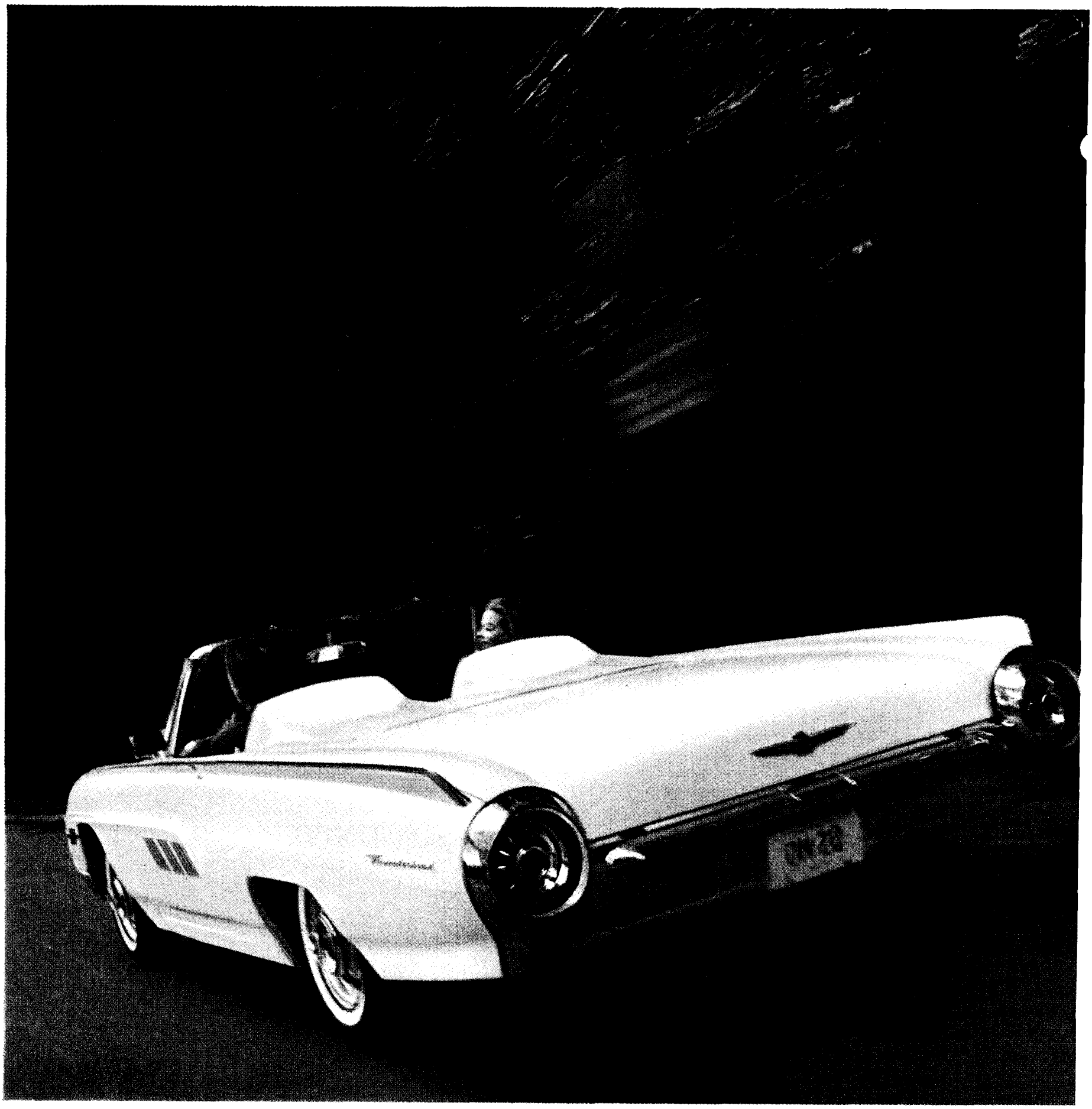

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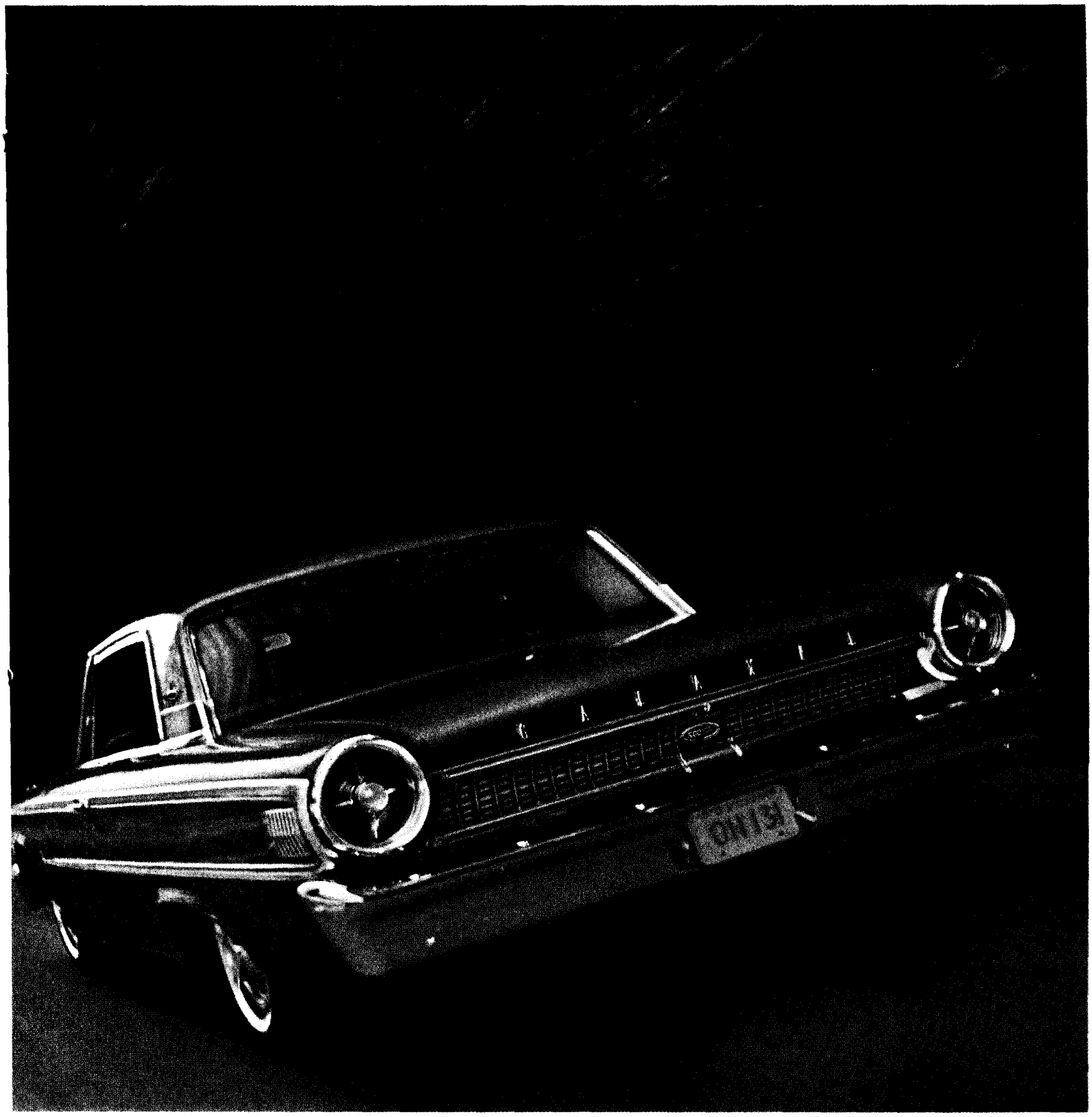

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A
FABLE FOR
ADULTS

Her suitor was eminently satisfactory—except for his unsuitably shaggy legs.

ANGELA'S SATYR

By BRIAN CLEEVE

The music was like a bird singing, so gentle and so natural that she never noticed it. As light as a dandelion clock floating on the summer air, she stepped down the grassy slope and dipped one bare, golden foot in the stream. The stream gave a little skip and ripple of pleasure and washed her toes with silver.

"Ah," the girl whispered, and pulling her simple peasant's dress over her golden head, she stepped into the water. It came to her knees like a kitten purring. Throwing the red cotton dress onto the grass, she crouched down and began to wash herself. The music that had been impersonally beautiful took a sudden, passionate and distinctly masculine tone.

"Ooh!" screamed the girl and covered herself with water to protect her modesty. For there on the bank, half hidden among the bushes and the long grass, was a man. Or perhaps a boy. She raised herself a little, for after all she might need to run, and it was best to be prepared. Distinctly a boy and, so far as she could see, as naked as she was. A dark-bronze chest, a neck of honey gold like a Greek column and a head so handsome that it made her heart swim. Dark curling hair with subtle flames of red gold buried in its darkness. Eyes green gold and slanting like a cat's. A curved nose with flaring nostrils and the most delicious hint of masculine brutality; and teeth as white as the bite of an apple, glistening with pleased ferocity, or so it seemed to the girl.

"You wouldn't—you wouldn't really ——" the girl said in a small, weak feminine voice. The boy tilted his head and raised an eyebrow.

"Wouldn't what?" He had a most curious accent, as if he weren't used to speaking dialect, and she wondered if he was a gentleman's son from the city. She stood up the tiniest bit further and spread out a very small hand to cover as much of her beauty as it could, which wasn't much.

"Who are you?" she whispered, for really in all her eighteen years she had never seen anyone half so handsome and her

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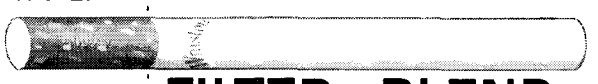

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ANGELA'S SATYR

particular valley in Sicily is a valley of handsome men.

The boy put his homemade pipes to his mouth and blew a nightingale's trill of notes. "My name is Dionisio," he said, "and I am a satyr." And with that he stood up and stepped delicately down the bank toward the water, while the girl, with a little scream of fright, fainted dead away. Because from the hips down Dionisio was covered with shaggy fur, and instead of human feet he had the daintiest pointed silvery hoofs, like a goat.

Squatting down by the water's edge, without wetting more than his fingertips—for satyrs have a constitutional aversion to water—Dionisio caught the girl by her floating hair and drew her gently out of the river.

"How very beautiful," he said. "My mother must have been quite mad."

"Why?" said the girl, who had recovered with really astonishing quickness.

"What is your name?" said Dionisio, stroking back the wet gold hair from her temples and gazing into the dark-violet depths of her eyes.

"Angela," whispered the girl. "Dionisio." Her eyelashes fluttered, and the sunlight laid leaf shadows on her slender neck. "But why do you say your mother was mad?"

"Because she told me to beware of humans, and above all of girl humans. She told me they were unbelievably wicked, depraved and untrustworthy."

"Some of them are," whispered Angela. Her lips parted, her eyelids closed. "You wouldn't—take advantage of me, would you?"

"How?" said Dionisio.

"You wouldn't kiss me?"

"How do you kiss someone?" asked Dionisio, whose mother had been most frightfully strict.

"Like this," said Angela, sliding a golden arm round his bronze shoulders, and planting the softest, warmest, most intoxicating of kisses on his astonished lips.

Dionisio's whole body trembled and tears came to his eyes. "Oh," he cried out when he could make any kind of sound at all, "is that kissing? Is that what I mustn't do?"

"Yes," said Angela.

"I'd better try it, just to make sure I don't do it by mistake," said Dionisio and, pursing up his lips with care, as if to blow the sweetest music into his pipes, he kissed Angela rather lopsidedly on the corner of her adorable mouth.

"You haven't got it right at all," said Angela. "I'd better show you again." And she did.

It shows how slow some learners are that it took her the whole afternoon and a lot of the evening to teach him exactly what it was he mustn't do, and before they were both satisfied that he had it right it was dark. They lay side by side in the warm grass under the huntress moon, whispering occasional things and holding hands.

"So this is love," whispered Dionisio, enchanted. "It *is* fun."

Angela said nothing, but only ran her warm hand through the thickness of his curls. And found just above his forehead two small, blunt horns. Which brought her up with something of a start, for it reminded her that Dionisio was not everything that a lover ought to be. The priest, for example, might look askance at them if they tried to get married. She sat up, stabbed by a further thought.

"You're not married already?" she cried.

"What is married?" asked Dionisio and this of course required a further lengthy explanation. So lengthy, in fact, that they fell asleep at the end of it and slept till dawn. When the first rays of sunlight touched them, Angela woke with the most delicious feeling, stretched her darling self and stepped into the stream as if it were a waiting bath.

"Dionisio!" she called. "Don't wake up, you mustn't look," and to her grave vexation he didn't wake and therefore didn't look. She appeared at her best in the river, and she knew it. Even three years ago, when she was still a child, an artist had surprised her washing her hair in the river and had been so thunderstruck that all the time he was trying to sketch her he kept dropping his pencils and charcoals in the water. Afterward her mother had whipped her soundly for not charging the painter a thousand lire for allowing him to paint her, so she remembered the occasion vividly.

She finished washing herself and came and knelt on the bank, gazing down at the sleeping satyr. Something would have to be done about him, but what? To continue meeting him in secret might have a certain charm, and without doubt there remained many other prohibitions to teach him—dear heaven, the boy knew absolutely nothing, it was terrible—but she could see any number of difficulties that might arise. Yet how to bring him into human society? She touched his silvery hoof, and he twitched in his sleep and flung one arm across his face, shielding his eyes from the growing sunlight. Special shoes? Baggy trousers? A hat to cover his horns? And then she thought of Mamma Zolfa, the witch.

"Wake up!" she cried and tugged his hoof with an impatient hand. "I'm going to get you turned into a human boy. Quick, before there are any people about."

So, holding his hand, she running and he skipping, she led him through dark woods to the desolate valley where Mamma Zolfa had her dilapidated hovel. The witch was having her breakfast of stewed mice and herbs, and was less than pleased at being disturbed. But when she saw Dionisio, she sucked her gums in astonishment. "A satyr!" she croaked. "I haven't seen one of them for nigh on seventy years. I thought they all died off of thirst in the time of the phylloxera blight. Well, well, well, what brings you two to Mamma Zolfa?" She leered at Angela in the most disgusting way.

Her hut was so dark that it was difficult to see anything except the yellow round eyes of her tame owl, and the glow of a little red brazier at the back of the hut, like a tiny doorway to hell. Angela tried to make out Mamma Zolfa's wrinkled, walnut features.

"We want to turn Dionisio into a human boy," she said timidly.

"Why?" said Mamma Zolfa. "Isn't he all right as he is?" And she cackled in the most shameless way, which spoke very badly for any dealings that she might have had with satyrs seventy years before.

"We want to get married," Angela said with a rush, twisting her little hands together. "And you see, the priest ——"

"Ha," said Mamma Zolfa, "horns before marriage, eh?" And she cackled again. "It'll be very expensive."

"How much?" said Angela, her voice suddenly quite sharp and, to anyone who knew both of them, surprisingly like her mother's.

"Three drops of blood from your third finger," said Mamma Zolfa, trying to seize Angela's left hand. "Three locks of hair from the left side of your head. And three gold coins from your dowry."

"*Mamma mia*," said Angela. A coal hissed and flared in the brazier, the hut filled for a fleeting moment with soft red light, and Angela saw it reflected on

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ruth, you're not paying attention to the game. We're discussing Helen Brown's operation, not Agnes Smith's new mink."

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Dionisio's gleaming shoulder. "All right," she whispered. "But cash on delivery. Turn him first."

The light died in the hut, the owl closed his eyes, and Mamma Zolfa huddled down on the pile of rags that served her for bed and chair, table and wardrobe.

"It may take a bit of time," she said. "I haven't done this for years. And never with a satyr. People into goats. Even goats into people. But a satyr ——" She sucked her gums, remembering ancient spells.

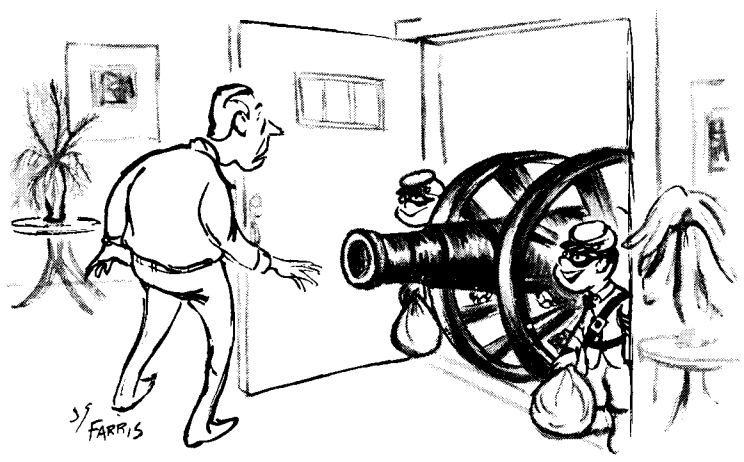
The air in the hut grew close as a blanket, black as a cave. The owl flew out with a screech of fear, and mice and rats scuttled in their willow cages.

"*Anima perduta* ——" the old crone began, and the words lost themselves in a tumbling jumble of toothless sounds. She felt on the ground for herbs and dropped a handful of them on the brazier, filling the thick darkness with stinking smoke and a green flame that seemed to give no light. "*Cambia risma satiro!*" she screamed suddenly, and Dionisio gave a great cry of pain. The hut was shaken with the sound of the stamping of his hoofs and with wild frightened bleating. Something butted against Angela's thigh. She screamed in terror and tore her way outside the hut, followed by a very large and very handsome goat.

"Dionisio!" shrieked Angela.

"Mehhhhhhh," bleated the goat and tried pathetically to stand on its hind legs. Mamma Zolfa tottered out into the sunlight.

"Where is Dionisio?" Angela shouted at her. "What have you done with him?" She ran past the old woman, wrenched aside the curtain of rags that sheltered the hut's doorway, filling the filthy hovel with sunlight. But there was no one there. Both women, crone and girl, turned to look at the goat.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Trick or treat."

"Dionisio!" whispered the girl.

"I must have got the spell wrong," said Mamma Zolfa. "Dear oh dear, my memory's failing me terribly these days. I really ought to retire." And she shook a regretful head.

"You silly old witch!" shrieked Angela. "What are we going to do?"

"There's nothing we can do," said Mamma Zolfa, resignedly. "When it goes wrong like that it's irreversible. Except ——"

"Except!" breathed Angela.

"It's ridiculous, really," said Mamma Zolfa, "quite impossible. He has to be kissed on the nose by a real princess, and she has to tell him with complete sincerity that he is the most beautiful goat in the world."

"Oh my heavens!" cried Angela. "Do you know any princesses?"

"No," said Mamma Zolfa, "there seem to be far fewer of them about these days. It's the taxation that kills them." And at that moment, with a terrible cry of anger, anguish, anxiety and antipathy, Angela's mother descended like a fat fury on the scene. In one hand she brandished a switch, in the other a length of rope.

"Strumpet!" she screeched. "Shameless baggage, hussy, harlot! Where were you all night? Where is the villain?" For as softly and secretly as Angela had led Dionisio to Mamma Zolfa's hut, an early laborer had seen her golden head stealing through the woods, and not alone, and having followed the pair at a distance too great to see what Dionisio really was, he had run to tell Angela's mother the distressful news. Hence her furious arrival now. "Where is he?" she roared and, throwing down the rope, she caught her daughter by the hair and began to make the switch dance a tattoo on her back.

Filled with protective rage, Dionisio charged the mother and received a blow with the switch across the skull that nearly blinded him.

"Control your goat, you filthy old wretch," shrieked Angela's mother and gave Dionisio such a kick that he lost all interest in Angela or her mother and lay on his back imagining that he was dead. Angela, twisting out of her mother's grip, fled weeping down the valley. Her mother pursued her, showing a remarkable turn of speed and a deadly accuracy with the switch.

"Meh, meh," croaked Dionisio, coming slightly to his senses.

"Waste not, want not," said Mamma Zolfa, slipping the fallen rope round Dionisio's neck. It was a pity that it was a billy goat; if she could beg the loan of a nanny goat from somewhere, there was no telling what might happen. "All's well that ends well," she said, tying the other end of the rope to a nearby tree. Giving Dionisio another hearty kick to introduce him to the new regime, she went inside the hut to finish her breakfast.

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ANGELA'S SATYR

Meanwhile the most extraordinary things had been happening in the nearby city.

The artist who had long ago painted a ravishing picture of Angela bathing in the river had died in an appalling state of insolvency. Whereupon his long-suffering landlady, who was owed at least three weeks' rent, seized his goods and arranged for them to be auctioned.

There were four kettles with holes burned in the bottom, two broken chairs, a bed, a piece of carpet, an enormous number of half-empty tubes of paint, forty-seven camel-hair brushes with most of the bristles missing, thirty-seven paintings of no earthly interest to anyone, and the portrait of Angela. And who should happen to see and buy this totally delightful picture but a television producer! A thin, anxious man who wore dark glasses in bed and lived on pills, he gave one tiny but heartfelt cry of delight when he saw the painting and said, "For me, for me!"

There followed a month of detective work to discover who the model might have been, and on exactly the morning that Angela and her mother arrived in a dead heat at their humble cottage in the Sicilian valley of Zeppo di Fiori, there arrived at their door the most enormous motor car, apparently ninety-four feet long and requiring two chauffeurs, while far in the luxurious scarlet-leather depths of the stern, surrounded by swansdown cushions and crystal cocktail shakers, sat the television producer. He took one look at Angela and, uttering another tiny but heartfelt cry of joy, he said again, "For me! For me!"

Only this time, having Angela's mother to deal with, it cost him a great deal more money than the picture had. It also cost Angela's mother some fatiguing exertions with the switch to persuade Angela that this was in the best interests of all concerned.

"He will feed you like a Christmas pig," coaxed Mamma Angela.

"Dionisio!" Angela wept.

"He will dress you in silks and satins, and you'll have clean underclothes every Sunday!" shouted Mamma Angela.

"I only want my Dionisio!" wailed her daughter.

"You'll have a real bathroom to bathe in and hot water out of a tap and a mirror to see yourself in," screamed Mamma Angela in a paroxysm of impatience, and gave her daughter the switch across a tender place so vigorously that it clinched the argument then and there. So, weeping for Dionisio and sitting gingerly on two swansdown cushions, the golden, gorgeous simplicity of Angela was carried off to the city.

Swallowing four tranquilizing pills at a gulp from a little silver box, the television producer guided Angela into his eighteen-room apartment. Angela stood stunned in the hallway until called to herself by the arrival of a maid in a starched white apron. She dropped a profound curtsy. "My goodness, miss," said the maid, "you mustn't do that. You're to be the mistress here. At least, I expect so." And leading her off to the marble bathroom, she introduced her to the delights of hot water and scented soap, talcum powder and enormous, soft, cuddlesome towels. But even while she lay in the steaming water fragrant with essence of jasmine, Angela sighed, "Dionisio," and wondered what horrible things might be happening to her beloved. For the things that can happen to a goat in a place like Sicily are truly horrendous.

She sighed "Dionisio" while she was being wrapped in a heavy mandarin dressing gown of raw yellow silk; while her toenails were being pedicured and her fingernails manicured; while her tawny golden hair was being waved and sleeked under the skillful fingers of Madame Hortense and her breathless assistants.

She sighed, "Dionisio" while her elocution teacher strove to remove the rough edges of dialect from her linnet's voice; while her dancing teacher taught her to float like a swan; while a retired duchess taught her to eat as if she had never been hungry in her life and to behave at parties with the degree of insolence and boredom proper to her beauty. "You'll be the success of the season!" wheezed the duchess. "I can't wait to see you!" And poor Angela let the weight of her golden head bend her lily neck and sighed, "Dionisio."

Whenever she saw the twittering arrival of the television producer at one of her lessons, her mind's eye saw behind him the living statue of her satyr, the sunlight filtering through forest leaves to fall in light and shadow on his burnished shoulders, his arching chest, his green and slanting eyes. When at her music lessons her teacher guided her fingers on the piano keys, she heard not "Do re mi fa" but the woodland notes

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of Dionisio's pipes. And when at night she lay on swansdown and drew the blue satin sheets up to her delicately molded chin, the last word she invariably uttered was "Dionisio." Nevertheless, being a human girl, she found some consolations in her situation.

Which could not be said for Dionisio. Alas! Mamma Zolfa had borrowed a nanny goat from a near neighbor who owed her something for a little matter of a love potion. It was not a very pretty nanny goat nor a young one. But it was certainly a great one for the billies, as its owner proudly said. Cackling ferociously, Mamma Zolfa led the abandoned creature back to her hut, and untying Dionisio's rope from the tree, fastened the end round the neck of the nanny, tying the two creatures together with three yards of rope between them and the light of love already burning in the nanny's eyes.

"Unholy matrimony!" cackled Mamma Zolfa and went into her hut to cook some rats for supper.

"Stay away from me!" said Dionisio. "I'm not what you think!"

"Dream goat!" whispered the nanny and made a rush. Dionisio jumped three yards back and the nanny followed him like a ball on a string.

"Help!" bleated Dionisio. "Mamma!"

And so, leap and counterleap, the two creatures—the one driven by terror and the other by unmentionable ambitions—tore up the mountainside, and but for the happy accident by which a sharp edge of rock sliced the rope binding them together, I would never have had the heart to go on telling you this story.

"Free!" shrieked Dionisio.

"Lover, come back!" pleaded the nanny. But she hadn't the speed and, after half an hour of fruitless chase, she gave up and wandered disconsolately home. The wretched Dionisio, so ashamed of his appearance that when he drank from a pool he closed his eyes against his reflection, wandered far and wide, avoiding the haunts of men and beasts and stopping only for necessary snacks of grass. Now and then he would raise his poor bearded goat-face to the indifferent sky and sigh, "Angela! Oh, Angela!" Until one day a laborer, seeing a fine fat goat wandering masterless across the mountainside, captured Dionisio and sold him to a butcher.

Meanwhile the exquisite Angela, stopping all breaths with her beauty, had reached the destiny for which the television producer had spent so much money and time and anxious twittering. She was about to go on his program as question mistress in a panel game. Need I describe the ravishment of the studio audience, the spellbound delight of the panel members, the delirium of the viewers, the superlatives of the critics? Angela caused a furor.

"Television has found its soul!" cried the *Gazetta*. "Angela for President!" pleaded the *Giornale*.

In the largest of his palaces the elderly and lecherous Prince Massimo Grasso wheezed, "Angela for me!" as he gazed oyster-eyed into the thirty-six-inch television screen mounted at the foot of his six-poster bed. "See that it is arranged," he said to a henchman. "If necessary, employ the Mafia. Buy the television studios. Do anything. Just so long as she is here by tonight. I shall even marry her."

And so it was that weeping tears like pearls and looking ethereal in a wedding gown of seventy yards of Bruges lace, poor Angela was led slowly up the aisle by the television producer, while the monstrous prince waited for her at the altar steps, breathing heavily. Reporters from ninety-five countries crammed the cathedral, television cameramen hung like bats from the columns and the organ loft, seven bishops served as acolytes, and an eighth bishop, the prince's first cousin, conducted the ceremony. The local schoolchildren were given a day's holiday, and the prince ordered a truly enormous barbecue party to take place on the palace lawns, to be attended by all his retainers, tenants, serfs, peasants, debtors, creditors and poor relations. So enormous did the party promise to be that the butchers' shops of the city were emptied of every lamb, goat and calf that they contained, and live animals were obtained from country butchers for miles around as a reserve supply, to be led bleating and lowing into the orchard gardens of the palace. And among these unfortunate beasts was poor Dionisio. Imagine his feelings as he waited, tethered to an apple tree, while the scent of barbecued goat drifted toward him.

"Oh, Angela!" he sighed. "If only I knew that you at least were happy, I could die consoled."

When what should he hear, high-pitched and unmistakable, but his beloved Angela's scream of fear? For I must tell you that while the barbecue party was going on, the prince found himself impatient to relive delights that he ought to have put sternly behind him many years before.

"My little jujube," he crooned in Angela's ear. "Come upstairs and we'll look at the pretty fireworks from my bedroom window."

Yet when they got upstairs, to Angela's surprise she found that the bedroom windows didn't overlook the front lawns, but the orchard.

"Where are the fireworks?" cried Angela. "I can't see any at all."

"I've brought my own!" cackled the prince, and with that he began chasing poor Angela up and down the enormous bedroom.

"Help!" screamed Angela in a paroxysm of terror. "Help!" And this was the cry that Dionisio heard. Bounding against his rope with desperate force, he broke free.

"Angela!" he bleated and, leaping through an open window, he galloped through the palace searching for his beloved. Up marble staircases, along shining corridors beneath ancestral portraits and suits of armor, Dionisio charged to the rescue.

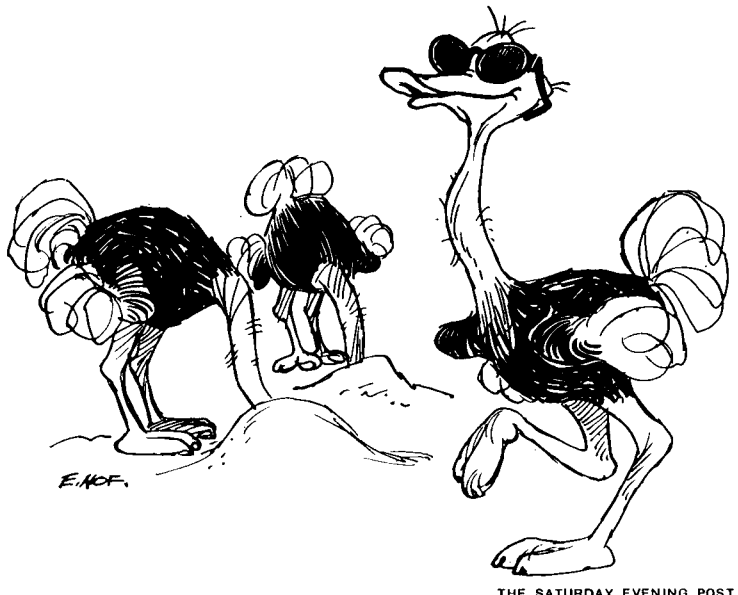
While running as fleet and light as a deer, Angela broke from her pursuer and raced out into the corridor, the puffing prince behind her. And there, at the head of the stairs, Dionisio caught up with them.

"Charge!" bleated Dionisio. And down went his head, up went his tail, thud went his hooves, and his curved and powerful horns caught the prince precisely in the rump, lifting him a yard into the air. Dionisio skidded back onto his haunches as if he had hit a railway buffer, and the prince fell, hit the middle step of the staircase, bounced, and crashed to the marble floor twelve feet below, stone dead.

"Oh, my savior!" cried Angela and, not thinking of Dionisio or of anything else but the frightful fate from which she had just been saved, she threw her arms around the goat's neck, kissed him warmly on his moist nose and said with heartfelt sincerity, "You are the most beautiful goat in the world!"

Whereupon the most astonishing changes began to take place in Dionisio; for, of course, Angela since eleven o'clock that morning had been a real princess and quite by accident had done and said the only things which could rescue Dionisio from his horrid shape. Within moments, before her astonished and delighted eyes, there stood her satyr, her beloved Dionisio, bronzed, beautiful, and with green, slanting eyes filled with love and gratitude and wonder.

What more is there to tell? The prince was buried in a black marble sarcophagus in the cathedral, with an inscription relating how he had been killed tragically on his romantic wedding night by a maddened goat escaped from the barbecue wedding feast. The princess, not noticeably overcome by grief, retired to a large country estate, where soon she married a country fellow unknown to aristocratic society. The two are rarely seen and, when they are, the husband is invariably wearing unfashionably baggy trousers and a high-crowned hat. But they seem very happy. **THE END**



"Hey, fellas."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Turn Ever So Quickly

Can a father lead his son to a place he himself cannot find?

By U. S. ANDERSEN

They had been driving all day along the bright coastline, heading north along rugged shores, with a whitecapped sea blending its blue into the blue of the sky and a lanced army of fir trees marching eastward into shadowed foothills.

"I love this country," the man said. "Wait until you see Myrtle Falls. And the trout. Wait until you see the trout."

"You make them sound like whales," the boy said.

"That's just what they are, you'll see."

Flashes of painted buildings shone through the trees, then a sign said, SHELLROCK, and another sign said, SPEED 25. The town unraveled swiftly past the car windows—restaurant, post office, general store, garage and gasoline pump—then was gone, weather-beaten frame buildings huddled in a hollow, only a memory. "The towns look lonely," the boy said. "Where is everybody?"

"They fish, cut logs. Town's just a place to come home to at night."

"I wouldn't like that. I'd want my life to be more exciting."

The man glanced at him. "You wanted to be a policeman once, Tommy. What do you want to be now?"

"Like you, dad. A salesman."

The man nodded quickly, pleased and embarrassed.

"There's always a job for a salesman," he said. "What do you want to sell?"

"Do you think I could sell paint?"

"Sure." The man laughed. That's what he sold. Then the laugh caught in his throat, and his mouth tasted bitter. He glimpsed something shadowy. It crossed his mind quickly, and he didn't know what it was exactly, but he heard the sound of running water and smelled the sharp odor of pine needles and had a feeling of isolation and joy. He tried to hug the feeling to him, but it vanished like a ghost.

He wanted to be jolly, but there was a sadness in him. He wanted to say something light, but a gall rose in his throat. "You can make lots of money being a salesman," he said. "You're your own boss too." Then in his silent mind he swore at himself, quickly, so that he hardly realized he'd done it.

"It sounds fine," the boy said.

"Selling's a profession. Just like a doctor or lawyer."

The boy didn't answer. He was watching the trees flash by.

"A salesman's somebody," the man said. "Some of the richest men have been salesmen."

The boy looked at his father curiously. "Did you always want to be a salesman?" he asked.

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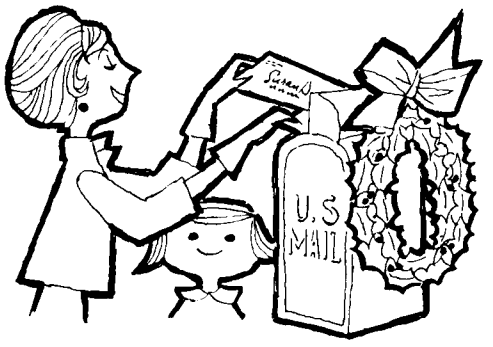

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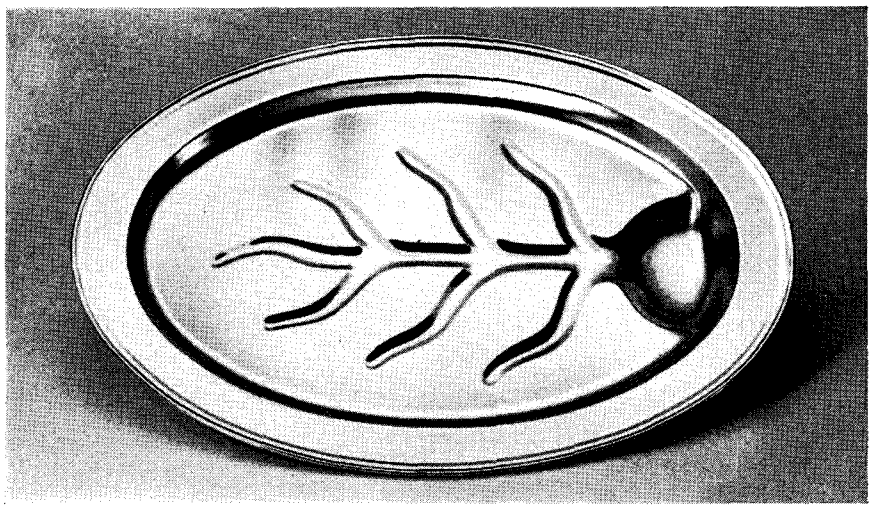

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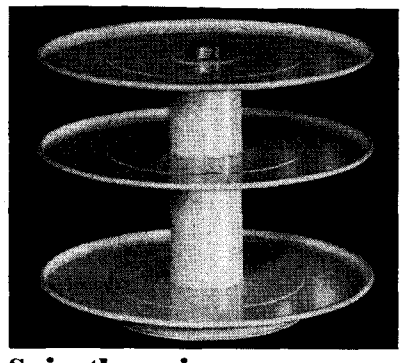
97 "Well and Tree" Serving Tray $7.00



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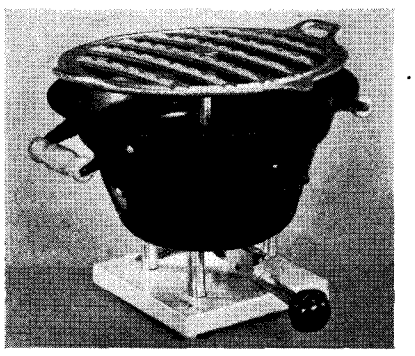

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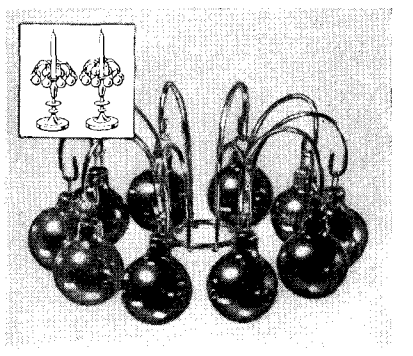

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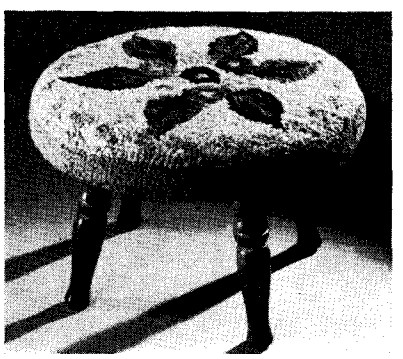

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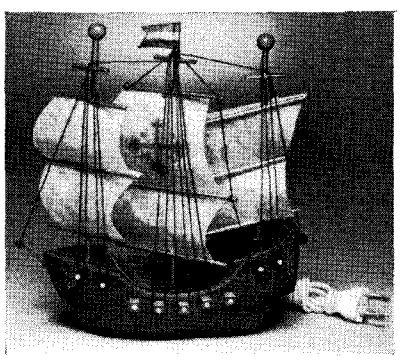
25 Decorative Cricket Stool $5.98



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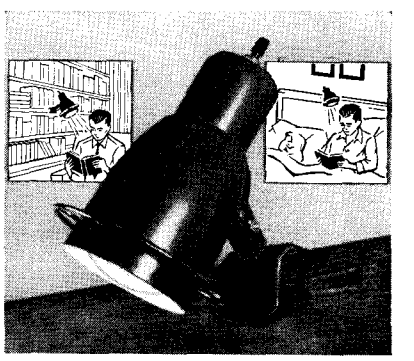
From Holland, replica of Columbus' boat, the "Santa Maria". Adds nautical note to child's room, den . . . gives perfect TV light. Wooden hull, tri-color trim. Electric cord. 6x7½".

101 "Santa Maria" Lamp-Boat $6.00



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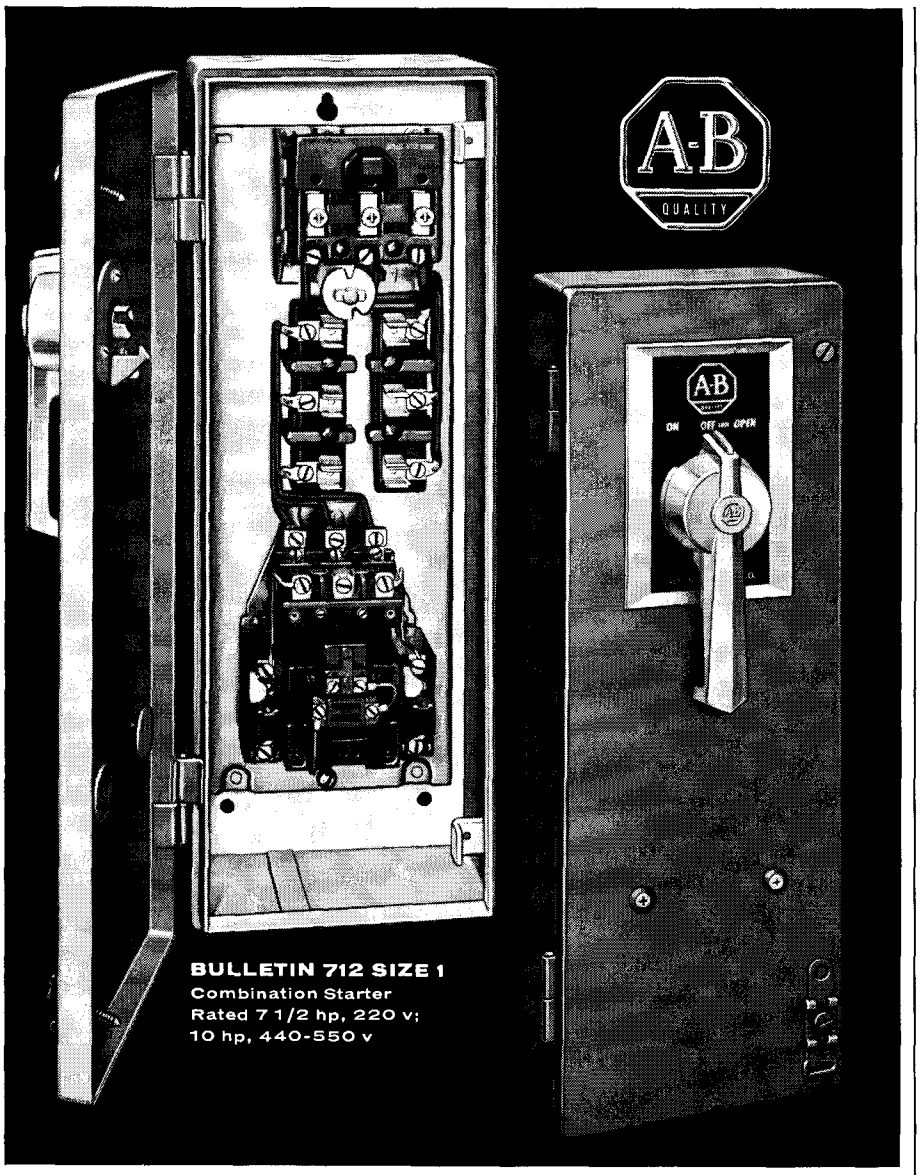

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Turn Ever So Quickly

Now the sound of running water and the smell of pine needles came back very strong, and the man saw another boy, with a fort under a waterfall in a forest glade, and a world to conquer just beyond the trees. His head ached.

"I don't think so," he said.

"How'd you get started?"

The man held the wheel hard to the left because the curve of the road wound around the cliff now, and down below, more than a hundred feet, the sea boiled in a small cove. He'd held his hat in his hand, hadn't he? He was sure he'd held his hat in his hand.

"It was after the war," he said. "A friend of mine was in selling and told me about this job. I went to see about it."

"Did you get it?"

The man nodded. He remembered it clearly now. He'd held his hat in his hand, all right. It had been new, pearl gray, and he had soiled the brim with his sweaty hands.

The boy said, "Not many people get the first job they go after, I bet."

"No," said the man. Joe McCloskey had been his friend, and Joe's dad owned the company, and the bald-headed sales manager had stared at him like a snake. But he had been hired.

"What did you want to be when you were my age?" the boy asked.

"Oh, I guess I thought there might be a hidden cave, and if I found it a secret would be there."

"There really might be, you know."

The man turned to look at him. Against the moving green of the fir trees the boy's face was pale and withdrawn.

"I think about it a lot," the boy said. "I always think it's a place that's been lost, that if you just had the right map you could find it."

The man nodded. "It's lost, all right."

"Sometimes I think it's very close," the boy said. "Sometimes I think it's right behind me, that if I just turned fast enough I could see it. But I never can turn fast enough."

The highway veered from the coastline now and straightened out into a wooded lane, black asphalt hurtling through a gash in the forest.

"Nobody can turn that fast," the man said.

The hum of the motor was steady in the enclosure of the car. Wind hissed at the sealed windows.

"Maybe someday I might," the boy said.

The man looked at him again, and the boy was watching him now, and the man wanted to reach out and touch him, to shield him from the future.

"Lots of people have tried," he said. He had tried himself, hadn't he? Hadn't he stood there with his hat in his sweaty hand because he knew it was impossible? "You forget such things when you're selling paint."

"Why should selling paint make you forget?"

"Selling takes a lot of time."

"It wouldn't take all my time. I'd remember."

The man felt a sudden rush of shame and wanted to defend himself. He glanced at the boy, but the boy was looking out the window. And didn't he have a right to his dream? *I wish I had it myself*, the man thought.

They passed a sign that said Littleport was ahead, and the man asked if the boy was getting hungry, and the boy said he thought he was, and the man said there used to be a restaurant in Littleport that served good fish, and the boy said he would like that fine.

"The Gaff and Reel," said the man. "That was the name of it."

They drove into Littleport, with the sun low in the western sky and a redness forming out there, staining the ocean with its reflection, and they drove past weather-beaten storefronts and across a bridge, and on the other side of town was the Gaff and Reel, a frame building with two big windows with beer signs in them, freshly painted and not looking its age, with a fishing pole crossed with a gaff over the doorway. They parked in front.

Inside the restaurant were booths and a long bar for serving beer, and a pinball machine with a man playing it. The smell of fish was strong, but not unpleasant, and there were two men at the bar and several others in booths. Advertising signs were on the walls, and there was a blackboard with the menu lettered in chalk. CODFISH, $1.75, it said. SALMON, $2.00. They found a booth and sat down.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"It's changed," the man said. "There used to be a fish bar over there." He pointed. "You could get shrimp and crab and smoked salmon and pickled eggs. The place was bigger too."

"I like it," the boy said.

A woman came out of the kitchen and walked up to the table and waited. Her hair was gray, and there were faint beads of perspiration on her forehead. She looked clean and strong.

"May I take your order?" she asked.

Now a grin was growing on the man's lips. "Do you remember me?" he asked.

She looked at him closely, but her eyes remained blank. "I don't think so. Have you been in here before?"

"Lots of times."

"It must have been way back."

"Twenty years."

Her eyes flicked the pages then, and stopped on one, then focused again, and now she was remembering.

"There used to be a bunch come over from Valley Junction," she said. "College kids. They fished at Myrtle Creek."

The man's grin widened.

"There was one always caught the most fish." She snapped her fingers. "George something."

"Wallace," he said.

"That's right, George Wallace. Well, well." She took a step back and looked them over. "Is this your boy?"

"Yes. This is Tommy." He wished he could remember the woman's name.

"Mrs. Haroldson," she said.

"Glad to meet you, Mrs. Haroldson," said Tommy.

She turned again to the man. "What brings you to these parts?"

"Just a fishing trip. We live down in California now."

"You figuring to fish Myrtle Creek?"

"That's right."

"It's no good anymore. There's been a trailer park at the mouth for five years. Tourists drove all the fish away."

He had a hollow feeling and stared at her.

She said, "The state built parks at the mouth of every creek. There's no more trout at all in this part of the country. You could put all the trout caught last year in one pan."

Now the sound of rushing waters was loud in his ears, and he saw the branches entwined above the falls of the creek, a corridor into mystic woods, and the deep and silent eddy at the corner where lurked the giant trout.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Haroldson. She pulled a handkerchief and blew her nose angrily. "You want to order now?"

"It's all right, dad," the boy said. "We can go salmon fishing instead."

"A trailer park," the man said.

"I'll have the codfish," the boy said.

The man said, "I'll have the codfish too."

Mrs. Haroldson left, and they sat there looking at each other, and the man was trying to understand how it could have happened, how anyone could have knifed away that enchanted wilderness. He wished he'd never heard about it. He wished he'd stayed home and worked.

"We could go down and look," the boy said. "Maybe it isn't so bad."

"I don't want to look," the man said. He'd already looked in his mind.

"I'd like to. You told me so much about it."

"It's not the same now, don't you understand?"

"All right. Will we go salmon fishing then?"

"I guess so."

The man at the pinball machine hit some special number, because the machine began clanging and thumping and flashing lights. Then the boy said, "I'm sorry about the trailer park, dad," and the man answered, "It's all right. I shouldn't have expected it to be the same."

Pretty soon Mrs. Haroldson brought their food on thick white plates, and the fish were golden brown, and there were fluffy mounds of mashed potatoes with butter and kernels of yellow corn.

Mrs. Haroldson said, "Mind if I join you? I remembered something you might like to know."

The man was surprised. "Sure," he said. Mrs. Haroldson sat down by Tommy.

"You remember those trout you used to catch at Myrtle Falls?" she asked.

He couldn't remember anything else. His mouth was full of codfish, so he only nodded.

"Did you ever wonder where they came from?"

"I guess they came from the sea."

"I don't think so. I think they came down Myrtle Creek, from a lake somewhere up in the woods."

"What lake?"

"A lost lake."

The man put his fork down now and looked at Mrs. Haroldson closely, and he saw that she was sincere, that this was why she sat with them, to tell him this.

"Where did you hear about it?" he asked.

"Martin Kranz told me before he died. He said he used to fish in it when he was a boy. He said the fish were big and so eager to bite you could catch them with a bare hook."

"Did he tell you how to find it?" the man asked. The boy had stopped eating too. He was watching the woman.

Mrs. Haroldson shook her head. "He said there used to be a footpath to it, that it was way back in the woods and Myrtle Creek ran out of it, that beavers built a dam there and made the lake. But he said that brush grew over the path finally, and heaven knows how anyone could get back in there now."

"We could find it," the boy said.

"Couldn't you just follow the creek?" the man asked.

Mrs. Haroldson shrugged. "Some of the fellows tried that. They said that back in there a ways the creek runs through a narrow gorge with no footing, and you can't walk along the bank because the brush is so thick."

"Didn't Kranz ever try to find it?"

"He said he had all the fishing he ever wanted, that it was up to someone else to find it. You should hear the stories he told about those fish. Most people thought he was making them up."

"Maybe he was."

She shook her head. "I don't think so. The lake really meant something to him."

"Let's look for it, dad," the boy said. "We could start early in the morning. We'd have all day."

"It would take all day just to get there," the woman said, "even if you could get through."

"We could take our pup tents," the boy said. "We could find it."

"I don't know," the man said. "It probably isn't even there. . . . How far

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Turn Ever So Quickly

do you suppose it is?" he asked the woman.

"Not over five miles, I'd guess. Kranz said he used to walk it in an hour and a half. It's not the distance, though. It's how tough the going is."

"We've got a machete," the boy said, "and an ax. We could chop our way through."

"Do you think we could find it?" the man asked the woman.

"I don't know," she said.

"Have many tried?"

"Quite a few."

"Sounds pretty hopeless," the man declared.

"It doesn't sound hopeless to me!" the boy cried. "We could find it. And we'd be the first ones. Those fish are still there, in a lake nobody has seen for years."

The man said, "We'd have to take food. We might be gone a couple days."

The boy let out a whoop.

"I'll fix it," Mrs. Haroldson said. "I'll pack sandwiches and cold cuts and a Thermos of coffee."

"What do you think, Tommy?" asked the man.

"We have to go, dad."

"All right, then."

Mrs. Haroldson stood up. "I'll have your breakfast ready in the morning. You come in when you get up."

"You don't have to do that," the man said. "It'll be too early."

"I know what I'm doing. After you find the lake, you'll tell me how to get there." She grinned and headed for the kitchen.

The boy chattered. He'd read about a lost lake once, he said. Only the Indians knew about it. They thought an evil spirit lived in it, so they hid all the trails and let brush grow around it. One day a hunter got lost and stumbled onto it.

"Maybe that's the only way you can find one," the man said, and something touched him lightly on the shoulder. He turned, but nothing was there.

They finished eating and paid the bill, and Mrs. Haroldson said there was a motel just down the street where they could stay, and she told them to be sure to get up early, and she'd see them first thing in the morning.

The motel was called Seaview and had ten stucco cabins, painted green. The man checked in and got the key to No. 5 and parked in front, and he and the boy unloaded the luggage from the car—and the fishing and camping gear, too, so they could inspect it and make it ready for the morning.

The cabin was plain inside, with old-fashioned furniture and a light coat of dust on everything. They put their suitcases in a corner and the fishing and camping gear on the twin beds. They sat there, checking the lines and leaders and hooks and weights and lures, testing the reels. Then they looked over the pup tents and sleeping bags and packsacks. They listened to the radio while they did this, an old radio with a tinny sound.

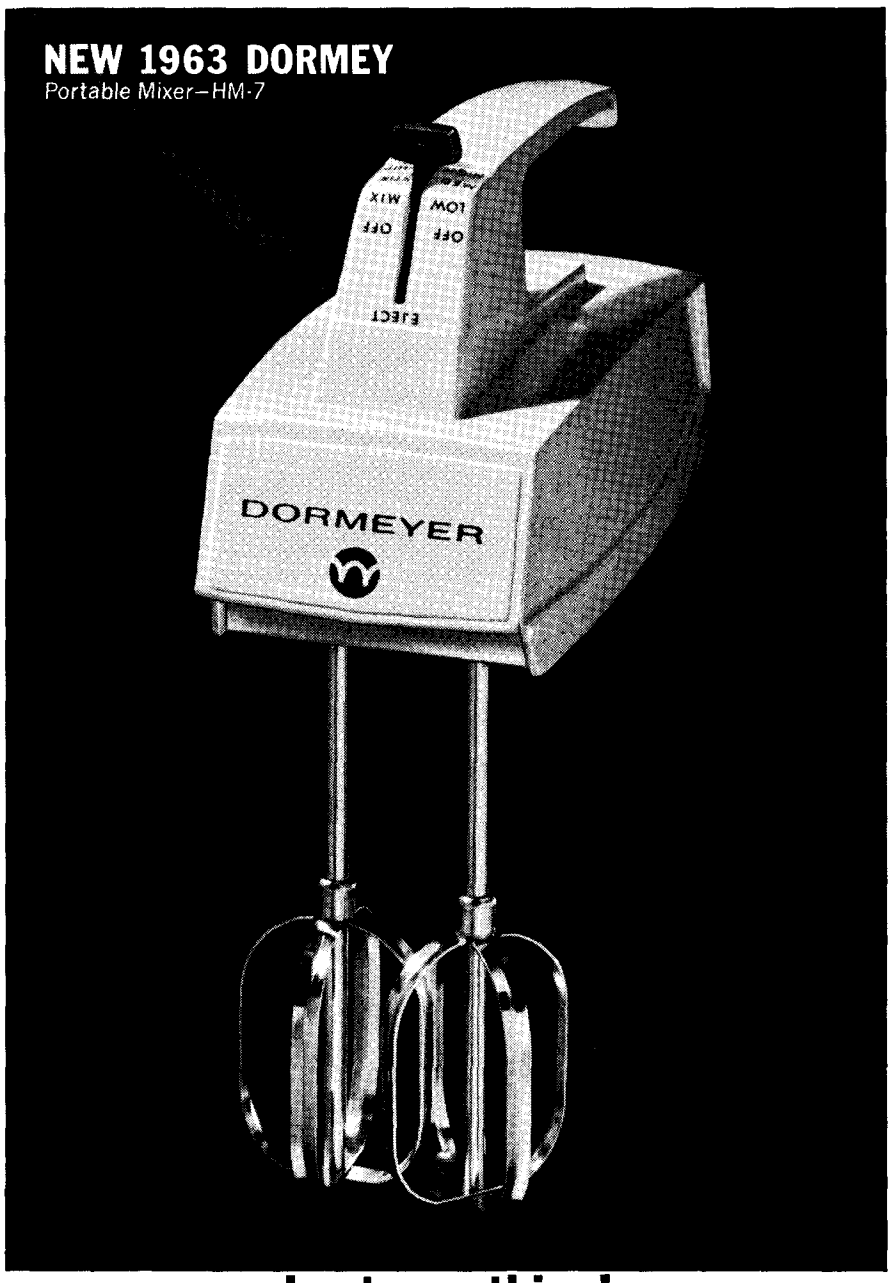
Finally everything was in order, and they undressed and climbed into bed. The man lay awake for a long time, because he could see a rectangle of luminosity in the darkness, and in it were ever-changing pictures of the past. He watched them as he might have watched a movie screen and saw the ribbon of his life unreeling, not as it had happened exactly, but as it might have been.

It was cold when they got up. They dressed quickly, dancing on their toes and rubbing their arms in the chill, and gathered everything together and took it out to the car. They put the fishing and camping gear on the rear seat, then they drove over to the Gaff and Reel and found Mrs. Haroldson fixing bacon and eggs, the smell of them all through the restaurant.

She talked to them while they ate. She told them Kranz had said the lake was in a little valley, that you came upon it suddenly and never knew it was there until you saw it. She said the people who tried to follow the creek to the lake told her that the left bank was best. When they came to the gorge, they should leave the creekbed and come back to it after the gorge ended. The man listened to her carefully and the boy did too. Excitement was flooding them. The vision of the lake was crystal clear, an emerald in the wilderness. They could hardly wait to be after it.

When they came out to the car again, a light drizzle was falling, and the man saw that the cloud formation was slight and there were breaks in it, and the wind was from the east, so he knew the rain wouldn't last long. By the time they arrived at Myrtle Creek, the rain had stopped, and the gray light of dawn was spreading fast.

Now the man saw the scar upon the land, the carved-out symmetry of the trailer park and the outlines of machines and trailers and tents and picnic tables and waste cans and barbecue pits, and he did not even look in the direction of Myrtle Falls, but instead followed the creek through the trailer park to where brush and forest made a wall to the east. They parked and climbed out and began loading themselves with packs and gear. The tops of the hills were silhouetted



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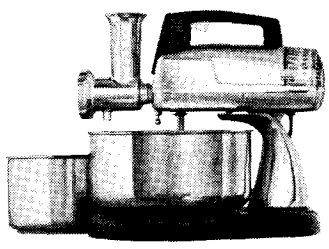

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I was on the phone."

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Turn Ever So Quickly

against the sky now, and objects were emerging from shadow. They locked the car and made their way to the creekbed, threading their way along rocks at the edge. Into the foothills they walked, against the current, and felt the splashing of spray against their cheeks and saw the waters, dark and inscrutable, rushing past them.

They hiked for half an hour and did not talk much, just words of instruction as the man led the way and passed back information: This rock was loose, that low-hanging branch had to be watched, mud made footing precarious on this log. It was tough going. Then the sun broke through and turned the water of Myrtle Creek light blue, and fir trees doffed their shrouds and turned blue-green, and the man felt lighthearted, released somehow, excited about the uncharted region ahead and the lake lost there. Now and again he turned to look at his son, and they burst out laughing.

They came to a place where the creek made a curve, and the land was flat and clear of brush from the creek running over it, and they dropped off their packs and sat upon them and smelled the sweet and ferny odors of growing things, and the air was clear and crisply damp in this primeval forest.

"We're not far from the hills," the boy said.

The man looked up at them. "We're getting there."

The boy searched the hills with his wide eyes, and the corridor through the trees into which the creek disappeared. "Do you think we'll find it, dad?" he asked.

"We'll find it."

"Maybe it isn't there."

"It's there all right."

"Do you think Mrs. Haroldson believes it's there?"

"Sure. And Kranz believed it."

"But Kranz saw it. It wasn't really a lost lake to him."

The man wondered why Kranz had always talked about it and always about its being lost. Didn't that show that he wanted it lost? Had he ever been to the lake at all? Or had he just manufactured it from his dreams?

"Funny," the boy said. "If we found it, it wouldn't be a lost lake anymore. It would just be a lake."

"Don't you want to find it, Tommy?"

"Yes, but why does it make me feel sad?"

The man turned away. There was such a lump in his throat that he thought he might cry. "I guess it's because when we find the real thing we have to give up the dream," he said.

They began walking again, along the boulders of the creek, and the sun cast their shadows on the eddying waters. The boy began singing a hiking song, and the man joined him, and their voices echoed from the hills. They hiked another half hour before they came to the gorge.

It looked impassable. It was fifty feet deep, with steep sides of slippery clay, and there was no footing in the creekbed, no boulders or logs, no way to get through. The man led the boy up the left bank but, when they reached the top, they were in brush as thick as a jungle. Even the creek couldn't be seen. They rested then, and looked at the tangle of undergrowth and listened to the creek below. The man said it was easy to see how the lake had stayed lost when you ran into something like this.

But the boy was excited. Now that he saw how difficult it was, now that the way really looked impassable, he was finding new energy. He kept walking around, peering into the brush, moving branches aside and peering in and listening, keeping his ear cocked in the direction of the wind.

"Something has to be back there," he said, "otherwise it wouldn't be so hard to get in."

It was a truth that no longer held meaning for the man. He was getting tired. His

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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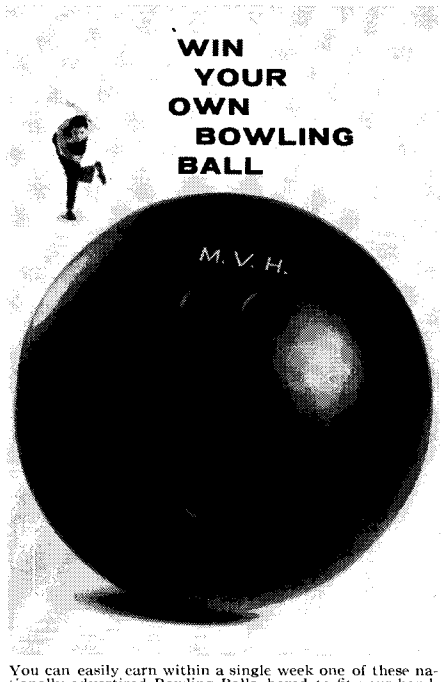

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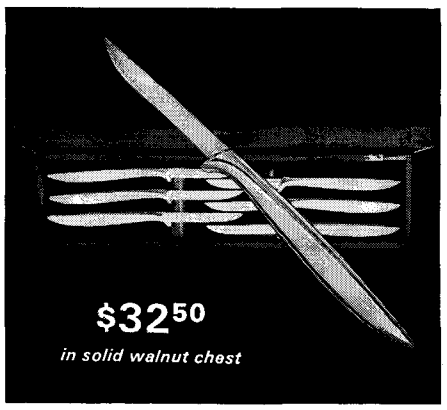

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shoulders were sore from the pack straps, and he dreaded putting them on again.

"We'll have to cut a path through that stuff," he said. "We'll need both the ax and the machete. Which do you want?"

"The machete," said the boy. He withdrew it from the pack and took a swipe at the branches, severing them cleanly. "It's easy," he said. "Let's go, dad."

The man got to his feet and put on his pack and felt the tenderness of his shoulders, and he took the ax and walked along behind the boy, inching along behind the swishing machete, now and again stepping forward to cut away a heavy branch. It took them half an hour to cover a hundred yards, and by then the boy was sweating and getting winded, and the man knew he would have to relieve him or give him a chance to rest. They had at least a quarter mile of this to cover before the gorge flattened out and they could follow the creek again. Finally the boy stopped thrashing and drew a deep breath, and the man stepped forward and relieved him of the machete and began a rhythmic slashing that immediately made him feel better.

He was surprised at first how easily the machete swung, how the brush disintegrated before it. But then he began to feel the strain in his arms and the tenderness of his palms, and the pack straps cut hard into his shoulders, and he could feel the sweat starting on his forehead. Ahead he could see just the wall of foliage, and he could hear the sound of the creek running in its gorge to his right. He was engulfed in endless wilderness, hacking, eternally hacking.

Before long he had to stop, and the boy took the machete again, and the man looked behind and saw that they had carved a narrow path, lumpy and shapeless, but marking their passage, and they could return on it, could find their way back.

He had another turn with the machete, and the boy had another, then suddenly, it seemed, it was his turn again, and he was just about to suggest that they both rest for a while when he noticed that the sound of the creek was different. Through the trees he saw that the gorge had flattened out, and he caught a glimpse of the creek out there, winding along bouldered edges. They would be able to return to it now; the hacking was nearly over. He cleared the rest of the way himself, though he wouldn't have been able to if he hadn't seen the creek, and the boy talked excitedly behind him, urging him on, exuberant because they had fought their way through the impassable stretch.

Finally they were sitting on packs at the creek's edge, grinning at each other like idiots, delighted beyond bounds at their accomplishment, the boy already pointing at the hills, wondering aloud where the lake was, in that hollow or that one, but the man didn't want to think about it, not yet.

"The creek should wind around that hill," the boy said, "and go over to the left, see, where that cup in the hills is, right behind that patch of brown." He pointed, but the man wasn't looking. He was listening.

He'd heard a sound somewhere to their left, and it wasn't an animal and it wasn't the forest. It came again faintly, and now he realized what it was. He looked at the boy, but the boy hadn't heard it. He was visualizing the lake.

"I think I'll look around," the man said. "There's a knoll over there. I might be able to see something from the top."

"I'll go with you," the boy said.

"No, stay here. You need the rest."

"I'm not tired. I didn't work any harder than you did."

"Stay here anyway. I won't be long."

"All right. But I hope you hurry. I'm getting anxious."

The man left then, threading his way through the trees. He hoped the sound wouldn't come again, but even if it did, the boy wouldn't recognize it. He went quickly now, with a kind of desperation. When he rounded the knoll he saw below in the hollow a man bent over a notebook. He wore boots and a checked shirt and a wool cap, and a hatchet was slung at his waist. The man was a timber cruiser, all right, checking the log stands here in the forest. The timber cruiser looked up from his notebook and saw the man, and they were like two strange animals meeting suddenly. Then the man started down toward him.

The timber cruiser had a red face and eyes that were lined from squinting, and he was as big and solid as the trees he checked. When the man came up to him, he said, "You're on private property."

"I'm looking for a lake," the man said. "There's supposed to be a lake at the head of Myrtle Creek."

"How'd you get up here?" the timber cruiser asked.

"I followed the creekbed."

The timber cruiser looked at the man's clothes. "I guess maybe you did. That's why you didn't see our sign. There's a No Trespassing sign on the road." He looked at the man strangely. "The road's right over there. You could have taken it if you'd gotten permission."

"I didn't know that," the man said. He was badly frightened. He had a sudden insight into what the world was like to a blind man.

"Do you know about the lake?" he asked. "A lake at the head of the creek?"

"Been gone for years. Used to be on the south fork, three miles up. Only the creekbed there now. You can't even tell where the lake was."

The man was tired. He wanted to sit down. He wanted to sit down and never get up. He wanted to ease his sick feeling by getting drunk or yelling at the top of his lungs. He wanted to forget about this timber cruiser, forget what he had said.

"You can ride back with me if you want to," the timber cruiser said. "I'll be leaving in an hour."

"I'll go back by the creekbed."

"You look pretty tired."

"I don't want a ride, see? I want to walk out by the creekbed."

"All right, but remember you're on private property."

The man walked unsteadily back around the knoll, a hard knot of anguish clutching his stomach. The boy was waiting for him, still sitting on his pack by the creek.

"Did you see anything?" he asked.

"The knoll wasn't high enough."

"I didn't think it was. I could hear you talking to yourself."

The man glanced at him quickly, but the boy was smiling.

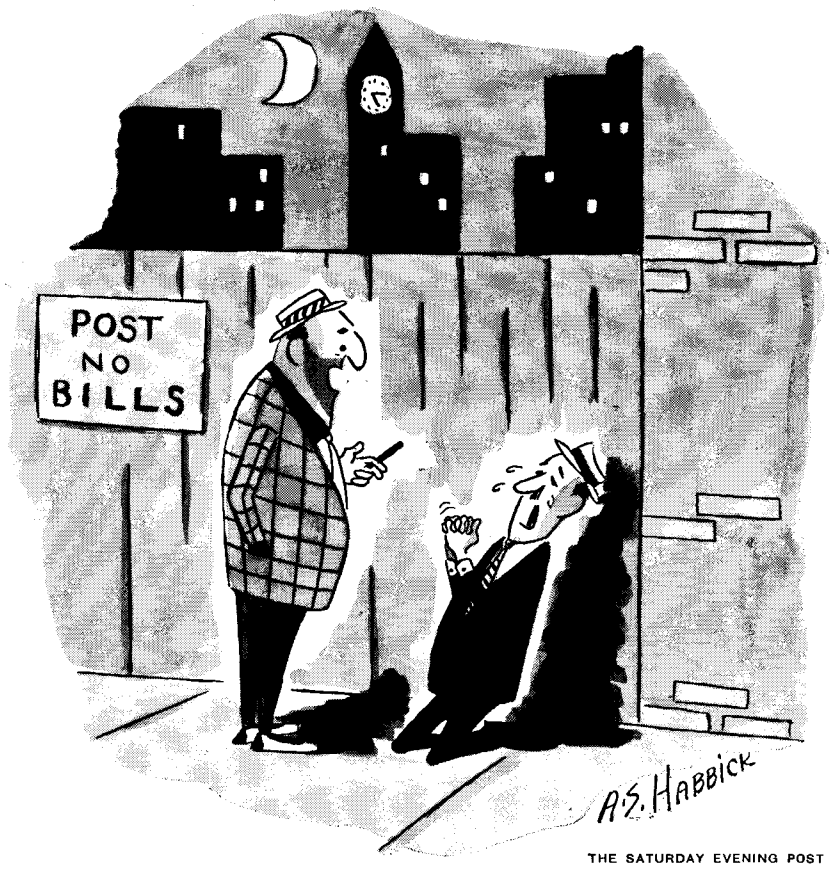
"I was talking to myself too," the boy said. "Being alone in the woods makes it all right, don't you think? Are you ready to go now?"

"I am, if you are."

The boy stood up and put on his pack, then faced his father. "Can I lead the way, dad? It will make it seem more exciting."

"Sure, go ahead," said the man, and the boy led the way along the edge of the creek.

The man watched his son moving ahead of him and knew it was good that he was leading and couldn't see what a terrible effort it was for his father to take each step. They would come to the fork soon and follow the one to the north, taking so long that there wouldn't be time to investigate the other. He'd see to it that the boy always believed the lake was on the south fork. *If only I could believe it too*, he thought. But it was more important for his son to believe. **THE END**



"Take it easy, Mac. All I want is a light."

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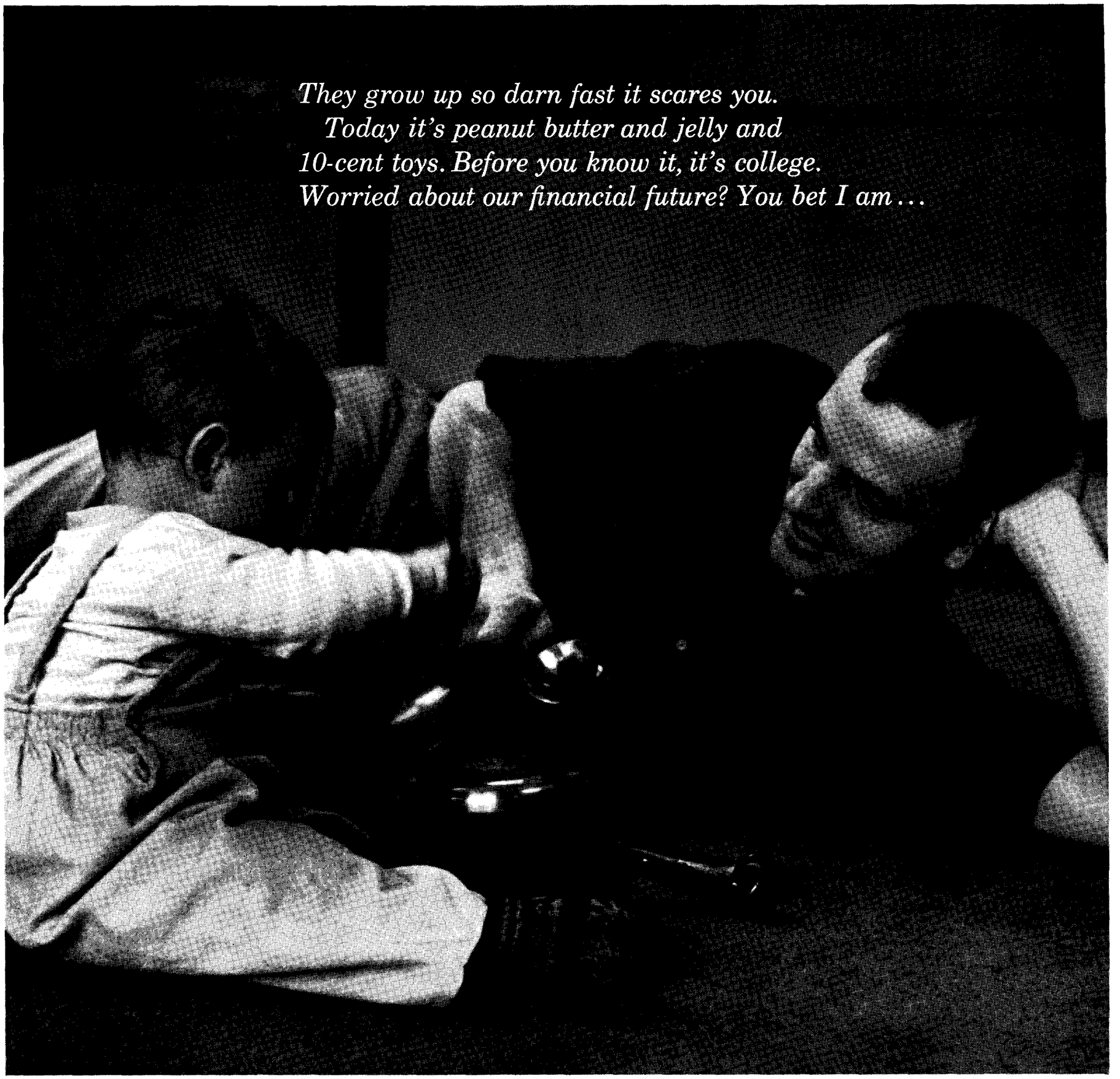
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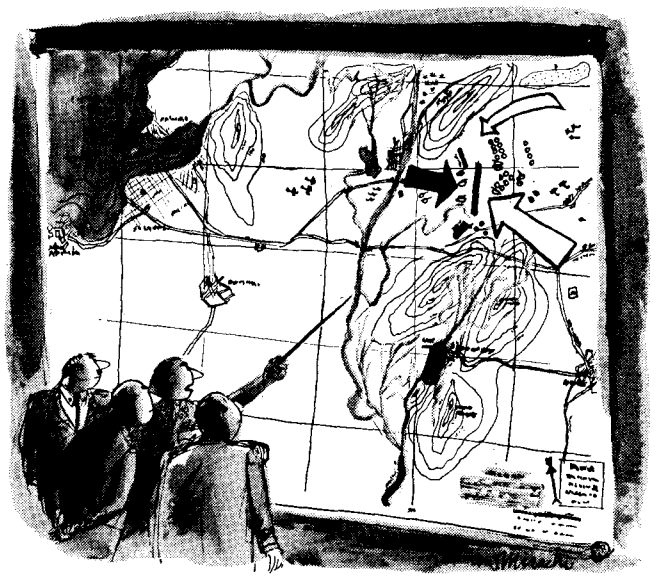
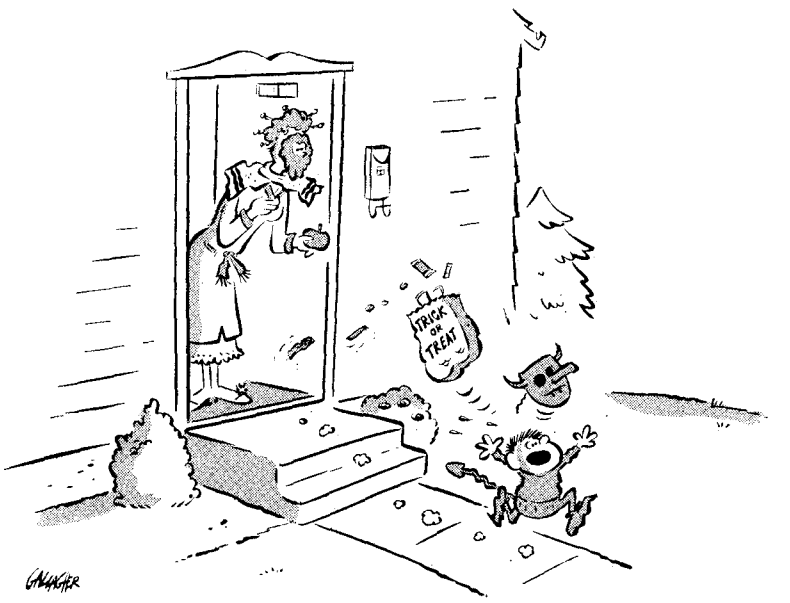
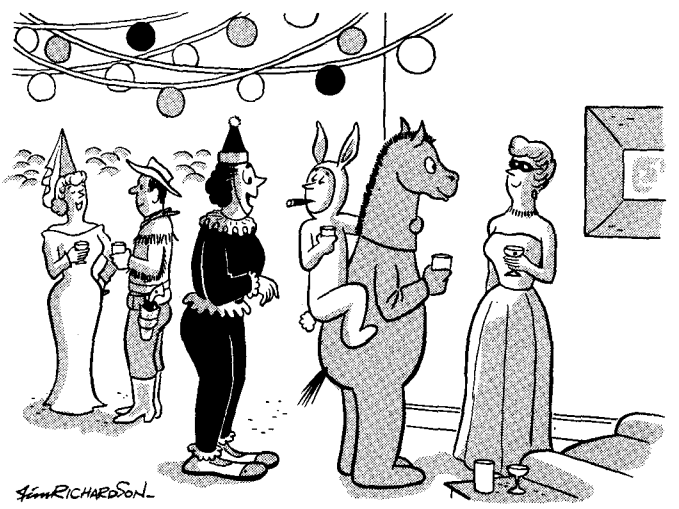
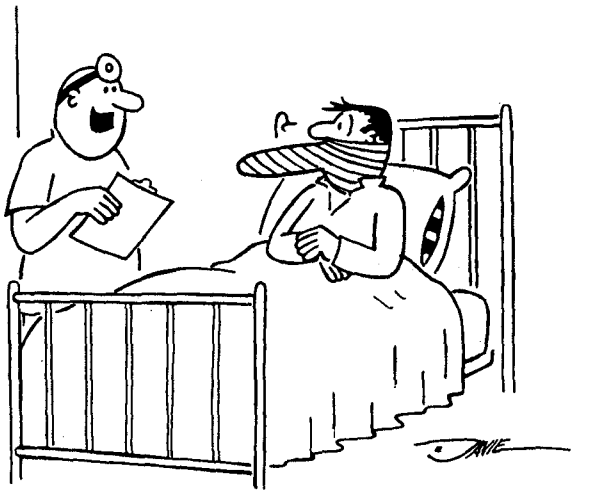


"Right here at the junction with the main stream you get good bass fishing."





"I understand you're a jockey, Mr. Karnes."



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"You go ahead in. I want to stand out here and fondle my paycheck a little while longer."

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And I was the first volunteer;

I'll miss those frat bull sessions, too, I confess—
Thirst-quenching and singing till dawn,
Then shouting Mark Antony's famous address
Astride some sorority lawn;

I'll hate losing out on the Homecoming Dance
Where twisting with coeds runs rife;
Especially, men, I loathe losing the chance
Of weekending minus my wife;

But late Sunday night after last year's goodwill
Had rendered me practically prone
I found that no homecoming gave me the thrill
Of just getting back to my own.

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From Greece: Food Fit for Gods

In Chicago the oldest and biggest Hellenic settlement in the United States keeps alive old-country traditions and recipes.

By ANNE WEST

If the Greek gods were suddenly catapulted from Mount Olympus into our modern world and forced to go scouting for nectar and ambrosia, you'd hardly expect them to forage in Chicago, U.S.A. Yet that's exactly where much of the finest Greek cooking this side of the Elysian fields is to be found.

Even people who think they know Chicago well are astonished to learn that it's the fourth-largest Greek city in the world. The 125,000 or so Greek residents—some claim 150,000—are outnumbered only in Athens itself, Salonika and Piraeus.

Given a good Greek recipe and an adventurous shopping spirit, any enterprising Chicago housewife can adapt and prepare in her own kitchen such hearty favorites as *pastitsio* (meat-cheese-and-macaroni pie), *dolmathes* (grape leaves stuffed with chopped meat, shaped into dainty oblong rolls and boiled), served with *avgolemono* (egg-and-lemon sauce), *arni me kolokethya* (lamb with green squash) or *mousaka* (the eggplant-and-meat casserole that so excited Jackie Kennedy on her visit to Greece).

Greek cooking has come a long way since 1885, when the first Greek woman arrived in Chicago to set up housekeeping near the site of the present main post office. She was Georgia Pooley, a schooner captain's wife, who quickly mastered English and acted as interpreter for the seven Greek men—including her husband—who were already settled in town. But even when she had learned the right words, Mrs. Pooley couldn't find olive oil with which to baste her breakfast eggs.

Two of the Pooley daughters still live in Chicago. But now, so great are the city's demands for Greek foodstuffs that housewives can find olive oil aplenty, as well as other Greek food ingredients. In fact, Chicago Greeks can go native Greeks one better; they can generally get foodstuffs out-of-season as well as in.

Greek-American families are home-lovers. Consequently most of Chicago's best Grecian cooking is done, with pride and artistry, right in the home—for family, friends and special guests.

Take, for instance, the culinary devotion of eighty-year-old John Papas. Mr. Papas came to Chicago as a boy in 1896, and earned his keep cleaning out stables and washing clothes for the older men who boarded him in "Greektown." For decades he has owned the Terminal Restaurant, at the northwest terminus of the city's elevated train system, and maintained a handsome home in suburban Wilmette on Lake Michigan's North Shore. Some Greek Easters (dated by the old Julian calendar) have been blustery cold days in Chicago, with winds whipping straight off the lake. But Mr. Papas, as he has done for past generations of family and friends, has braved the weather to roast lambs on open spits in his yard.

Or take the energy of Sophie Goumas. She and her husband live in a three-room flat over a hardware store on South Cicero. Mike works for a dairy and hopes to retire soon. When he does he'll have to find some other way to burn up the energy he gets from Sophie's Greek cooking. "There are only two of us now," she says, "but I make him everything he likes. If it keeps him well—why not?"

"Everything" means making her own *filo*—pastry sheets or "leaves," as thin as tissue paper, a difficult, tricky undertaking that most Greek women now are willing to leave to bakeries. It also means taking a stick and turning lambs' entrails inside out, soaking, washing, seasoning and braiding them on a rod (with bits of heart, spleen and lungs), marinating overnight and then cooking—in the absence of an open fire—in a hot oven. The result is *kokoretzi*, a special delicacy, as is *souvlakia*—skewered, grilled bits of the heart of the sheep's loin.

Three Days for Desserts

"My neighbors don't understand why I spend so much time in the kitchen," Sophie says. "But there are desserts that take three days to prepare—each part separately—and then put together. I send them sometimes to my son in California. And *radikia* (dandelion greens)—it takes ten washings always—*ten*—to get them clean and sand-free."

Stefanos Rocanas, Greek consul in Chicago, says that visitors from Greece are astonished by the way Chicago's Greek-Americans have kept alive their Hellenic customs, especially in their menus. To supply the demands, three long-established Greek import firms keep their warehouses full of hearty Hellenic staples: 150-pound barrels of goat's-milk cheeses, drums of olive oil, sweet yellow Salonika pepper, grapevine leaves pickled in salt brine, honey, resinated wines (made by adding up to 3 percent of resin to the basic ferment) and a variety of other products. All together this trio of importers handles several million pounds of merchandise a year.

For decades most of their imports went to Greek groceries and restaurants in "Greektown," a triangular section southwest of the Loop, also known—because its shape suggested a letter of the Greek alphabet—as "The Delta." Here, according to local historians, is the oldest Hellenic settlement in the United States. (New Orleans can prove some Greeks settled there first, but they were on their way north.) At any rate this "port of entry" was for years a first haven for lonely Greek immigrants.

Many of them, now pillars of Greek-American society, learned their English at nearby Hull House. At first they sold apples, red-hots and hot tamales from pushcarts and lunch wagons, or worked for the railroads. Gradually some became owners of fruit-and-vegetable stalls, or other small businesses. When these newcomers had enough money, they sent to Greece for their women. Churches, bakeries and candle shops sprang up, along with *kaffenia*—coffee shops where men could enjoy their Turkish coffee, politics and card games; no females allowed.

The aroma from all-Greek stores ensnares you a half block away. Inside, the colorful food counters and open bins tug at the senses. Here are great squares and rounds of goat cheeses, *kaseri*, *kefalotiri* and the soft, brine-bathed *feta* and hard *mezethra*. There are open barrels of salty black olives. Smaller barrels hold *vorvi*, a relish of wild onions in olive oil; other buckets are filled with an aromatic garlic sauce called *skorthalia*. There are melons, plums and grapes, strings of honey-ripe figs, jars of stuffed baby eggplants, fish roes, and sacks of spices and herbs.

There are squares of *halvah*, a candy-type sweet of semolina, sugar and vegetable oil, especially popular during Holy Week; and butcher counters—devoid of beef, pork or "frying" meats—selling shrimp, rabbits, mussels, Black Sea bass, squid, snails, eels, octopus and lamb—always lamb. Produce bins spill over with endive, chicory, fennel, okra, dill, celery knobs and artichokes. Breads are usually big and crusty, some with sesame seeds or almond slivers on top.

Every grocery store sells cooking equipment: little bronze pots, sized to make four demitasse cups of broth-thick Turkish coffee; giant pans for baking *baklava*, a dessert pastry with crushed almonds and honey; mortars and pestles for the endless pounding of coffee beans, and the almonds, sesame seeds, garlic and herbs that go into fine Greek cooking.

Greeks love cooked vegetable greens. Back in the depression days of the '30's many Greek women, supplied with paper shopping bags and kitchen knives, rode city streetcars to the ends of the lines, where the open land began. There they could gather dandelion greens, to be boiled and served with olive oil and lemon. Today the greens are grown commercially in California and shipped in. But many women still manage to get out at least once a summer to pick their own grapevine leaves, which they preserve for later use in making *dolmathes*.

Commercially packed grapevine leaves, as well as other Hellenic essentials, are available in more than 600 general groceries and chain stores in Chicago, and may soon be purchased in other cities.

Octopus Is a Favorite

Among Greeks, there are two schools of thought regarding octopus. Some wouldn't go near one; others swear it's the best meat, next to lamb, that's ever on the table. It comes either cut up and canned, or whole-dried, with the ink sac removed. The cook soaks the dried octopus twenty-four hours. And she must remember to drop it headfirst into the boiling water so the tentacles will spread.

Latching onto a Greek recipe isn't always easy. Nicholas Tselementes, the "Greek Fanny Farmer," has been translated into English in a volume titled *Greek Cookery*. But a brave housewife may wince at such listings as "lamb's trotters stew" or "broiled eel"; and "orange water," even in Chicago, is a bit difficult to come by. Nor is it easy to get a recipe from a Greek housewife. She may be willing enough, but she seldom has anything in writing. Usually she does her cooking by memory, instinct and invention. Asked for measurements, she will say, "But I don't *know* how much!"

Given tomatoes, lemons, garlic and thyme, most Greek home cooks can take off in any culinary direction. In a home with a tight budget, though, there'll be more *faki* (lentil) or *skembe* (tripe) soup; more no-meat pilafs (tomatoes and *ya-ourti*—a yogurt—with the rice instead); more stews and cheap pieces of lamb, more bread and cheese and more greens.

The most interesting activity in any Greek bakery or pastry shop is the *filo*

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Cheeses, shipped in barrels from Greece, are a staple in Greek-American households, as are olives, lamb, grape leaves and resinated wine.

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A good Greek cook seldom works from recipes, preferring to use memory, taste and intuition.

Many Greek-American restaurants follow the old custom of allowing guests to select their own food directly from bubbling pots in the kitchen. Lamb is the most popular meat; beans and eggplant, among the vegetables.

making. Men, long-practiced in the art, stretch the dough almost six feet square and thin as cigarette paper, with never a split. At home, women sometimes use their beds for big-enough work surfaces, putting clean sheets between the *filo* leaves to keep them separate. Once stretched, *filo* is left to stiffen; when it begins to feel like paper, it's ready for cutting into desired lengths. Most recipes requiring *filo* use many layers, each brushed with butter. For sale in bakeries and groceries, sheets are usually cut into one-foot lengths with approximately 20 to a pound for $1.25. When a woman begins to separate these pastry sheets, she needs two things: a moistened cloth and lots of luck.

Pastries for Holidays

Running like a strong connecting cord through all their home and business life in Chicago is the Greeks' common faith, and many of their dishes are linked with religious feast days or celebrations. Chicago's Greek Orthodox churches have some event—generally with food involved—taking place nearly every day. Weddings are huge affairs, with feasting and white *koofeta* (sugar-coated Jordan almonds) for the guests to take home; even funerals are followed by services—forty days after death—at which memorial cakes, made specially by the bakeries, are distributed.

Foremost among the ceremonious culinary rites, of course, is the roasting of Greek Easter lambs. For decades the old-country method of sprinkling baby lambs with herbs and roasting them over pine-log fire pits was followed. With the exodus from Greektown, these great communal roastings became uncommon. Today, when space is available, some family groups or small neighborhood organizations still roast their lambs together. Instead of digging roasting pits, most cooks compromise with glowing charcoal and high spits. But the basting and turning are still done by hand, with two men working at each spit. The bakeshops, as well as groceries with ovens, often volunteer to roast the lambs of their regular customers free of charge.

Lamb is to Greeks what mutton is to the English. They want it milk-fed, or "spring" at oldest (on grass only a little while), never more than a year old. Thus qualified, it's eaten head to hoof.

At Easter, when the lamb carcass is trimmed for roasting, choice extra pieces are saved to skewer-cook as *souvlakia;* all other trimmings are boiled together with scallions, celery roots, parsley, dill and other herbs to make *mageritsa*, the traditional "Greek Easter soup" eaten at midnight after the Resurrection service to break the Lenten fast. Sometimes even the lamb's head is included.

Many prefer the heads boiled or baked as a delicacy with *rigani* (oregano leaves). Nick Melas, a second-generation Greek-American, claims that descendants of mountain people are more apt to eat lambs' heads. "My father would eat this dish," he says. "But my mother, no—she comes from the seashore."

Greeks may eat any fish on Fridays, but usually choose bloodless seafood, like shrimp or squid, all through Lent. And never is fish merely fried. It may be stuffed, basted with a tomato-and-herb sauce, served with *skorthalia*, the garlic sauce, or cooked in slices with any number of things around and between.

Apart from meats most of the special Greek food customs involve bread and pastries. Christmas breads are specially garnished with walnuts. Easter breads have extra pieces of dough, cross-shaped, baked on top of the loaves, with real eggs, dyed deep blood-red to signify the Blood of Christ, either resting on top or placed inside before the last rising, to be baked. And always there are small breads for the children, containing a single egg. These Easter breads are made in Greek bakeries, with some Italian shops helping out in holiday seasons.

St. Basil's bread (for Greek New Year), on the other hand, is always made in the home. It is a combination bread-cake mixture, rounded but flatter than other breads, with a coin baked inside to bring good luck to the finder. There's a strict tradition about cutting this New Year's bread at the stroke of midnight. First slice belongs to the house, second to the father, third to the mother, fourth to the eldest child and so down the line. Mrs. George Porikos—charming wife of the legal counsel for the consulate, and well known for her special Greek cooking—always bakes an olive pit in her St. Basil's bread. "It's meant to bring good crops," she said. "I do it just as my mother did."

Because Greek pastries are notoriously rich, most family meals are followed by fruit or a bland milk-and-rice dish. Pastries are reserved for guests or special days. Most are topped with a sweet, heavy syrup, poured *cold* over the *hot* pastry and let stand for twenty-four hours so the peak of flavor may be realized. Pastry shops use honey because it is cheaper and gets still sweeter as it stands. But many women make their own syrup and so temper the sweetness to suit themselves. The two undisputed pastry favorites are the rich, succulent *baklava*, known as "the Greek man's apple pie," made with layer upon layer of *filo*, bound together with crushed almonds, honey and spices. Second favorite is *galatobouryko*, a *baklava* with a delicate custard filling.

Belly Dancers at Dinner

One certain pastry feast in every Greek home is the "name day" of any male member of the family. Greek males celebrate the regular calendar feast day of the saint for whom they are named, instead of a birthday. It's a time for friends and relatives to come calling, and no Greek housewife lets a well-wisher leave without serving him a pastry.

Now and then Chicago's Greeks do eat out, and when they do, they are apt to patronize either the ornate Athens restaurant, or the Hellas. Whole families, including children, like to gather there for special holidays, sharing both restaurants with crowds of tourists and an entertaining display of belly dancers. At the Hellas, patrons often jump from their tables to dance a vigorous *syrtos* or *tsamikos*, frequently joined by a waiter or one of the kitchen help who leaps and gyrates while the other diners slap the tables and cry "*O-pa! O-pa!*" Best translation: "Go, man—go!"

In culinary Chicago, the roast lambs and strange cheeses are here to stay. Even if all Greek-Americans decided to go back to the old country, enough gourmets in the Windy City have caught the scent to keep a good thing going.

A few years ago, after more than a half century in this country, eighty-year-old John Papas went back to his native Greece. "I stayed three months and lost fifteen pounds. Gained them back as soon as I got here again." **THE END**

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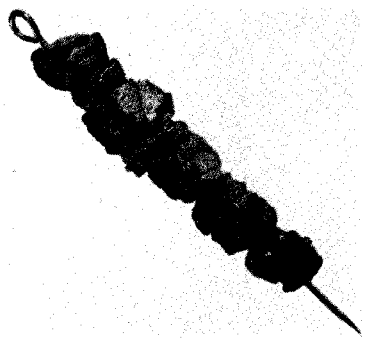


TWO CLASSIC GREEK RECIPES

An elaborate Greek dinner takes at least two hours to finish and is followed by folk songs, dancing.

Dolmathes With Avgolemono Sauce

(Stuffed leaves with lemon-egg sauce)

1 lb. ground meat (lamb-beef mixture)
1 onion, finely diced
1 clove garlic, diced
¼ tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. cinnamon
½ cup rice
1 tablespoon mint, finely chopped
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 head cabbage (or grape leaves)
salt and pepper

Mix together all ingredients except cabbage or grape leaves and let stand. To prepare cabbage, remove as much of stem as possible, then cover with boiling salted water and let stand for 15 minutes. Same softening process is necessary if grape leaves are used. Separate 12 leaves, dip in cold water and spread flat. Fill leaves with meat mixture, fold over edges and roll carefully. Arrange rolls on bottom of pot, add 1½ cups of water, put plate on top to hold flat and cover. 3 tablespoons tomato paste may be added to liquid. Simmer for one hour. Serves 6.

Avgolemono Sauce:

Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, then add the yolks and beat again. Add the juice of two lemons, mix and then beat in a cup of broth from the *dolmathes*. Pour over *dolmathes* and serve at once.

Mousaka

(Baked eggplant with meat filling and cheese sauce)

Béchamel or Cream Sauce:

⅓ cup butter
½ cup flour
2 cups milk
½ cup half-and-half cream
2 egg yolks
⅓ cup grated cheese

Mix butter and flour to soft *roux* over low heat. Add the milk and cream slowly, cook till thick. Add a little of the sauce to beaten egg yolks, mix and add yolks to cream sauce. Add grated cheese and bring to a creamy, thick consistency. Set cream sauce aside to cool and make meat sauce.

Meat Sauce:

Using heavy pot, add the following ingredients in the order given:
2 large onions, chopped—parboiled in ¼ cup water
⅓ cup butter—stir with onions till golden in color
1 tablespoon olive or other cooking oil
3 lb. ground beef—sauté with onions
1 medium can peeled tomatoes
2 tbs. tomato paste
½ cup chopped parsley
1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. allspice, dash of cloves
¼ cup of grated cheese (Greek *kefalotiri*, head cheese or Parmesan)

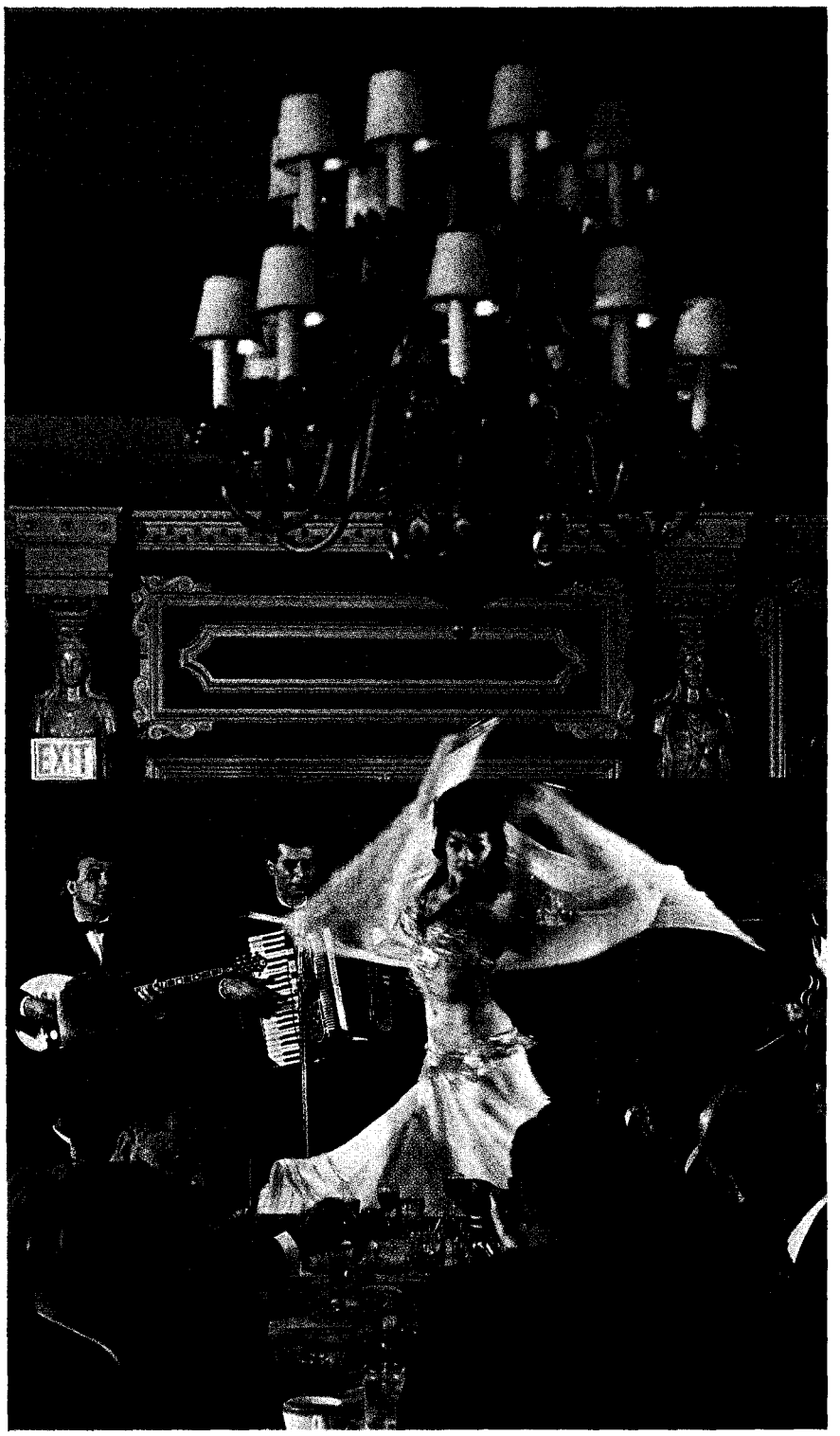
Cover tightly and simmer for about two hours. Then remove from heat.

Now add ¼ cup grated cheese (same varieties as above) and 2 beaten eggs to meat sauce. It is best to blend 3–4 tablespoons of meat sauce to the eggs first and then add meat-sauce mixture.

Next, select four medium eggplants, peel and slice crosswise in ½-inch slices. Let stand in colander covered with plate for one hour. Rinse, pat dry.

Mix ¼ cup olive oil and ¼ cup other cooking oil. Brush a little oil on cooky sheet, arrange eggplant slices and brush surfaces with oil. Broil until golden brown, turning to brown underside. Do not overcook. Have 1 cup bread crumbs on hand and assemble *mousaka*. To assemble: butter a baking pan and sprinkle bottom of large pan with bread crumbs. Place eggplant slices in pan very close together, completely lining bottom of pan. Sprinkle a few bread crumbs over eggplant and spoon meat sauce over all. Sprinkle bread crumbs on meat sauce and cover with remaining eggplant. Now spoon béchamel sauce on top of eggplant, completely covering it. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Bake in 350° F. oven for one hour. Allow *mousaka* to stand one hour before cutting into 3-inch squares. Serve immediately. Both cream sauce and meat sauce may be prepared the day before and refrigerated. Serves 12.



Belly dancer and a bouzoukia band provide entertainment at a Greek nightclub. Patrons are likely to jump to their feet to dance a solo while the crowd pounds on tables shouting "O-pa, O-pa." Meaning: "Go, man, go!"

Photographs by George Lazarnick

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How to travel in luxury without really flying

The exciting new '63 Chevrolet has captured the smooth silence and effortless ease of jet flight and translated it to highway travel. Every new Chevrolet, whether it's a luxury Impala, a low-priced Bel Air or a Biscayne, now has self-adjusting brakes, a Delcotron generator to extend battery life, and the ingenious new flush-and-dry system that takes air and rain water from the cowl and rinses corrosive elements out of the rocker panels where rust usually begins. A test drive of a few miles over a variety of roads will amaze you. The suspension, with coil springs at all four wheels, treats potholes, car tracks, gravel, as though they were billiard-table smooth. The engine whisks you away from traffic lights, or steps safely out to pass slower cars without once intruding on your privacy. This '63 Chevrolet is a quality automobile, built to travel with the very best. When you're driving a Chevrolet, you don't take a back seat to *anyone!* Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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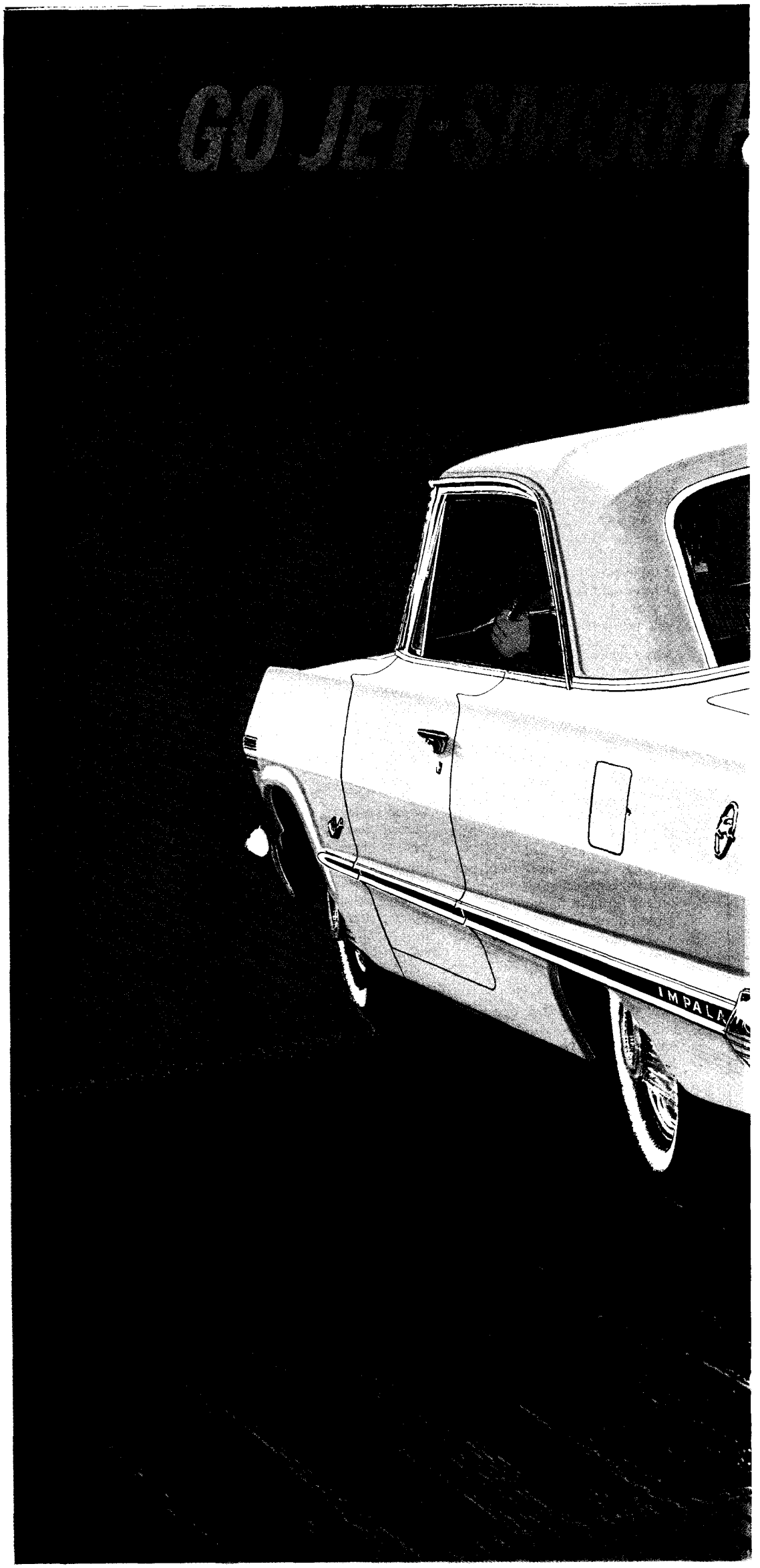

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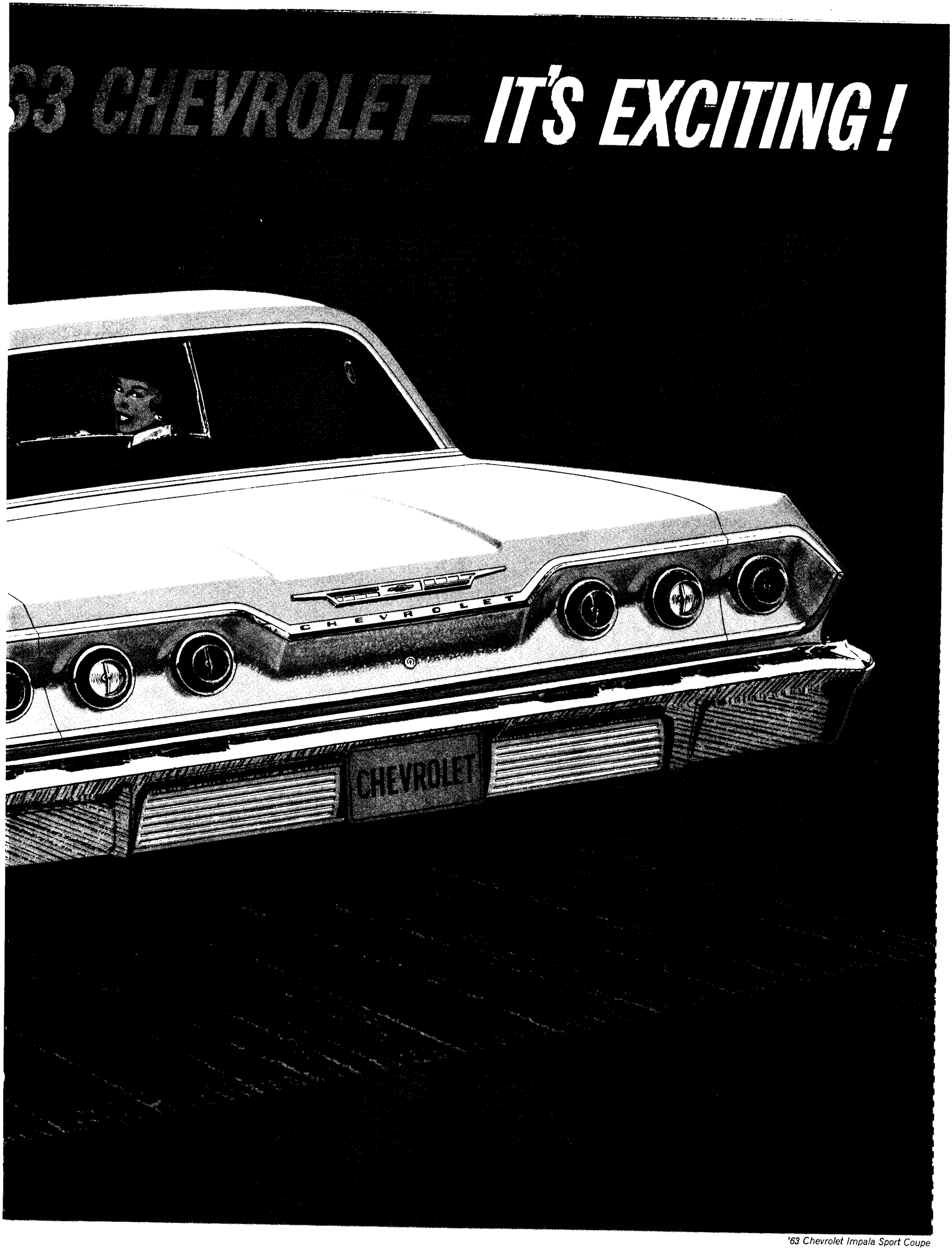

'63 Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe

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Tale of Two Cities

California crackles with insulting exchang
cities of Los Angeles and San Francisc

Why San Franciscans Don't Like Los Angeles

By HERB CAEN

To the average San Franciscan, an Angeleno is the kind of guy who would wear a sport shirt to the opera, has a wife who sports a mink stole with her slacks, and probably belongs to some kind of screwball cult.

He lives in what is beyond cavil the Queen City of the Supermarket Age, a formless, low-lying mass more than one-third the size of Rhode Island, embracing scores of "communities" (meaning a shopping center with an honorary mayor) and containing 2,500,000 people, all of them wearing dark glasses. "Los Angeles," the late novelist Nathanael West remarked, "looks like a city of the blind."

I've never been able to find out what Los Angeles looks like, although I've tried, Lord knows. I've even visited there, which for a San Franciscan is something like a West Berliner's going to the Eastern sector. One redoubtable dowager I know has been to Europe more times than she's been to Los Angeles.

On my most recent foray to Los Angeles I made a conscientious effort to get to know the place. I bought a pair of woven sandals and a sport shirt, put on dark glasses and hired a professional guide. As we drove along an exotic freeway which looked as though it were being subjected to a barrage of mustard gas, he asked, "Does the smog make your eyes smart?" When I nodded, he cackled, "You'd rather have dumb eyes?" I should have known better.

Has Anybody Here Seen Los Angeles?

We turned off the freeway and rolled along Sunset Boulevard, through a section of attractive houses and lawns. "Los Angeles is sort of pretty, at that," I conceded.

"This is Bel-Air," he replied shortly.

We continued toward the ocean. "This is Los Angeles?" I asked.

"Brentwood," he said.

It was the same wherever we drove. Encino, Sherman Oaks, Hollywood, Santa Monica—I saw them all. But I never saw Los Angeles.

I know I would like Los Angeles if I ever found it, because most of the people I know who live there are such good sports. They don't like Los Angeles either. They live there for various evasive reasons: well-paid jobs in the movies or TV, or they like to play tennis after work, or "It's great for the kids," the feeblest excuse of all, next to, "We're staying married for the kids."

And they're all very polite about San Francisco. Some of them even refer to it as "the City" and go there for weekends or short vacations. I've never met a movie star yet who didn't say, "San Francisco is my favorite city," but maybe that doesn't count, since movie stars are trained to say something like that wherever they are. (*Continued on Page 74*)

Point of conflict: Stylish San Franciscans (like those above) disdain . . .

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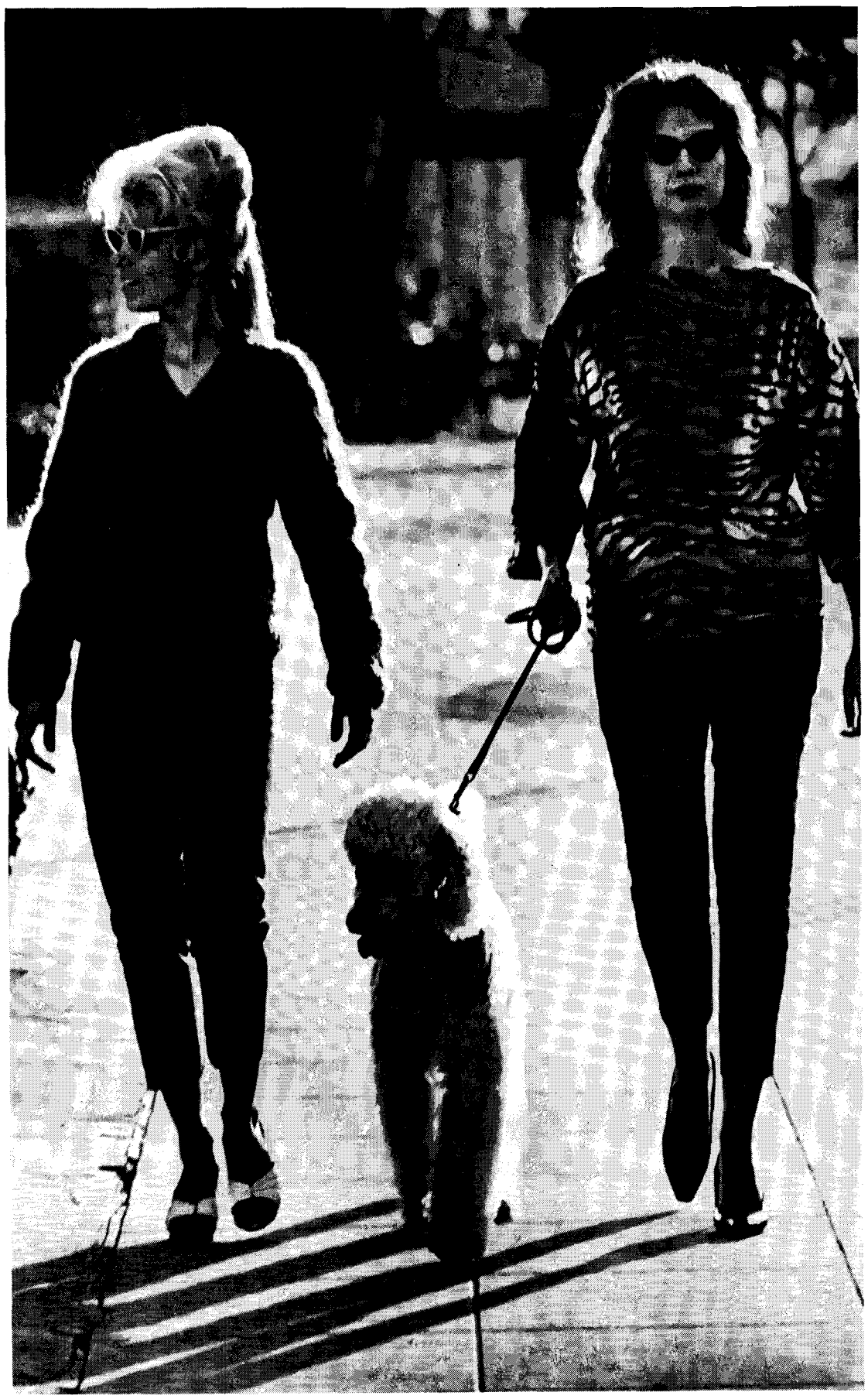
A Sibling Rivalry

ı a continuing row between the sister 'wo rival columnists add fuel to the feud.



. . . freestyle L.A. fashions such as these Sunset Boulevard strollers wear.

Why San Franciscans Really Don't Like Us

By JACK SMITH

For a man who knew and loved her during World War II, revisiting San Francisco is like dancing with an old flame at a high-school reunion. One wishes he hadn't.

San Francisco's golden moment is gone. It passed when nobody was looking. In the postwar years, while change tortured and reshaped the nation, San Franciscans stood idle, believing their inheritance would last forever. San Francisco admired herself in her magic mirror, blind to the creeping decay behind her pretty skyline. Today, as comely as she still may be in some of her moods, San Francisco has the somehow ridiculous look of an old snapshot of Mata Hari.

As seen by Angelenos, San Franciscans have awakened, but too late. In a panic to make up for lost years, they have torn down unthinkingly and built grotesquely. The city's sudden stabs at urban renewal look like wounds. Almost everything new looks as if it had been dropped on the anguished city from a hostile dirigible.

Much of what was charmingly antique is merely rundown; what was quaint is tawdry; what was creative is theatrical.

"Lord help us!" a columnist wrote recently. "Now we're saddled with a committee to save Chinatown. . . . This 'priceless architectural heritage' is a labyrinth of substandard housing. The whole area is overripe for the wrecker's ball."

The writer's horror of committees was well founded. San Franciscans form committees to oppose or support every proposed change, with the result that almost every newborn idea is talked to death. The San Franciscan is so distrustful of change that when he does risk it he brings forth a monster.

San Franciscans Gored by Dilemma

This may explain why Candlestick Park, home of the San Francisco Giants, was erected on the windiest site west of the North Atlantic; why a new convention hall (called Mole Hall by the jokesters) was built underground, and why huge freeways suddenly dead-end, leading nowhere.

Various committees are now at one another's throats over projects of such inflammatory potential that all are sure to end in disasters either of omission or commission. One such is a proposal to build a second bridge across the Golden Gate to accommodate the hordes of commuters who flee to the more amiable climate of Marin County each night. The thought of corrupting the lonely beauty of the present bridge by erecting a second one sends many San Franciscans into apoplectic seizures. The even more hideous suggestion of installing a second span *under* the present one is not even discussed in polite company.

The Federal Government's thought of abandoning Alcatraz Island as a prison poses a quandary so acute that *(Continued on Page 75)*

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San Franciscans (above, at an opera soiree) are tradition-bound, says author Smith, and envy Los Angeles's boldness.

"Most of the people I know who live in L.A. are good sports. They don't like Los Angeles either."

S.F. vs. L.A.

(*Continued from Page 72*) My Los Angeles friends even like to quote the stale denigrations about the place, to pass the time as they loll around their Olympic-size pools. "What did W.C. Fields call it? Oh, yeah—Double Dubuque." Wry laughter.

Perelman, Benchley, Groucho Marx—their witticisms are conscientiously dredged up. "Seventeen suburbs in search of a city." "A parking lot for used cities." "The land of Chocburgers and Sky-Hi Malts." And Orson Welles's doleful observation: "Every street in Los Angeles looks like the road to the airport—any airport."

There are, of course, the other kind of Angelenos, the ones who were born there and profess to like it. As they toil over their barbecue pits, wearing aprons labeled I'M THE CHEF, they tell you about the balmy nights, the surfing at the beach, the latest four-decker interchange on the nearby freeway, and the Dodgers. Oh, yes, the Dodgers. "Greatest thing that ever happened to this town," said my host one recent night, sloshing even more soy sauce on a once-superb steak. "Pulled us together, gave us a real feeling of civic pride. Now we have something we can all root for—a symbol." His honest, boyish enthusiasm filled me with shame. All this time I'd thought Walter O'Malley brought his Dodgers west only for the money.

The native Angeleno's feelings about San Francisco are curt and clear. He doesn't like it. "You people act too superior," he said. "You've been knocked clean out of the race, and you don't even know it. Los Angeles is going to be the biggest city in the country—mark my words—so what've you got to be so smug about?"

I wouldn't say we're smug. It's more like the humble pride of natural superiority. But I'll grant that Los Angeles, whatever it is, is big, all right. If it gets any bigger, as comedian Mort Sahl notes, its airport eventually will be right next to San Francisco's, and you can fly from one to the other by bus. I could also quote the late humorist Irvin S. Cobb, who once dashed off a bit of shaggy doggerel deriding Los Angeles for its devotion to sheer size. The last line: "The gadfly lays a million eggs; the eagle lays but one."

There is more than just flag-waving chauvinism in the San Franciscan's love for his city and his jaundiced attitude toward Los Angeles. For long, golden years, the years of its Belle Epoque, San Francisco was the West's only true city. At the turn of the century its population stood at 342,782, and it ranked as the ninth largest city in the country. Los Angeles, at the time, stood 36th and was little more than a sleepy cow town.

Then came the explosive mid-'20's, years of "Westward Ho!" and the great migration to the Pacific Slope. Most of those lemmings were Midwesterners, heading for the warm climate and the orange groves of Los Angeles. If prices were low, so were wages. San Francisco has always prided itself on being the strongest union town in the country, but Los Angeles for many years was "open."

Butt of an International Joke

During that same period, when Los Angeles expanded so rapidly it became an international joke—LOS ANGELES CITY LIMITS signs were seen from Labrador to Antarctica—San Francisco stood still. For one remarkable decade (1930 to 1940), in fact, its population remained at 630,000. There was a good reason for it. The city's boundaries—water on three sides, San Mateo County on the fourth—were, and are, inflexible.

The rivalry, bordering on animosity, was never stronger than at that time. San Francisco stood sniffishly, if helplessly, by and watched the southern behemoth growing wildly, gobbling up town after town as though size would overcome its feelings of inferiority. San Franciscans contented themselves with such observations as, "Los Angeles will grow out and out without ever growing up," and worshiped Frank Lloyd Wright for cracking, "If the country were tilted on its side, everything loose would fall into Southern California."

Today the competition has lost much of its tension. For one thing, the race for mere numbers has long since been won by Los Angeles—a fact that San Franciscans are no longer neurotic about, being content with their compactness, their cosmopolitan atmosphere, an ingratiating climate (smog has little chance against those ocean breezes), and a devotion to tradition and quality.

The Compliment of no Return

When the 1960 census showed that San Francisco had actually lost population, there was rejoicing in the city. Size has lost its meaning in the face of such respectful tributes as the one from a Los Angeles eating place that advertises itself as "The Restaurant With the San Francisco Atmosphere." No San Francisco restaurant returns the compliment.

Despite this more poised attitude in both camps, the rivalry will live on, if only because it is now a reflex built in at birth. It is firmly a part of the mystique of each city—and why not? In this era of blandness verging on torpor, and conformity close to nonthink, it's fun to have an object of automatic disdain so close at hand.

If nothing else, it gives rise to a turn of nasty phrase, as expressed by the San Francisco woman who once mused aloud, "Isn't it nice that the kind of people who prefer Los Angeles to San Francisco live there?" **THE END**

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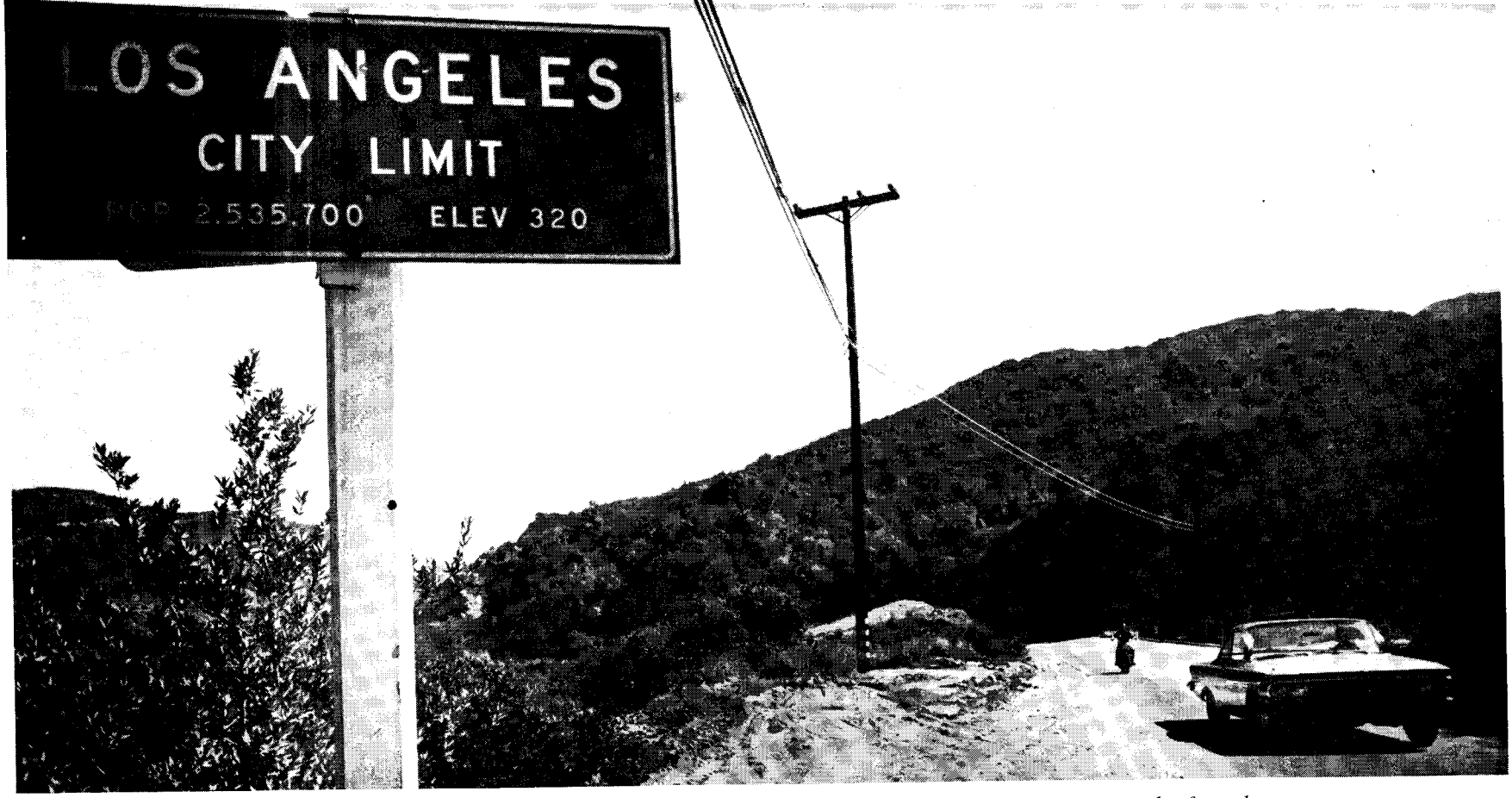

Angelenos, Caen retorts, try to ease their inferiority feelings by pushing out the city limits—now 30 miles from downtown.

"San Franciscans hate us out of fear and envy . . .
What they need, perhaps, is another earthquake."

L.A. vs. S.F.

(Continued from Page 73) some San Franciscans despair of ever agreeing on a solution. One proposal is that the prison be preserved as it is. San Franciscans love the view of this temple of retribution.

San Franciscans also love their Palace of Fine Arts, a rococo piece of cake pasted together of lath and plaster for the 1915 Panama-Pacific International Exposition. This crumbling, moth-eaten, functionless pile of artificiality is held by many sincere San Franciscans to be the most beautiful man-made object within the city limits. Proposals for its merciful destruction are ridden down by legions of vigilantes.

San Francisco's surrender to tourism and its corrupting influence is shockingly evident at Fisherman's Wharf and North Beach, the Latin quarter once so beloved for its Bohemian atmosphere, charming restaurants and bizarre entertainment. Like Chinatown, Fisherman's Wharf has turned huckster to the ghastly taste of the souvenir-happy tourist. I found its walks crammed with bins of trashy merchandise of such ingenuity and quality as a convict's striped cap with the legend VACATIONING AT ALCATRAZ.

I thought that if I left the tourist traps and took a walk down Market Street I might rediscover the genuine glamour of San Francisco. But Market Street, in a way, was the gravest shock of all. This once-handsome avenue is strewn with garish signs, nickel arcades, hot-dog stands and adults-only caves containing rows of curtained cells, like voting booths, in which patrons privately view girly peep shows.

In a single block of Market Street I found more bad taste, vulgarity and flimflam than one could find along the entire length of Wilshire Boulevard from downtown Los Angeles to the Pacific Ocean. San Franciscans are not unaware of this civic shame. It is commonly said that the new Crown-Zellerbach building, a magnificent structure and perhaps the symbol of a renaissance to come, was designed to front on Bush Street, so as to avoid a Market Street address.

The tourist may never venture into the district known as the Mission and is most likely unaware of its existence. This neighborhood is a vast, treeless expanse of airless, ancient walk-ups in the grip of paralyzing decay, occupied by tens of thousands of Negroes, Mexicans and other minorities struggling to get out. The Mission's hive of substandard housing is almost unrelieved by any ornaments but iron foundries, packinghouses, breweries and wrecking yards.

Although the Mission enjoys the best climate in San Francisco, it is every imprisoned resident's ambition to escape to one of the new suburbs to the west and enjoy life in the clammy embrace of almost eternal fog.

But some of these new suburbs, to the eye of a man used to the sunny yards of Southern California, are even more depressing than the slums of the Mission. Row after row they climb the hills, each one sitting on its own garage and rubbing shoulders with its look-alikes on either side. Not a tree, not a patch of grass, not a variation in basic design, not a child playing in a yard, relieves the bleak monotony of these gruesome tracts of brand-new blight. Mercifully these graveyards of the living are generally hidden in a shroud of fog.

Needed: More Room for Leaping

With San Franciscans eagerly paying from $25,000 to $35,000 to occupy such windswept catacombs it seems likely that the city will have no difficulty retaining its distinction as the suicide and boozing capital of the nation. It may well be that the second bridge over the Golden Gate will be required simply to accommodate people jumping into the bay to escape their dreary lives.

San Franciscans find small relief from their cellular existence by going to the seashore. Chewed by wind and fog and wrenched by undertows, the biggest beach is forbidden to swimmers. A few hardy natives may be seen along this gloomy strip engaged in the arduous sport they seriously call sunbathing. Hundreds more park along the highway, picnicking in the relative warmth of their cars.

As I headed home over the elevated, double-decked freeway which blights the Embarcadero, I wondered why San Franciscans hate Los Angeles. They hate us out of fear, I realized—fear that our despised culture of hot-dog architecture, crackpot faiths, toreador pants, graveyard art and automobile worship might flow north and corrupt them.

The Real City That Isn't Real

They hate the myth of Los Angeles, as they adore the myth of San Francisco. They also hate Los Angeles because, perhaps without knowing it, they envy us. Having no yards, they envy us the barbecues they pretend to scorn. Having no sun, they envy our swimming pools. Trapped in obsolescence, they envy our newness. Bound by tradition, they envy our boldness.

San Franciscans like to laugh at Disneyland, which they regard as the symbol of Southern California's phoney culture. But at least Disneyland is honest. Its creator, Walt Disney, had everything built five eighths actual size, establishing that Disneyland makes no pretense of being quite real.

San Francisco is only five eighths real, too. The trouble is, San Franciscans believe in the other three eighths. What they need, perhaps, is another good earthquake. **THE END**

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Maybe it was the hard way to capture the "forever dress"—chilly mid-winter dawn photography at Jones Beach—but the beautiful pastel results could never have been attained in a studio. So the winds whipped, the temperature remained below freezing . . . and the American shirtwaist was indeed captured in a colorful series of enchanting photographs, reproduced in the pages of Ladies' Home Journal. ■ To every fashion story, the Journal brings not only its technical skills, but also its unparalleled, intimate knowledge of the fashion world. The Journal presents a wider range of fashion and styles than other women's magazines, it travels to more places, has a closer relationship with top people in the business. As a result, the Journal's fashion pages are exciting, authoritative, tasteful—women believe in them for good reason. ■ This genuine depth that the Journal alone lends to fashion is typical of its approach in all areas. Women know that they will find more of what interests them in the Journal . . . more and better. Little wonder that so many smart, alert young women everywhere turn to the Journal — issue after issue. **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**

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Memoirs of a Monster

At Halloween the world's most famous bogeyman looks back on his thirty-year career in horror.

By BORIS KARLOFF, as told to Arlene and Howard Eisenberg

It is not true that I was born a monster. Hollywood made me one. That was thirty-one years ago, and I have lived menacingly ever after. While some potential victims have eluded my fangs, claws and other assorted horrors, I myself have found it almost impossible to escape monster roles.

Take the memorable time in 1947 when I was offered the part of the gentle Professor Linden in a forthcoming Broadway production of *The Linden Tree*. I was delighted—but the playwright, J. B. Priestley, was not. "Good Lord, not Karloff!" he told producer Maurice Evans. "Put his name up on the marquee and people will think my play is about an ax murder."

I cabled Priestley in London:

PROMISE YOU I WOULD NOT HAVE EATEN THE BABY IN THE LAST ACT.

Upon that solemn assurance, he withdrew his objections. The part was mine. But *The Linden Tree* folded in less than a week, and I've always been haunted by the thought that possibly Priestley was right after all.

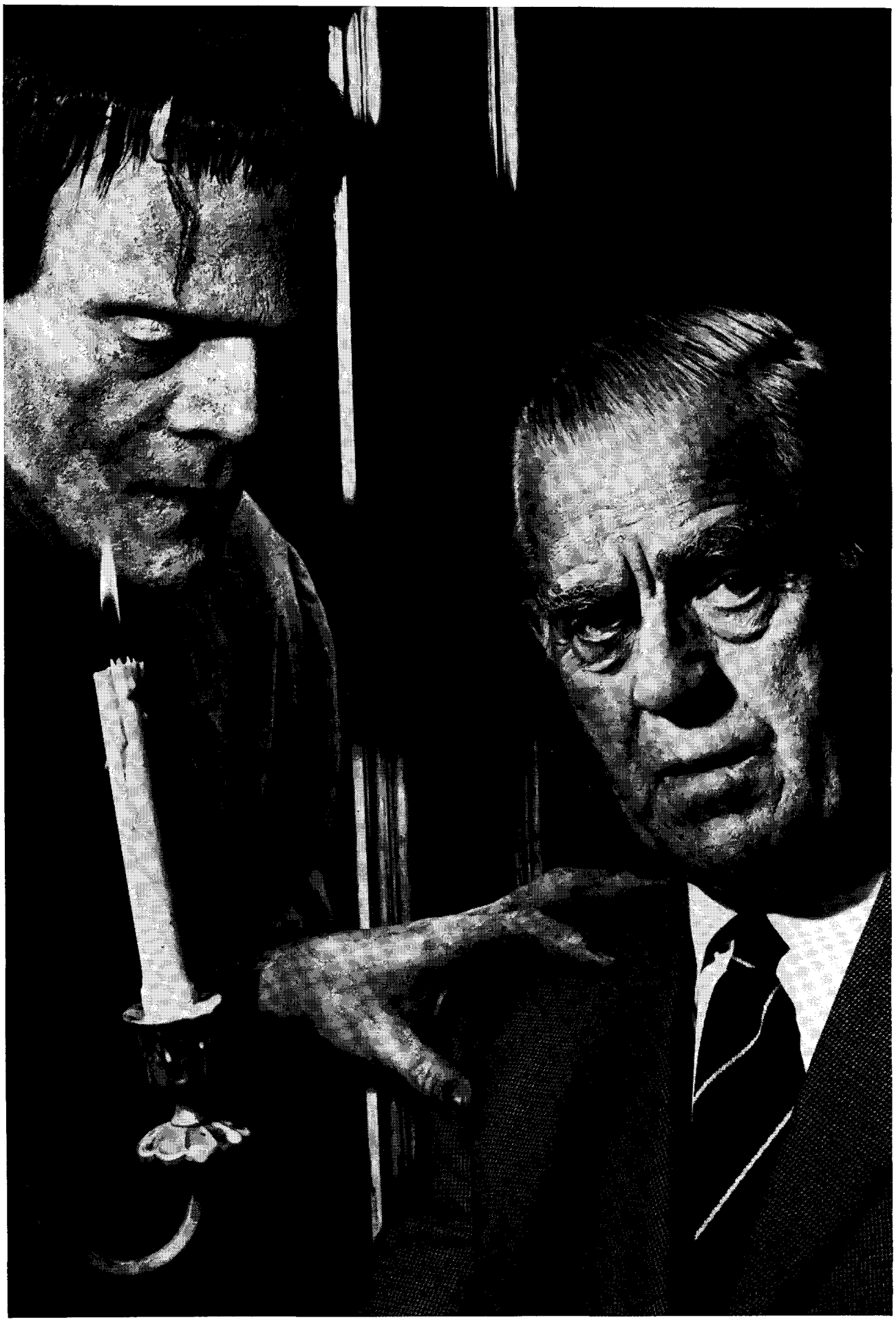
On rare occasions I have managed to step out of character: As jovial Father Knickerbocker in a *Shirley Temple Storybook* television show; as a wise Seneca chief in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Unconquered*, and in my favorite role of the kindly Gramps in *On Borrowed Time* in stock. But even then I felt that the audience was waiting for me to unmask and exterminate the rest of the cast.

An Ordinary Childhood

Such morbid expectations also appear to shadow my offstage life. If I stroll into the garden, spade in hand, the postman is almost certain to quip, "Disposing of another body, Mr. Karloff?" Groucho Marx's standard greeting to me is, "How much do you charge to haunt a house?" Bright young advertising men are forever soliciting testimonials from me for such things as devil's-food cake.

Actually I am assured that I was a quiet infant, and a gentle boy. No whippings by cruel stepparents scarred my childhood. No sadistic governesses read me horror stories by flickering candlelight. My childhood as William Henry Pratt in the serene London suburb of Enfield was extraordinarily tame. Both my parents died during my childhood. I was reared by one amiable stepsister and seven stern older brothers, who knew exactly what I was going to be—a government servant in the family tradition. But my scholarship, or lack of it, during four years at Uppingham, a boarding school that I attended in 1902–06, bespoke my disinterest in any profession based upon higher learning.

Actually my macabre career was already settled. At the age of nine, I had appeared in a Christmas-play version of



Karloff, who first played in Frankenstein *in 1931, hasn't been able to shed monster image.*

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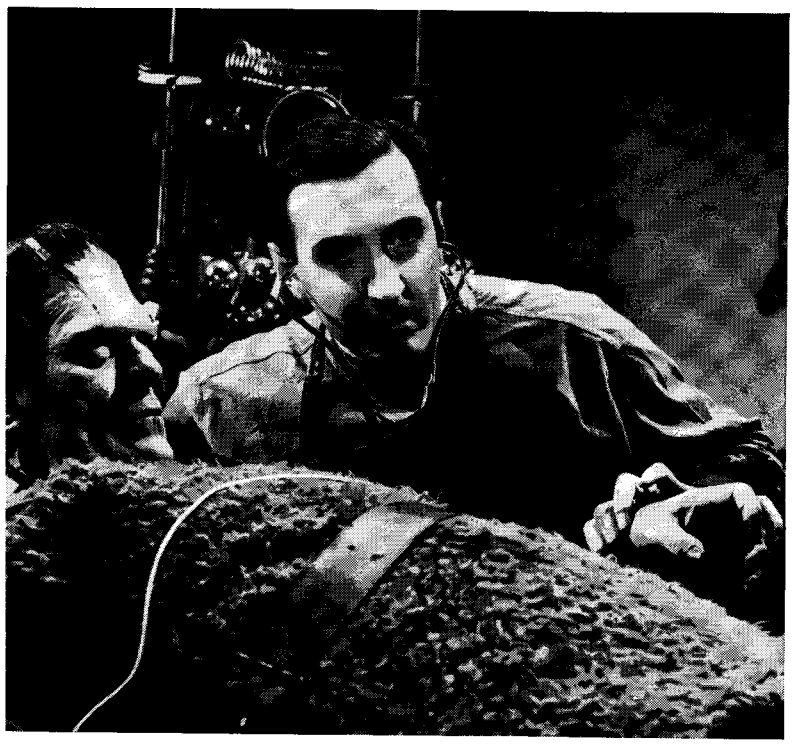
"Some parents and civic groups thought *Frankenstein* was too horrifying for children to see. . . . The children thought otherwise."



An intent Basil Rathbone listens to Karloff's heartbeats in a scene from film Son of Frankenstein.

As the Oriental despot in The Mask of Fu Manchu, *Karloff devised fiendish tortures for his enemies.*

Hamming it up on the set of The Raven, *his latest movie, Karloff quips with Peter Lorre and Vincent Price. He broke them up with weird facial expressions.*

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Karloff *Cinderella*. Instead of playing the handsome prince, I donned black tights and a skullcap with horns and rallied the forces of evil as the Demon King. From then on I resolved to be an actor.

At Kings College, London, years later, the first-term reports amply reflected the fact that I had attended more plays than classes. I was, in fact, fast becoming a disgrace to the family name. In those days black sheep were exported to Canada or Australia. When I blithely flipped a coin in the family solicitor's office, the unfortunate losers were the Canadians.

At 4:30 one morning, a month or so later, I found myself in a Canadian pasture, halter in hand, wondering how to round up four reluctant horses.

A week or so later, at Vancouver, British Columbia, I landed a pick-and-shovel job with the B. C. Electric Company—$2.80 for a ten-hour day—digging drainage ditches and clearing land.

Mumbling and Bumbling

Then one day in an old copy of *Billboard*, I came across the advertisement of a theatrical agent in nearby Seattle. His name was Kelly. I went to him and shamelessly told him I'd been in all the plays I'd ever seen, that I was forced to retire to Canada temporarily for my health and was now hale and ready for a comeback. Two months later, while chopping trees, I received a brief note, "Join Jean Russell Stock Company in Kamloops, B. C.—KELLY." I left my ax sticking in a tree.

On the train I concocted my stage name. Karloff came from relatives on my mother's side. The Boris I plucked out of the cold Canadian air. I had finally become an actor, but I mumbled, bumbled, missed cues, rammed into furniture and sent the director's blood pressure soaring. When the curtain went up, I was getting thirty dollars a week. When it descended, I was down to fifteen dollars. The play, significantly now, happened to be Molnár's *The Devil*.

I learned the acting trade during the next six or seven years, playing vintage pieces like *East Lynne* and *Charlie's Aunt* all over western Canada and the United States, and living on eggs fried on inverted pressing irons in "no cooking" boardinghouses. Then I wandered into movies, via a five-dollar-a-day extra role as a swarthy Mexican soldier in a Doug Fairbanks Sr. film, *His Majesty, The American*. For the next eight or nine years, I played extra and small featured roles when things were good, loaded cement sacks in warehouses when they weren't. At 42 I was an obscure actor playing obscure parts. I quit writing home—for I had nothing to write about.

My big break came while I was downing a sandwich-and-tea lunch in the Universal commissary. After a string of sweet-and-kindly roles, I had played the diabolical Galloway, the convict-killer in *The Criminal Code*. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Mr. Whale would like to see you at his table." Jimmy Whale was the most important director on the lot. "We're getting ready to shoot the Mary Shelley classic, *Frankenstein*," Whale said, "and I'd like you to test—for the part of the monster."

It was a bit shattering, but I felt that any part was better than no part at all. The studio's head makeup man, Jack Pierce, spent evenings experimenting with me. Slowly, under his skillful touch, the monster's double-domed forehead, sloping brow, flattened Neanderthal eyelids and surgical scars materialized. A week later I was ready for the test. I readily passed as a monster.

To fill out the monster costume, I had to wear a doubly quilted suit beneath it. We shot *Frankenstein* in midsummer. After an hour's work I would be sopping wet. I'd have to change into a spare undersuit, often still damp from the previous round. So I felt, most of the time, as if I were wearing a clammy shroud myself. No doubt it added to the realism.

The scene where the monster was created, amid booming thunder and flashing lightning, made me as uneasy as anyone. For while I lay half-naked and strapped to Doctor Frankenstein's table, I could see directly above me the special-effects men brandishing the white-hot scissorslike carbons that made the lightning. I hoped that no one up there had butterfingers.

Frankenstein was the first monster film of any consequence ever attempted. That, plus the sensitive theme of a man, Doctor Frankenstein, playing at God, made the then-powerful Hayes office hesitate to release it. But director Whale had filmed it with restraint and delicacy. It finally was released for its premiere on December 6, 1931, at Santa Barbara. I was not even invited and had never seen it. I was just an unimportant free-lance actor, the animation for the monster costume.

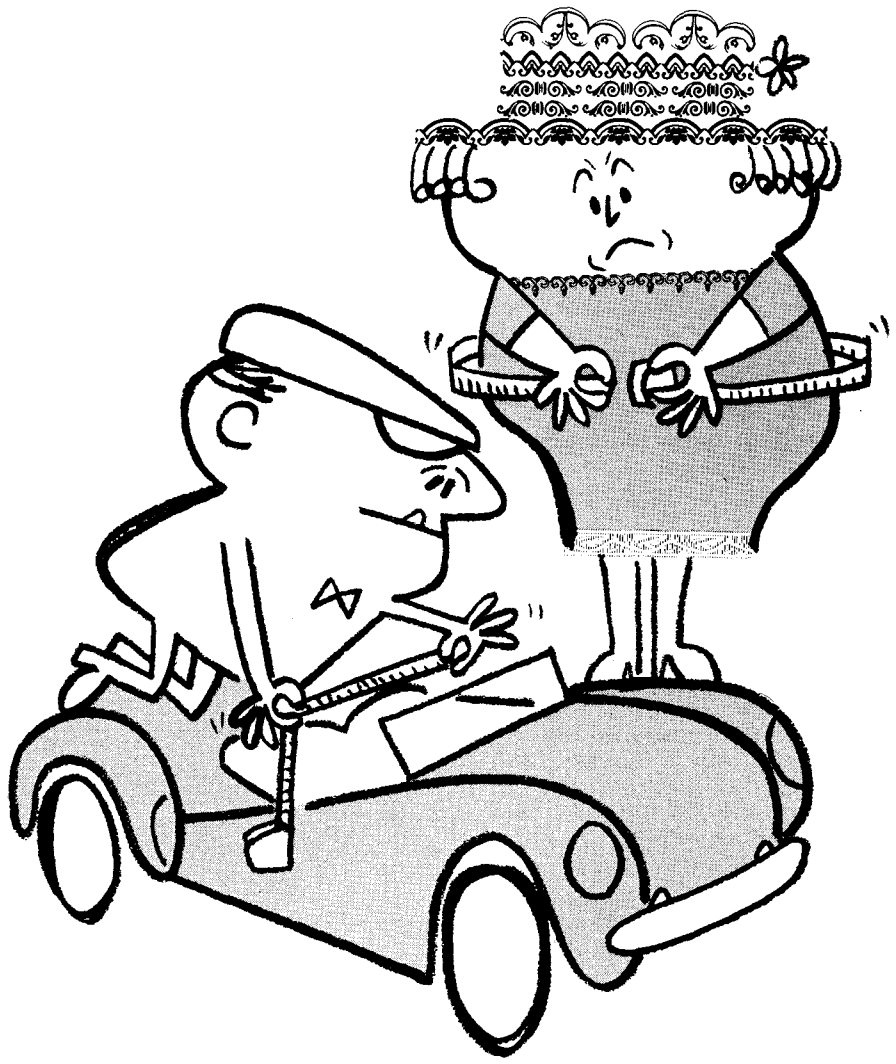
Then my agent called one morning and said, "Boris, Universal wants you under contract." I thought, *Maybe for once I'll know where my breakfast is coming from, after more than twenty years of acting*. I soon found myself mildly famous—although not by name. On a motoring holiday in France, for example, I lost my way. In the dreadful remains of my schoolboy French, I inquired in a tiny village butcher shop. The proprietor looked me in the face and exclaimed, "Frankenstein's Monster!" That sort of thing has lasted for thirty years.

A Ghoul Gains Followers

In a Hollywood studio baseball game, Leading Men versus Comedians—my category escapes me at the moment—everyone fled in mock horror when I batted, allowing me to lumber around the bases for a home run. At radio-show rehearsals the orchestra hissed me realistically, and I leered back. Columnists imaginatively concocted the Karloff cocktail—one sip sent the drinker into shock. Monster fans mailed me such birthday gifts as voodoo dolls.

Not everyone, however, felt enthusiasm for monsterism. Some parent and civic groups felt *Frankenstein* was too horrifying for children to see and should be limited to "adults only." The children thought otherwise. On the very first Halloween after the film's release, a crowd of laughing pint-sized ghosts and goblins rang my doorbell and invited me to join in their trick-or-treat rounds. As I wasn't appropriately costumed, I had to decline. Over the years thousands of children wrote, expressing compassion for the great, weird creature who was so abused by its sadistic keeper that it could only respond to violence with violence. Those children saw beyond the makeup and really understood.

Frankenstein transformed not only my life but also the film industry. It grossed something like $12,000,000 on a $250,000 investment, started a cycle of so-called boy-meets-ghoul horror films and quickly made its producers realize they'd made a

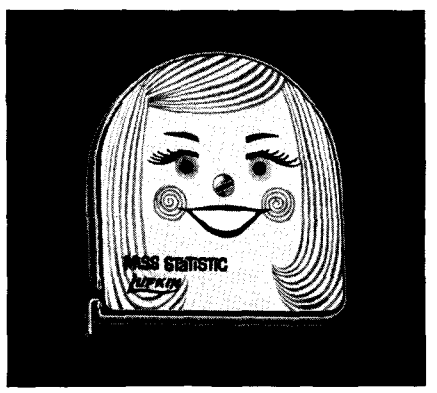


measure up

with Measure Mates...two new tape rules

by LUFKIN

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN



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"My approval of good, scary fun doesn't extend to shows where blood and guts are sloshed around wholesale . . ."

Karloff dreadful mistake. They let the monster die in the burning mill. In one brief script conference, however, they brought him back alive. Actually, it seems, he had only fallen through the flaming floor into the millpond beneath and could now go on for reels and reels.

The watery opening scene of the sequel, *The Bride of Frankenstein*, was filmed with me wearing a rubber suit under my costume to ward off chill. But air got into the suit. When I was launched into the pond, my legs flew up in the air and I floated there like some sort of obscene water lily while I, and everyone else, hooted with laughter. They finally fished me out with a boat hook and deflated me.

In March, 1933, I returned to England. My two eldest brothers, Ted and Fred, had retired from Indian Civil Service and were living in London. Jack had been transferred from China to take charge of Far East affairs in the Foreign Office.

A little later I got a surprising reaction from my staid and proper British brothers. Some friends from Hollywood were in London, and before they left for home we gave a sort of joint cocktail party. All went well until a newspaper photographer approached me. "I understand you've some brothers here," he said. "Could we get a photograph or two?"

I was appalled. I thought, *How am I going to break this to them? They won't approve at all.* I got them off in a corner and mumbled, "Awfully sorry about this but, you know, publicity and all that. I swear I'm not responsible for the photographer being here. But, well, to cut it short, they want to take pictures of us. They want us in the next room, lined up against the mantelpiece."

Jockeying for Position

Well, you never saw such a stampede. The three reserved, distinguished elderlies—Ted, who'd been judge of the High Court in Bombay; Fred, who'd administered an entire province in India; and Jack, who'd been chief magistrate of the Consular Court in Shanghai—all but got stuck in the door getting through. And there was quite a to-do about who was to stand where. I fought to keep my composure, but inwardly I was laughing.

Returning to Hollywood, I played the monster in *Son of Frankenstein*—my third and last such role. Others perpetuated him in later films. In a switch, I twice took the part of Doctor Frankenstein myself and found it comfortable to be less loaded with makeup.

Next I became a succession of crazed scientists. The formula was successful, if not original. The scientist would set out to save mankind. His project would sour and he with it. In the end he'd have to be destroyed regretfully, like a faithful old dog gone mad. The scriptwriters had the insane scientist transplant brains, hearts, lungs and other vital organs. The cycle ended when they ran out of parts of anatomy that could be photographed decently. While it lasted I:

- Robbed graves in *The Body Snatcher*.
- Slew with an ax as the leering executioner Mord, in *Tower of London*.
- Frightened my enemies to death in *The Walking Dead*.

I also:

- Cheated the hangman in *The Man They Could Not Hang*.
- Invoked the curse of the Pharaohs as a vengeful mummy in *The Mummy*.
- Aggravated the hells of eighteenth-century prison life as the warped warder in *Bedlam*.
- Ruthlessly pushed dope to little Jackie Cooper as a dope peddler in *Young Donovan's Kid*.

I must confess that I didn't accept this constant and continual madness quite placidly myself. Once, during the crazed-scientist cycle, I said wearily to the producer: "These things are all right, but don't you think we should perhaps spend a little more in the writing, or change the format?" He was in an expansive mood. He opened his desk drawer and pulled out a great chart. "Here," he said, "here's your record. We know exactly how much these pictures are going to make. They cost *so* much. They earn *so* much. Even if we spent more on them, they wouldn't make a cent more. So why change them?"

During my most monstrous years, I naturally associated with such aristocrats of Hollywood villainy as Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney Jr., Peter Lorre and John Carradine. Offscreen I found them to be the gentlest of men.

One of my own most terrified moments came in 1940, when the noted playwrights Lindsay and Crouse offered me the part of Jonathan in the Broadway production of *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Keep in mind, I'd never acted on Broadway, but only in the sticks, or in films. What really sold me on taking the part was a line of Jonathan's in his first scene. He'd just murdered a kindly motorist. Another character says, "He was a nice chap, that man who gave us a lift. You shouldn't have killed him. Why did you do it?" And Jonathan replies, "He said I looked like Boris Karloff."

I expected that a line like that, spoofing me so early in the play, would disarm any New York audience. Then I began wondering: Would it? Could I put over a big stage role? By the time I arrived in New York, I was almost shaking from sheer fright. I'd rushed through a hard week at Columbia studios, then taken an all-night flight East. At the theater they handed me a script, and we did something I'd never done in stock or repertory— we sat down, cast and director together, and read cold turkey. I was so tired, and so frightened of my New York role, that I began to stutter—something that always besets me when I'm tired. I rehearsed in stutters for three days, continually thinking that it would cure itself. But instead it grew worse. The third night I wandered the streets of Manhattan wondering what to do. I thought I'd have to walk up to the management and say, "I'm very sorry. I've made a mistake, and so have you. I've got to get out of your play. Do I owe you anything?"

I walked some more and thought, *If I do that, honest though it is, I've certainly had it in New York and haven't done myself an awful lot of good in Hollywood either. Somehow I've got to go through with the play.*

At 5:30 A.M. I returned to my hotel, catnapped briefly, then went to rehearse. I'd always stuck on the word "Come" in my first line. Now I walked on, took a deep breath and said, "Come in, doctor." Not a stutter. By that evening all was OK. The show's reviews were better than OK. It was a big, beautiful hit, and we settled down for a long, happy run of about 1400 Broadway performances.

Later I played Captain Hook, the villain with the wicked, steel-hooked arm, to Jean Arthur's *Peter Pan* on Broadway. At the end of the first act at matinees, we'd peek from behind the curtain and watch the kiddies leaping hopefully off their seats, trying to fly like Peter Pan. After the show I'd corral as many as my dressing room would hold and ask, "Would you like to try on my hook?" Even little blond angels would reply, "Yes, sir."

They'd turn to the mirror, put on the most terrible face they could make and, without fail, take a terrific swipe at themselves in the glass. Far from being frightened by the villainous Captain Hook, they had caught on to his fun and pomposity. For it is a fundamental instinct of kids to play games, and they knew very well that the swordplay, the ominous crocodile, the poisoning of Peter Pan and all the assorted stage violence was just a game—just good, scary fun.

Villain by profession though I may be, however, I must say that my approval of good scary fun does not extend to shows where blood and guts are sloshed about wholesale, simply to create nightmares.

A Black Sheep No More

Nowadays I find time to play occasional light comedy in Milquetoast roles, to give syndicated radio advice to parents on child rearing and even to make phonograph recordings of childhood favorites such as *Mother Goose* and *The Reluctant Dragon*. Occasionally someone asks me if I regret my years as a monster, if the role hasn't been like an albatross around my neck.

Rubbish! Thanks to the monster, I've worked steadily at the work I love best. And I've been well paid—in more ways than with money. Here I am, 75 years old this month, no longer the black sheep of the Pratt family, still hard at work, still enjoying life to the fullest. With my wife Evie I commute some 12,000 miles between my old stamping grounds in England and this country. But I must admit one unfulfilled longing. I would love to be in a play in London.

The only time I ever trod the boards there was in a benefit for the Actors' Orphanage, doing a comedy sketch with Hermione Gingold. Even at that, I was absolutely thrilled. But if I never get to do the "real" thing in London, it would be indecent for me to grumble.

After all, I've always been a very happy monster. **THE END**

"Cancels your vote."

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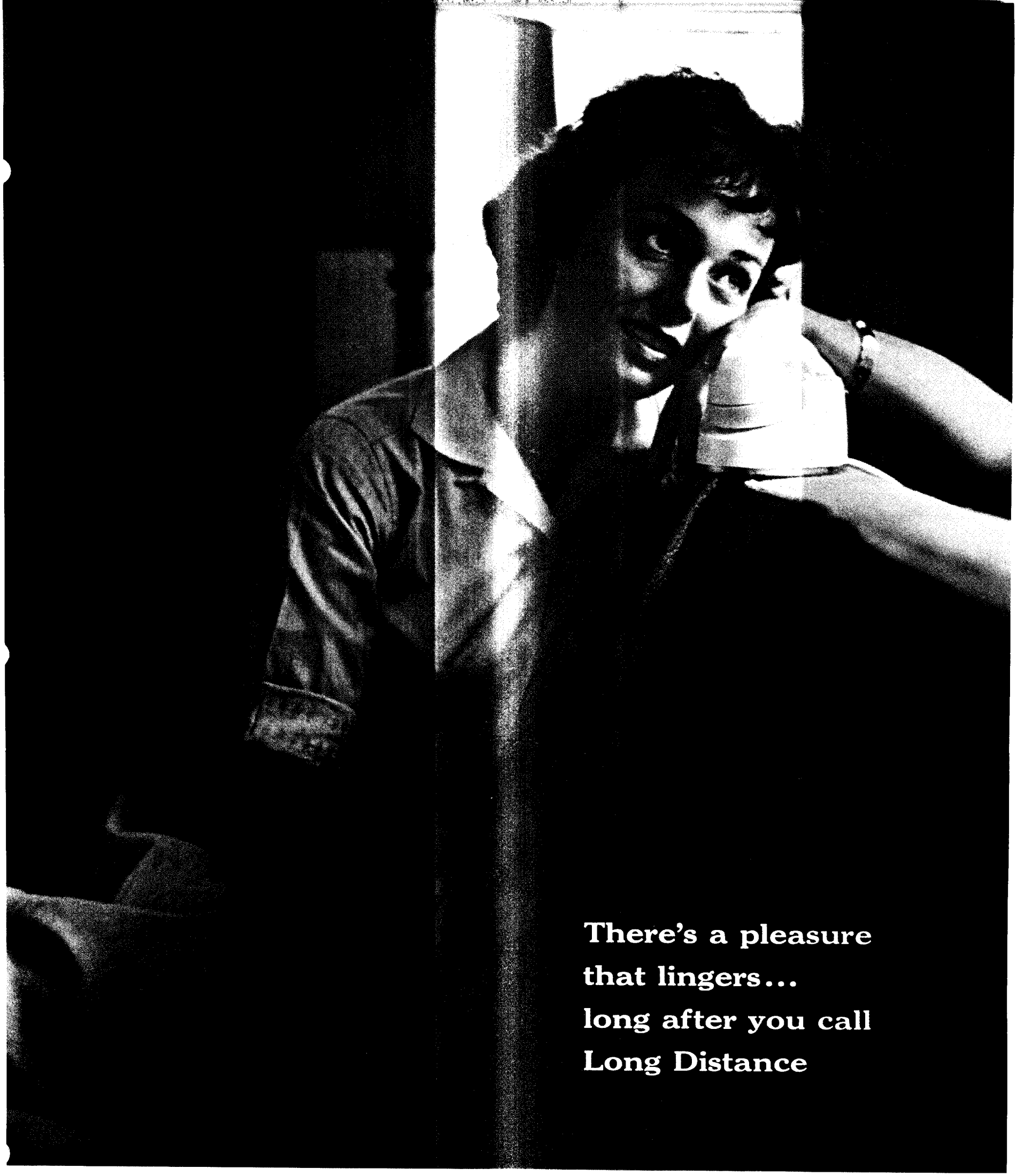

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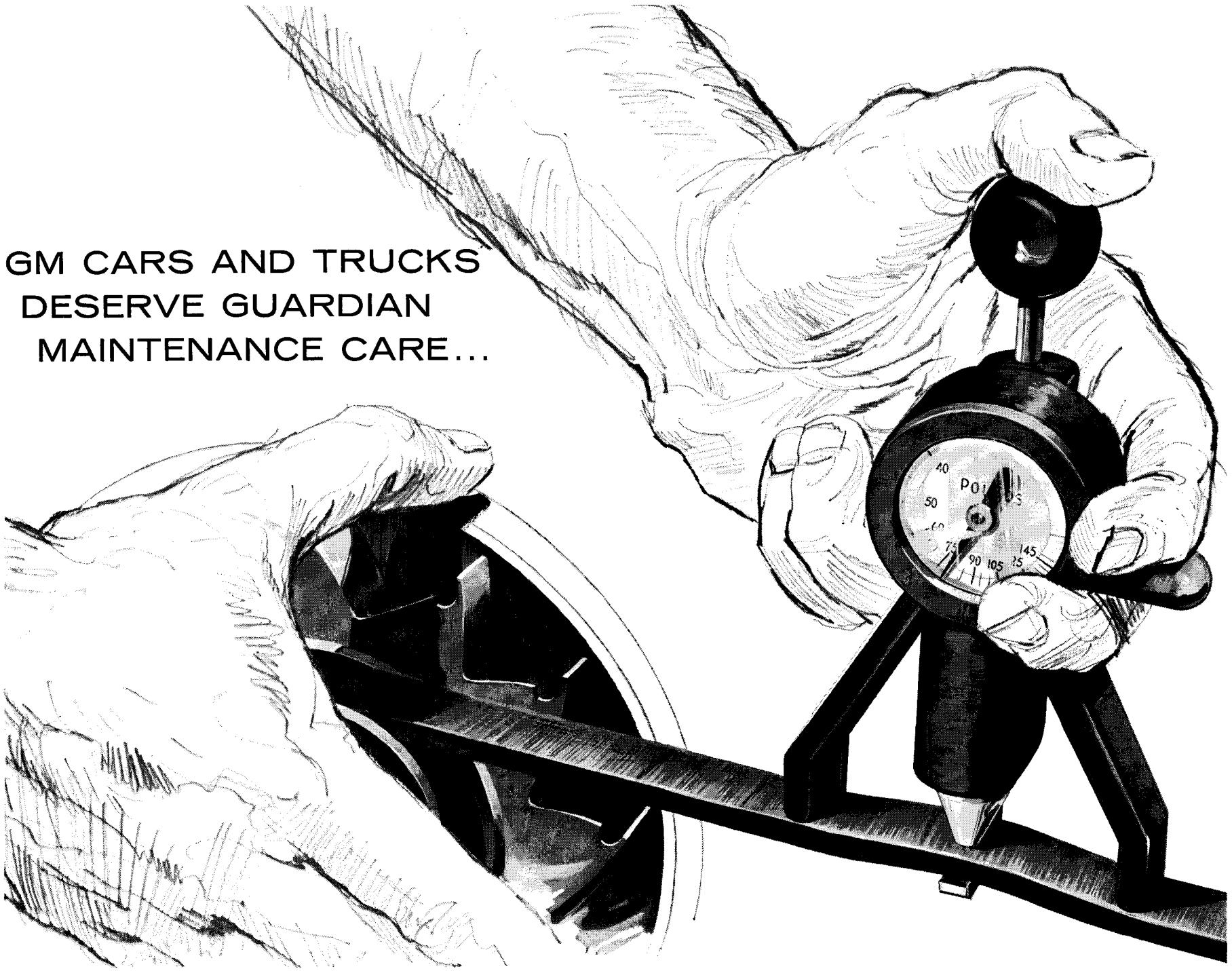

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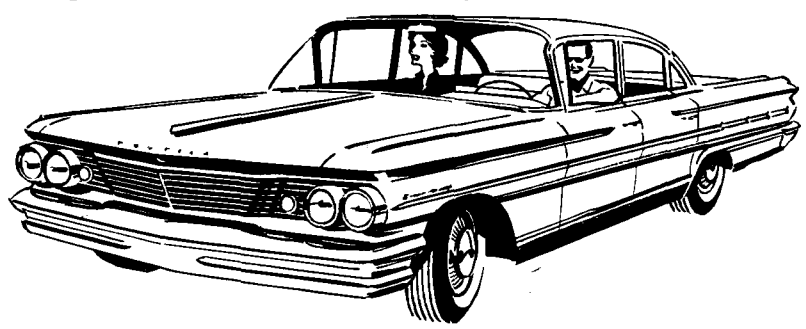

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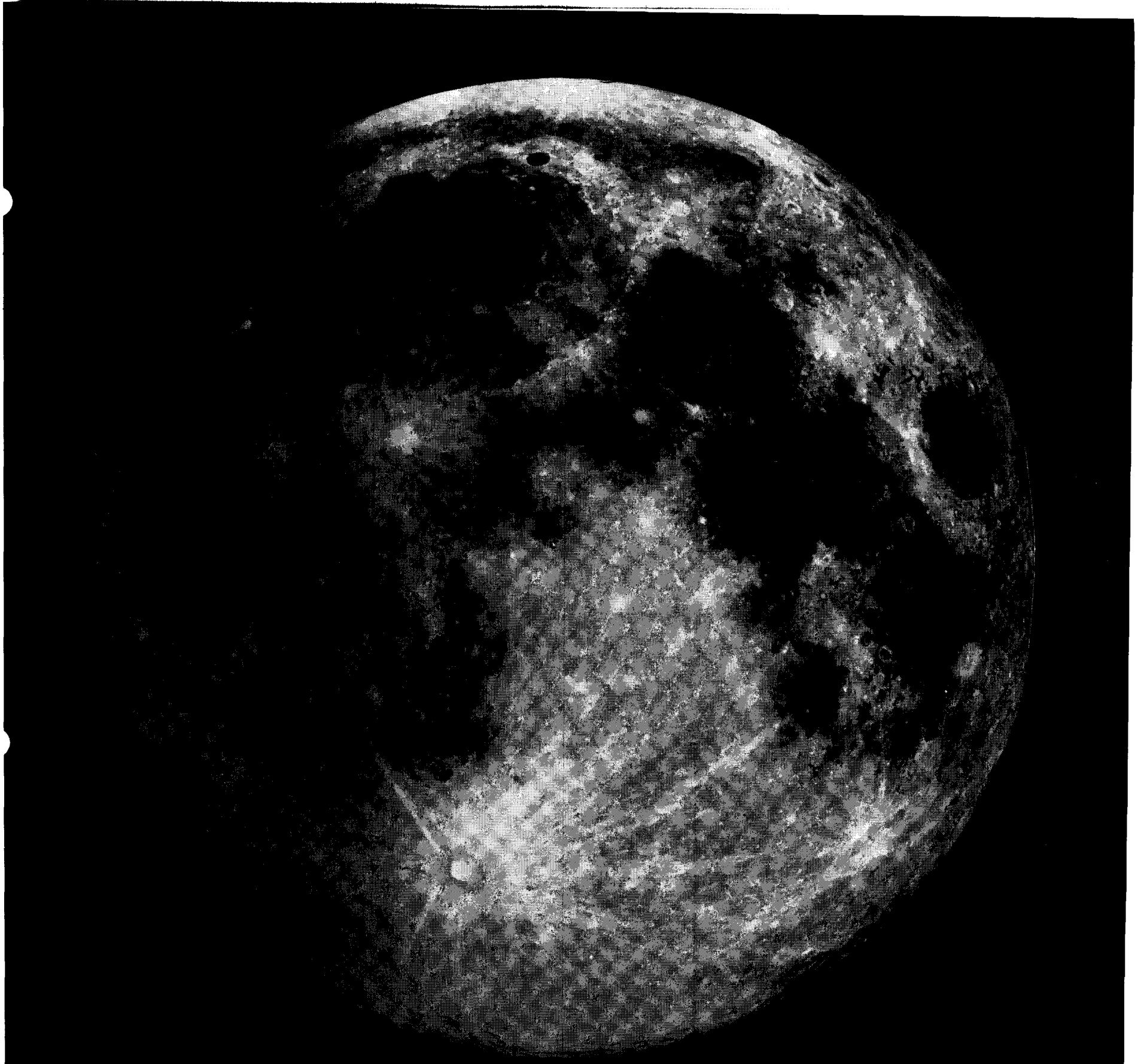

Can We Still Be First On The Moon?

By DON A. SCHANCHE

Despite recent Soviet successes in space, Administration scientists and bureaucrats insist publicly that the United States still can be first on the moon. Is this official optimism well-founded or just wishful thinking? Beginning on the next page, a *Post* editor reports some disturbing facts.

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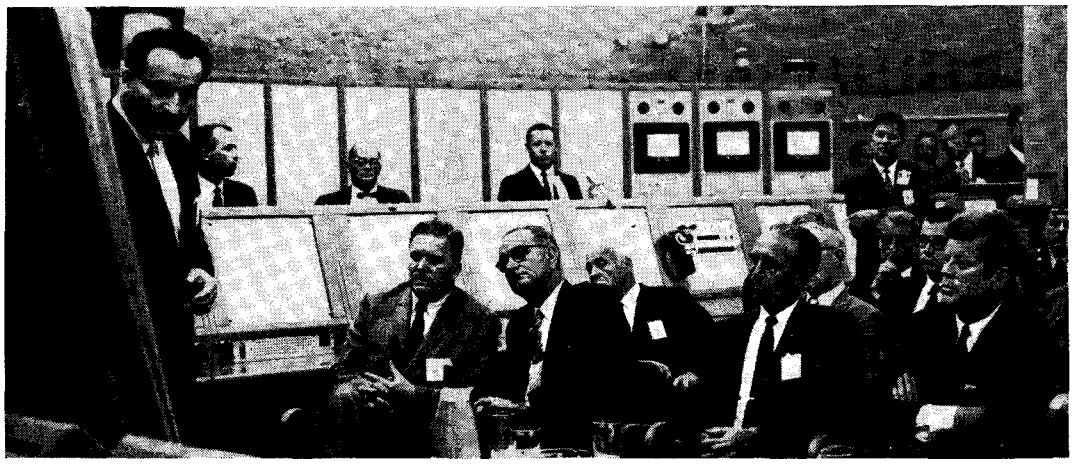
"A Communist will probably set foot on the moon before an American astronaut does."



President Kennedy, with Vice President Johnson and space advisers at a Cape Canaveral blockhouse briefing, ponders problems of the upcoming Saturn program.

"When the first man puts his feet on another planetary body we will have witnessed the most dramatic physical event in history. No prior human event can equal the landing of a man on the moon." The speaker was a top scientist in the Government's space program.

"If that man is not an American," he continued, "it will hurt all of us. But if we are led to believe he must be an American, that we are supremely confident he will be, and he turns out to be a Russian instead, I shudder to think how demoralized we will be. The first Sputnik was a minor defeat in comparison."

The sad fact of the matter is that Americans are being led to believe that they will be first on the moon when in all probability a Communist cosmonaut's foot will kick up the moon's dust some time before a U.S. astronaut sets foot there. Those who predict otherwise base their opinions on vague hopes instead of the available facts, and if their illusory view prevails we do indeed face psychological disaster. Despite hurrahs from Washington and Cape Canaveral which seemed to imply that Walter Schirra's near-perfect performance was the greatest of all space shots, we are still far behind the Russians. Nor did Schirra's feat even do much to advance our moon program; in fact, the proposed 17-orbit flight of a U.S. astronaut early next year should serve only to remind us that cosmonaut Gherman Titov had accomplished the same thing as least 18 months before.

If ordinary Americans are confused on the subject they may take dim comfort in the knowledge that even President Kennedy suffers from a lack of certainty in his understanding of the race to the moon.

A few weeks ago, while walking through the cavernous engineering hangar at the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama, the President innocently questioned a group of his science advisers on the technical merits of a recent decision in the United States moon program.

Dr. Wernher von Braun, the German-American rocket scientist who runs the Huntsville space center, assured the President that the best, quickest and cheapest way to land an astronaut on the moon is by a method called Lunar Orbit Rendezvous. Under this plan, which the National Aeronautics and Space Administration formally adopted last July, a three-man Apollo spaceship will orbit the moon, eject a small two-man ferry ship called a Bug and wait in orbit while the two lunar astronauts descend to the moon's surface, poke around, then launch themselves back into orbit to rendezvous with the mother ship for the return to earth.

Hardly finished with his explanation, Von Braun was surprised by Dr. Jerome Wiesner, the President's personal science adviser, who suddenly interjected, "No, that's no good."

Then, while a chagrined President stood aside with arms folded and a frown on his face, the two scientists hashed out their disagreement in full hearing of the Kennedy party, which included Vice President Lyndon Johnson, British Defense Minister Peter Thorneycroft and a number of reporters. As the dispute progressed, Wiesner was joined by Dr. Harold Brown, the brilliant young director of Defense Department research and engineering. Von Braun was reinforced by NASA Administrator James E. Webb and D. Brainerd Holmes, chief of NASA's manned space-flight program. Finally the President stopped the argument with a noncommittal pleasantry, but not before a measure of the discontent which seethes around the U.S. moon program had erupted in public view.

Although the dissatisfaction in this case was confined to the scientists and involved a highly technical dispute over methods of landing spaceships on the moon, it extends to virtually every facet of the moon program, from the question of going there at all to the decision of what the astronauts will do when they get there. Not surprisingly, the most vigorously disputed question involves where we stand in the race against Soviet cosmonauts.

Confident Prediction

NASA Administrator Webb, an ebullient man who exudes a profound air of confidence when discussing the nation's space plans, recently answered with the prediction, "I think we will make the lunar landing and return before they do."

A reporter asked if the statement was based on solid information about the Soviet space program—facts, for instance, that would support our widely held supposition that the U.S. and Russia are running neck-and-neck in the race to develop super-booster rockets big enough to launch manned lunar pay loads—or if it was based only on hope and optimism.

"It is judgment," said Webb, using the favorite debate-ending ploy of Washington press-conferencemanship.

Webb's reply went considerably beyond forecasts the President has made about our race to the moon. While he has spoken forcefully about winning the space race, Mr. Kennedy has been careful to limit his optimism to the statement that we will reach the moon "in this decade." While predicting eventual victory over the Soviet Union, he has not specified a moon landing as the finish line.

What, then, makes Webb and other NASA officials so certain of success that they have gone beyond the President's own goal and placed the United States in a race to the moon which they boast we will win?

By the time you finish reading this report, based on weeks of interviewing officials and technical specialists of NASA, the Defense Department and industry, as well as seven years of close observation by this reporter of American missile and space programs, you should understand at least the basis of Webb's judgment. Unless you are an ostrich or a Soviet cosmonaut, you will not find this information particularly reassuring.

Huskier Soviet Rockets

Since the race began with the first Soviet Sputnik launching on October 4, 1957, the question of supremacy and the ability to do dramatic things in space has boiled down to the simple matter of power. Soviet rockets were designed in the late 1940's and built in the early 1950's to launch heavy nuclear warheads. By the beginning of the space age they were more than twice as powerful and probably twice as reliable as the best in the U.S. arsenal. With them the Russians repeatedly beat the United States to significant space goals: the first satellite, the first man-made object to escape the earth's field of gravity, the first space vehicle to hit the moon, the first satellite to photograph the back of the moon, the first man in space, and finally, unless they achieve another first before this report is published, the first successful attempt to place two men in almost hand-shaking proximity while orbiting the earth in separate space ships.

As one space official wryly remarked, "The only part of the race where we are ahead of the Russians is in our ability to orbit small pay loads."

In many cases the U.S. has managed to match and in some instances exceed the Soviets' big pay-load achievements by industriously miniaturizing space equipment. But the most dramatic feats have been, and will continue to be, the flights of men. "We could have beaten them in manned flight long ago," says Dr. Edward C. Welsh, executive secretary of the President's Aeronautics and Space Council, "if we could only have miniaturized man."

The astronauts could not be cut down to size, but their equipment was. The Mercury spacecraft which have orbited the earth represent almost the ultimate in miniaturization for manned flight. Even so, the Atlas booster rocket which puts the 3000-pound Mercury capsule into space must strain to the last ounce of its energy to accomplish the job. Russia's standard space booster, which has been popping objects into space with seeming ease ever since 1957, has launched Vostok spaceships of more than four times the weight of the Mercury craft.

In order to overcome this five-year-old Russian lead in rocketry, the United States has given top priority to a whole set of new booster rockets which, it is hoped, will eventually put this nation ahead in every phase of the space race. Their names are Titan II, Saturn, Advanced Saturn and Nova.

Unfortunately booster rockets, like automobile engines, do not particularly interest most Americans, who prefer instead to concentrate on the exotic space ships the boosters send aloft. But it is important to know something about the four rockets mentioned above. The future of the nation as a leader in world technology, space science, and perhaps defense as well, rests on them. The President recognized this in May, 1961, when he accelerated the booster programs and asked a willing Congress to authorize plans to put Americans on the moon by 1970. It is on these rockets that Webb and his associates pin their hopes of going the President one better and beating the Russians to the moon before 1970.

Titan II, First and Least

The first and least of the four new boosters is the Titan II, a modified intercontinental ballistic missile which was already well along in its development by the time of the President's order. Although somewhat larger and a great deal more advanced than the Atlas, it still is not as powerful as the five-year-old Soviet booster and therefore represents only a stopgap in the race to the moon. But Titan II will do

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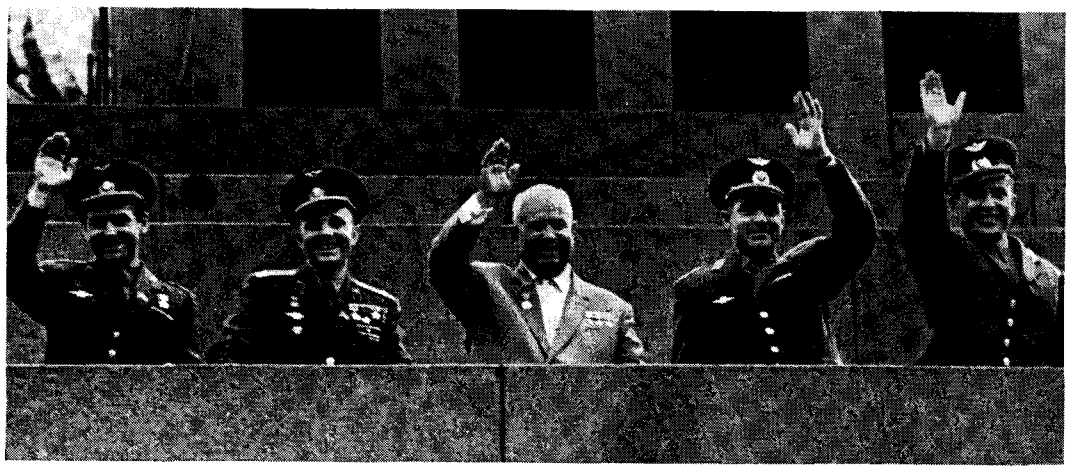


Premier Khrushchev, with Soviet cosmonauts at a Red Square celebration of the twin orbital flight, enjoys the continuing Russian lead in significant space goals.

"Only an ostrich or a Soviet cosmonaut will find comfort in this information on space."

an important job. It will launch the two-man Gemini spacecraft, an extraordinarily sophisticated capsule which will give two astronauts, sitting side by side, space flights of up to two weeks' duration. More important, small rockets in the Gemini spaceship will allow the astronauts to maneuver their capsule in space, changing orbit and jockeying the craft so gently that they will actually link up with an unmanned satellite, as an engine and a railroad car join on a track.

As an added attraction, Project Gemini will treat Americans to the suspense of listening, or perhaps even watching on television, while one of our astronauts steps out into black space and hangs weightless in orbit with no visible means of support other than a slack safety line to the capsule. Both the rendezvous skill and the ability of men to operate outside as well as inside their spaceships will be essential to the moon mission.

Russian Rendezvous Next

Unfortunately, the Soviet Union probably will accomplish both feats long before Titan II gets a manned Gemini capsule off the ground. After tracking Vostok III and Vostok IV last August as they came within a mile or two of each other in space, NASA officials conceded that within the next few months the Soviets may rendezvous and link two manned spaceships in orbit. The trick of stepping outside requires only a reliable, fully pressurized space suit.

The Gemini capsule, on the other hand, will not even reach space until late 1963, and men will probably not fly in it until 1964. Late that year, or by early 1965, one of the nine recently selected astronaut trainees and one of the veterans from the present Mercury team will perform the first American rendezvous with an unmanned satellite.

The first really big booster in America's space power line is the Saturn, which also was under development long before the President decided, as he put it recently, to "shift our efforts in space from low to high gear." But Saturn, too, is only an interim booster in the race to land men on the moon. Although it is at least half again as powerful as Russia's Old Reliable, it is still not big enough to accomplish the job of putting a round-trip manned spaceship on the moon. But it will be able to place into orbit space ships more than twice as heavy as the Russian Vostoks, and it will be able to send a respectable load of scientific instruments to the moon and the planets.

Saturn thus is an important step, but not a climactic leap, in the moon race. It will be most useful as a source of power with which to test the Apollo spaceship, the three-man, multipurpose craft which eventually will be used to perform the moon mission.

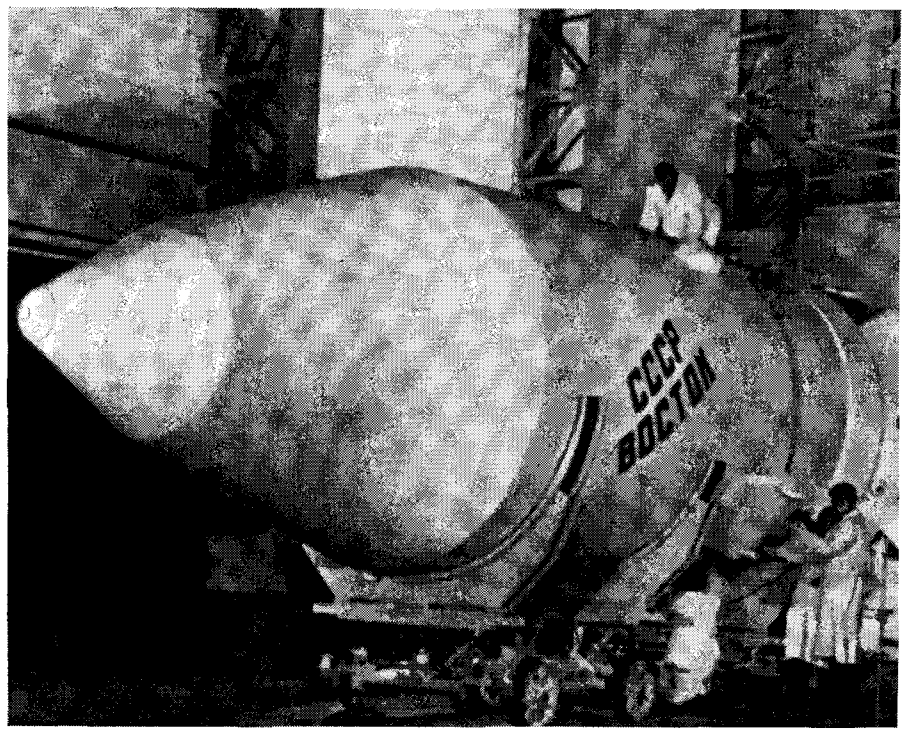
Recent plans for a speedup in the Saturn program call for it to launch three Apollo Astronauts into a low earth-orbit practice flight in late 1964. However, many experts in NASA doubt if this will be accomplished before 1965.

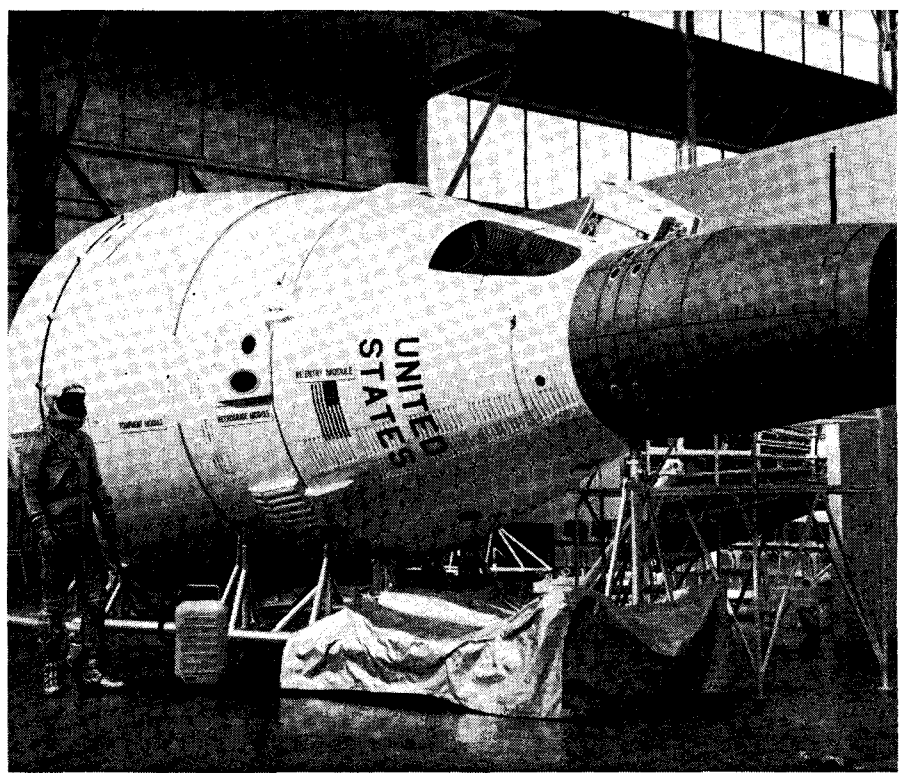
Saturn represents a classic example of the indecisive, stop-and-start approach this nation took until recently to the space race. Originally proposed by Von Braun's missile team in Huntsville early in 1957, Saturn dragged along until 1960 before it finally was given a priority rating by the Eisenhower Administration. At one point a decision was made to cancel the program; at another it became the foundation for a lunar-landing plan called Project Horizon, which was proposed by the Army but received a completely cold reception in Washington. "Now for the life of me," said President Eisenhower, "I cannot see any reason why we should be using or misusing military talent to explore the moon."

After many delays, Saturn still exists in only partial form. Its first stage was successfully tested a year ago and again last April. Two more such first-stage tests are scheduled, one this month and another in January. Sometime next spring a Saturn will fly with its second stage, a radical but so-far unsuccessful rocket called the Centaur. After that, at least three more Saturn flights will be conducted before an occupied Apollo capsule is launched.

Advanced—and Then Some

The payoff booster in the American moon program is the Advanced Saturn, the first rocket in the free world which will be capable of powering the manned moon mission. Unfortunately, the rocket was misnamed, a fact which space officials lament but have done nothing to correct. It is not, as its name suggests, an advanced Saturn. Identifying it as such is like calling a Cadillac an Advanced Volkswagen. Without going into technical distinctions, which are almost as numerous as the parts of the rocket, the





Russia's Vostok I (above): the capsule that made Yuri Gagarin the first man in space. Smaller Gemini (below) is U.S.'s first two-man capsule, is sophisticated in design but will not be in orbit until 1963.

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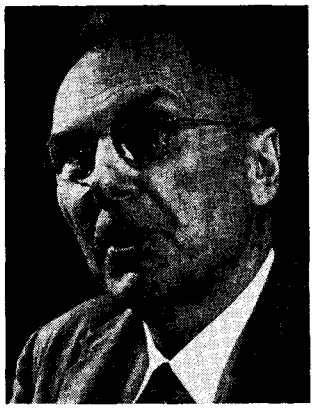
Dr. Wernher von Braun

To President Kennedy: "You promised we'd land on the moon in this decade and, by God, we'll do it."

Dr. Hugh Dryden

NASA's deputy administrator scoffs: "We've been waiting for the Russians to show us their big boosters."



James E. Webb

A jovial man with a confident air: "I think we will make the lunar landing before the Soviets do."

important difference is that the Advanced Saturn will be five times as powerful as its namesake. With this power—7,500,000 pounds of thrust in the first stage alone—the super-booster will be able to launch men on their way to a moon landing and return.

The schedule of Advanced Saturn flights is impossible to predict with certainty, because much of the super-booster still exists only on paper. Early tests have been conducted on its basic engine, and a great deal of design work has been completed, but successful flights of the complete Advanced Saturn-Apollo system are still years away. Space-agency officials hope to use it for launching Apollo spaceships into earth orbits by late 1965 and to complete the payoff mission of landing men on the moon in 1967. Many scientists within the agency, however, are not so optimistic. One of them says that it will be 1967 before the first manned flights take place and at least mid-1968 before the Advanced Saturn-Apollo system proves reliable.

During this test period the space agency plans to send the system on at least one circumlunar flight which will take the Apollo spacecraft out to the moon, loop around it without landing, and return to earth. The experts, including Dr. Hugh Dryden, deputy administrator of NASA, concede that the Soviet Union may be capable of making such a circumlunar flight right now, although they would have to do it with a small spaceship unable to make a safe lunar landing.

From the Bug to the Moon

After the circumlunar flight, the Advanced Saturn will launch an Apollo for lunar landing. It will orbit the moon and eject its Bug containing two astronauts, who will descend to the lunar surface. After a brief period on the moon they will launch their Bug back into orbit for a rendezvous with the mother ship, which will then return to earth. NASA's most optimistic forecast for this climactic flight is sometime in 1967. Skeptics within the agency suggest that a more realistic target is 1969.

Advanced Saturn is powerful enough to stagger the imagination of most men, but a fourth rocket in the U.S. plan will have almost twice its strength. This is the Nova, a giant capable of throwing 200-ton spaceships into orbit or of sending three men directly to the surface of the moon without the need for the weight-saving device of orbital rendezvous with an Apollo Bug. Although the decision to speed development of Nova has been made, the project still is mostly in the paper stage. It will not be developed soon enough to have any bearing on the race to land men on the moon.

Thus the United States has established an orderly program to develop super-rockets and to solve the dozens of other problems associated with landing men on the moon. Most of the experts agree that Russia, too, can develop the spaceship and related equipment to do the job. But its present Old Reliable booster is far too small, so that in order to beat us to the moon Russia must develop a super-booster of roughly the same size as the Advanced Saturn. When she will do so thus becomes the crucial factor in the moon race.

Will U.S. Ingenuity Win?

Webb and some, but by no means all, of his colleagues in NASA are confident that the speed-up in the U.S. booster program came soon enough to give this nation a better-than-even chance of beating Russia to the super-booster. They believe that the Russians are no further along than America in the business of constructing the huge rocket. "It is for this reason, in fact, that our national goal was set at the lunar flight," says Doctor Dryden.

The NASA officials say that, given an even start in the super-booster race, traditional U.S. ingenuity in managing men, money and material, and in surmounting technical problems, is bound to win the day. As Webb put it, "I am judging as an administrator on the basis of what happens when you put large resources into a program like this. . . . It will be very difficult for them [the Soviets] to make the rate of progress that these resources invested here indicate for us."

As an interesting sidelight to Webb's comment, one of our engineers who visited the Soviet Academy of Sciences last year heard almost the same remark played back by a Russian interpreter. "The trouble with you Americans," he said, "is that you have not put the amount of money or the organizational effort that we have into this thing."

Crucial to Webb's reasoning is the assumption of an even race. But did we start even with the Soviets in our race to build the big booster? The answer is: probably not. Let the experts speak.

"Not long ago a group of us from NASA, Defense and industry put together all of the scraps of information we had on the Russian space program," said a Government rocket scientist who prefers to remain anonymous. "We concluded that they must have begun working on a booster big enough for the lunar mission in the 1957–1960 period. There is some evidence that they have already static-test-fired the big booster."

As early as December, 1957, Doctor von Braun, now responsible for the development of our big boosters, testified before a senate preparedness subcommittee investigating U.S. satellite and missile programs, "We have pretty sound proof that the Russians have, in single units, engines that are many times stronger than the most powerful engine we have in this country, and that they have an even more powerful engine under active development."

"The Russians have been launching satellites and deep-space probes for five years now," said a Defense Department expert recently. "So far every one has been launched with the same basic booster. Does it make any sense to believe that they developed that one booster, then sat back on their haunches and shouted, 'Hooray, we've got it licked; let's stop right here.'? I don't think so. It won't surprise me if they start flight-testing a booster as big as our Advanced Saturn within another year and a half."

Dropping the Other Shoe

But Doctor Dryden recently scoffed that "ever since the space agency was formed we have been waiting for this other shoe to be dropped. People have told us every month. 'The Russians are going to produce this big booster in the next few months.' Now four years have gone by and they have not yet shown us this big booster."

Unfortunately neither Webb nor Dryden, nor the experts who disagree with them, know any more than you or I do about Russian intentions in space. However, U.S. intelligence services do pick up some information on Soviet rocketry. Although it is a delicate subject, the methods of gathering this information are generally known.

The first source is the U.S. space-tracking network, including, among other devices, such powerful radars as those on the BMEWS Line, which is designed to spot Soviet ICBM's if ever they are launched across the polar horizon. With this tracking net, U.S. listening posts can pick up a Soviet rocket almost from the time of launching until it ejects its pay load in orbit or into deep space, and then follow the pay load on its flight.

In addition to this, the U.S. presumably acquires some information from covert intelligence operatives within the Soviet Union, but experts hint that this source produces little reliable information. More voluble, but still not very informative, are the occasional public statements and technical papers delivered by Soviet officials and scientists.

"We Will Know About It"

Thus the tracking network is by far the best source of information, and it is superb. As one high space official described it, "If they launch something into space, you can be pretty sure we will pick it up. When they launch a really big booster, we will know about it very quickly."

As an example of the efficiency of this system, consider the case of the first human space casualty, an unsung Russian cosmonaut killed in a fiery rocket explosion in October of 1960. At the time, Premier Khrushchev was inexplicably extending, then re-extending, his boisterous visit to the United Nations in New York. U.S. tracking units had been alerted to the possibility of a spectacular Soviet space feat which would bolster the prestige of the Russian leader during his visit. After days of expectant waiting one U.S. listening post homed in on a Soviet rocket launching. Tape recorders instantly began preserving the telemetry signals emanating from the Russian rocket. Among the signals was one which pulsed with the familiar regularity of a human heartbeat. As the booster rocket reached the altitude where, from past experience, U.S. observers knew its first stage would burn out and its second stage would ignite, the heartbeat signal pulsed faster. Apparently the man aboard, anticipating the critical moment of second stage ignition, was showing a normal apprehension, just as you would react with an increased heart rate in anticipation of a dangerous ordeal. Suddenly, at the moment when the second stage should have ignited, all signals ceased, and the

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"Space supremacy has boiled down to power. And Russian rockets still have the power."

tracking device lost contact with the rocket on which it had homed.

The reasonable conclusion from the electronic evidence was that the Soviets had lost their first cosmonaut in an explosion which took place during ignition of the second stage of their first manned flight. Khrushchev packed up and went home, and the Soviets said nothing about their tragic failure. The U.S., too, remained silent, partly to protect the security of its listening posts and partly to avoid being accused of crying "sour grapes." Although word of the incident leaked out much later, it was months before even senior officials of NASA were told that the Defense Department had tracked such a flight.

More recently, Webb announced that the U.S. tracking network had recorded five Soviet failures out of six attempts to probe Mars and Venus. Ironically, according to one informant, Webb himself knew little about the Soviet failures, the first of which took place two years ago, until the National Security Council gathered the information from the Defense Department, and Central Intelligence Agency, decided to make it public, then gave it to NASA for release.

One must assume from these incidents that, although intelligence on Soviet space launchings is good, Webb and Dryden do not always get the facts quickly. More important, virtually all of our intelligence is "after the fact" information. We know about a rocket as soon as the Russians launch it, but we have little or no solid information on what they may be developing for launching next month or next year. "It would be completely unwise," cautions Doctor Welsh of the Space Council, "to underestimate their program and capabilities."

"Even If We Run Second"

Doctor Welsh, who works under Vice President Lyndon Johnson in coordinating and helping to frame national space policies, is optimistic about our chances in the race to the moon, but unlike Webb he will not predict that Americans will land there first. "It is important to strive to get there first, if for no other reason than to maintain a sense of urgency," he said. "Certainly it is far more important to try, even if we run second, than not to try at all. If we are not first, but are a close second, then except for a brief period of public reaction it will still be more or less of a tie."

Another space leader, the brilliant and forceful D. Brainerd Holmes, director of NASA's Office of Manned Space Flight, suggested that his own considerable optimism, shared by Webb and Dryden, is based on admiration of our booster-development programs reinforced by an absence of evidence rather than on solid information about what the Soviets are doing. "All we know for sure is that they have not yet tested a booster as big as our Saturn," says Holmes. This is a dubious base for assertions of victory. Few experts to whom I talked believe the Soviets will bother developing a Saturn-sized booster at all. They believe the Russians are leapfrogging directly to a super-rocket the size of America's still undeveloped Advanced Saturn. To make such a major leap forward takes time, say the experts in explaining the absence of big-booster test flights in the Soviet Union.

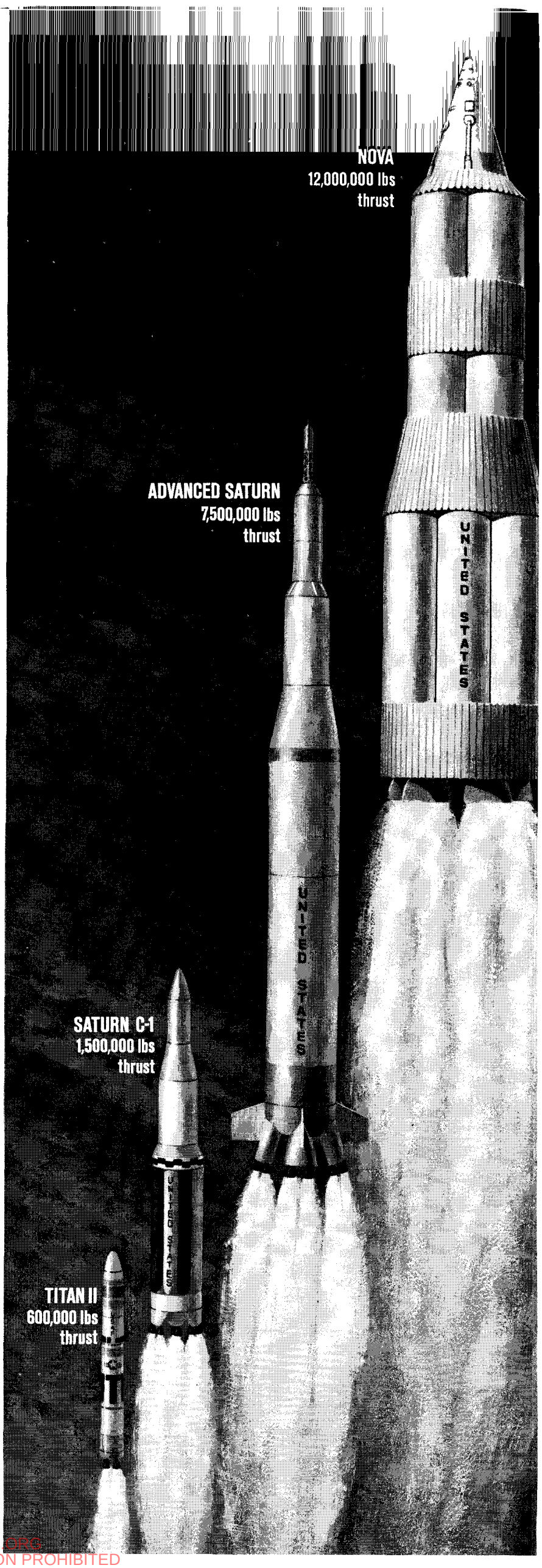
"We May Catch Up Later"

"They started the race ahead of us by at least two years," says one expert. "They have been ahead of us in big-booster technology all along, and, unless they voluntarily bow out or run into so much political or economic trouble that they have to slow down, I think they'll stay ahead of us well past the first moon flight. We may catch up after that with Nova and nuclear rockets, although we are not presently pushing the nuclear-rocket program very hard either."

It would seem, then, that Webb's judgment hangs by a rather slender thread, spun almost entirely of hope, natural optimism, and faith in this country's capacity to move quickly once men, money and materials are committed to a task. But, however heartening it is to know that our own space programs are progressing rapidly after years of sluggishness, the evidence hardly supports Webb's vast confidence. Perhaps, like a football coach prodding downcast players at halftime in a losing game, the chief of the national space program must radiate optimism. But the obvious danger in such a flat forecast of victory is that the nation once again is being set up for a demoralizing defeat.

Instead of boasting that the United States will beat the Russians to the moon, Webb might have said, "While we cannot guarantee that we shall one day be first, we can guarantee that any failure to share this effort will make us last."

Those are the words that the President used when he first asked Congress to authorize the moon program. **THE END**



U.S. hopes are pinned to these new boosters. Titan II, a modified ICBM, is only a stopgap rocket. Saturn is scheduled to launch the three-man Apollo. Advanced Saturn will power a moon mission. Nova is still in paper stage.

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Taking the Zest Out of Politics

As the campaign of 1962 reaches a climax, it seems to us that extraneous issues and false values are intruding more and more into our political life, and that politics in the U.S. is becoming depressingly bland. Politicians rely increasingly on polls, surveys, researchers, analysts and other pseudo-scientific techniques. Television puts a premium on appealing "images." Candidates for high office make inoffensive speeches on TV and devote themselves off camera to an endless round of silly chores that are guaranteed to try to prove to their constituents that politicians are as harmless and sappy as anybody else. (Not all politicians are harmless, however. See SPEAKING OUT, page 10.)

"The candidate worked his way down the street, shaking hands and chucking babies under the chin," a typical report will read. "Popping into Limburger's delicatessen, he wolfed down four blintzes, munched a hot dog and consumed a quart of sour cream. Before the day ended he had shaken hands with 2,496 voters, and posed for pictures with the Onion Queen, the Pumpkin Queen and Miss Waterworks of 1962."

Television's emphasis on artificial values contributes to the debasement of politics. Richard Nixon's five o'clock shadow achieves the status of Quemoy and Matsu as an issue. Eddie McCormack's face makeup looms almost as large as Teddy Kennedy's lack of experience. One can ask with Sidney Hyman, author of *The American President*, whether many of our great leaders would have made the grade. "Teddy Roosevelt," says Mr. Hyman, "had a high voice with a whistling quality. He would have done badly on TV. Lincoln had heavy features. He was often called a 'baboon.' Washington could hardly talk. He never knew when his false teeth would fall out. Jackson, battle-scarred and pock-marked, was called 'cadaverous.'"

Franklin Roosevelt would have made out well on TV, Mr. Hyman believes, but so would have our worst president, handsome Warren Harding. "Harding would have been effective. He was an editor and a coiner of words," Mr. Hyman says. "He was the living embodiment of what people felt a President should be."

Today's politicians tend to try to reduce politics to a cut-and-dried science. President Kennedy and Governor Rockefeller are inveterate poll-watchers. Teddy Kennedy based his decision to run in Massachusetts on a poll. New York Democrats were searching for a candidate for governor when pollster Lou Harris determined that the name of Robert Morgenthau evoked a favorable response among the voters. The Democrats nominated Morgenthau, even though he was only a U.S. attorney and had never run for public office. Many voters acquired a sneaking admiration for Harry Truman in 1948 because he determined to lick the polls as well as Thomas E. Dewey.

Wealth or access to wealth has also become such an important factor in politics that we wonder whether men of moderate means are not gradually being excluded from high office in the U.S. Only a while back "born in a log cabin" was a favorite political slogan. Today the only high-office holder we know of who was "born in a log cabin" is Sen. Robert Kerr, the Oklahoma oil multimillionaire. The President is rich, and so is the Vice President. In Massachusetts Teddy Kennedy, his opponent George Lodge and Congressman Laurence Curtis, whom Lodge defeated, are all rich men. (Curtis reportedly spent something like $250,000 in his losing campaign for the Republican senatorial nomination.)

In New York the House of Rockefeller, having come to power by overwhelming the House of Harriman, is now matched against the House of Morgenthau. It follows. Professor Alexander Heard of the University of North Carolina, in *The Costs of Democracy*, estimates the cost of all campaigns for elective office in 1960 at around $165,000,000. "The total for all Democratic presidential aspirants," he says, "seems to have been upward of $2,100,000. Senator Kennedy permitted a newspaperman to go through his books after the nomination. Edward F. Woods of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* found expenditures amounting to $912,500 that were made between January, 1959, and the nomination in July of 1960."

As we suggested earlier this year [TRYING TO GET OUT OF MORAL HOCK, *Post*, June 30-July 7, 1962] Congress could broaden the base of our democracy by establishing tax credits for contributions to Federal campaigns. Such a step would not only widen public participation in politics; it would reduce the chances that able men may be barred from high office because they are not wealthy or do not have access to great sources of money.

All of these factors—the emphasis on wealth, glamour, good looks and the cautious, scientific approach to politics—serve not only to contribute to the blandness of politics but also to raise a question as to whether with these limitations we can produce the daring, imaginative leadership that is required. Other factors being equal, we should be tempted to vote for the poor, ugly man when given a choice.

A Chinese Population Puzzle

The Population Reference Bureau in Washington, D.C., is a research outfit that goes about its business seriously. A professor from the University of Wisconsin wrote to the bureau recently to ask whether Robert Ripley's old *Believe It or Not* was right when it made the statement that all the people in China "walking eight abreast" would never be able to pass a given point because they would merely keep up with the population increase. Robert C. Cook, president of the bureau, set out to give his correspondent an authoritative answer. With an assistant he paced up and down the hall, timing himself with a stopwatch. Cook calculated that the population of China, now estimated at about 717,000,000, walking eight abreast at 100 steps a minute, would take less than two years to pass a given point, allowing for an increase of 16,500,000 per year.

Actually, the professor from Wisconsin didn't remember Ripley correctly. Ripley paraded his Chinese only four abreast, which means that they would take almost four years at 100 paces a minute.

In order for Ripley's *Believe It or Not* to be true, and for the parade to go on forever, the Chinese would have to slow down to around six steps a minute, the bureau calculated. So much for Ripley.

Well, it's reassuring to know that this procession isn't going to last forever—but, any way you look at it, that is a lot of people and a lulu of a parade.

Cold Comfort for Infants

Now, after 77,000,000,000 babies (also according to the Population Reference Bureau) have been born into this world, along comes a man who says it isn't necessary to warm a baby's bottle. Just a little bit late, we'd say, but Dr. L. Emmett Holt Jr. of Bellevue Hospital in New York, after studying 358 infants for two years, has concluded that it really doesn't matter to an infant whether the bottle is warm or cold. All babies at Bellevue, even the premature ones, are on cold feedings, says Doctor Holt, and they are doing very nicely, thank you.

The doctor has more news. The time-tested method of squirting milk on the wrist to determine whether the bottle is warm enough isn't reliable, he says. "It does not prevent an undesirably warm feeding being given the infant at times." According to the doctor, two thirds of the 4,000,000 babies born in the United States each year are bottle-fed.

The doctor's findings will come as a pleasant surprise to young parents whose babies are being fed by bottle, but it is cold comfort to parents who have staggered out of bed at two A.M., struggled downstairs and waited for the bottle to warm up.

From all accounts the doctor reached his conclusion by scientific methods, but we can't help wondering whether the idea that it wasn't necessary to warm a baby's bottle didn't occur to him one night around two o'clock or while he was waiting at a drive-in restaurant to ask a waitress please to warm the bottle.

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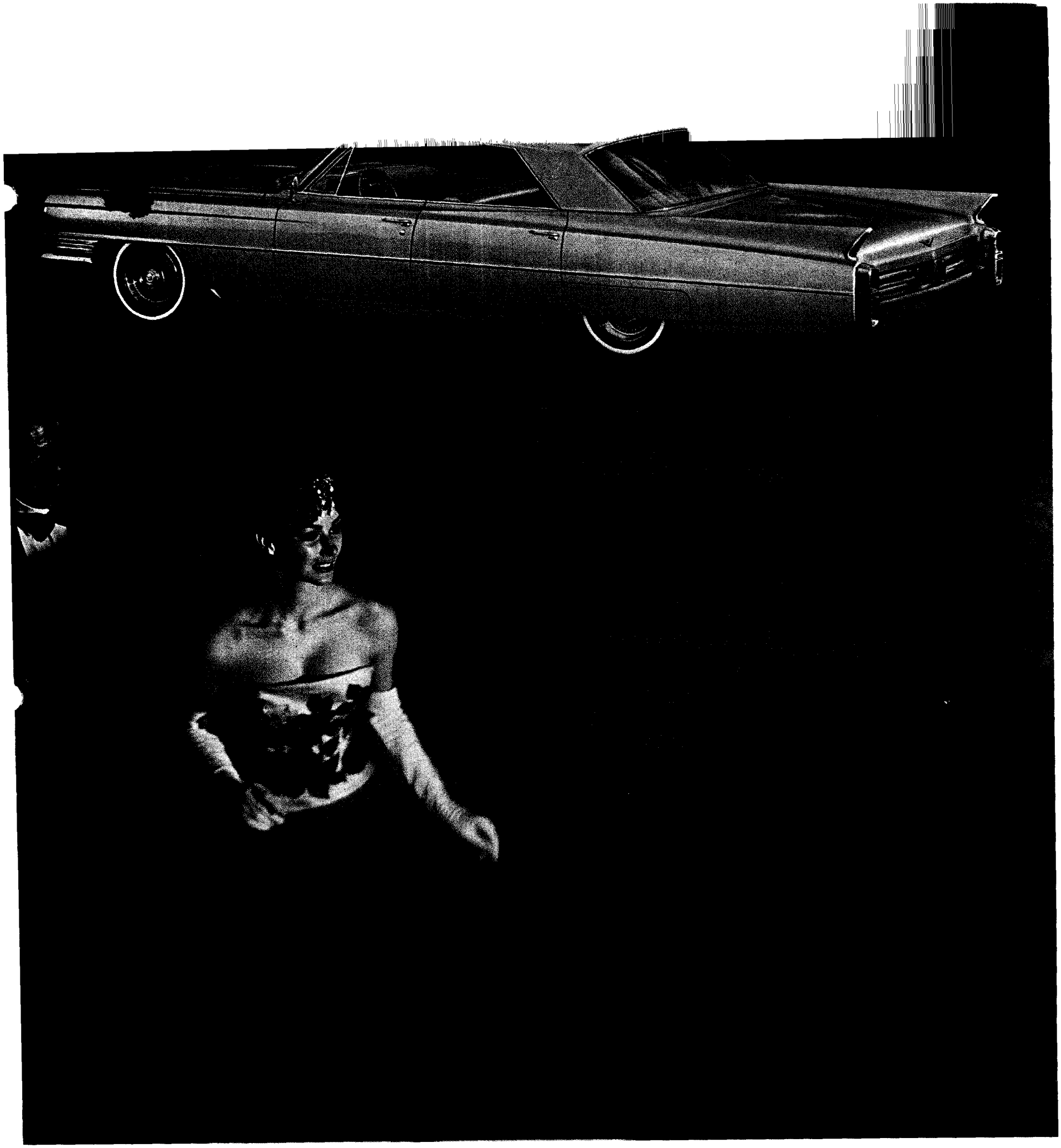

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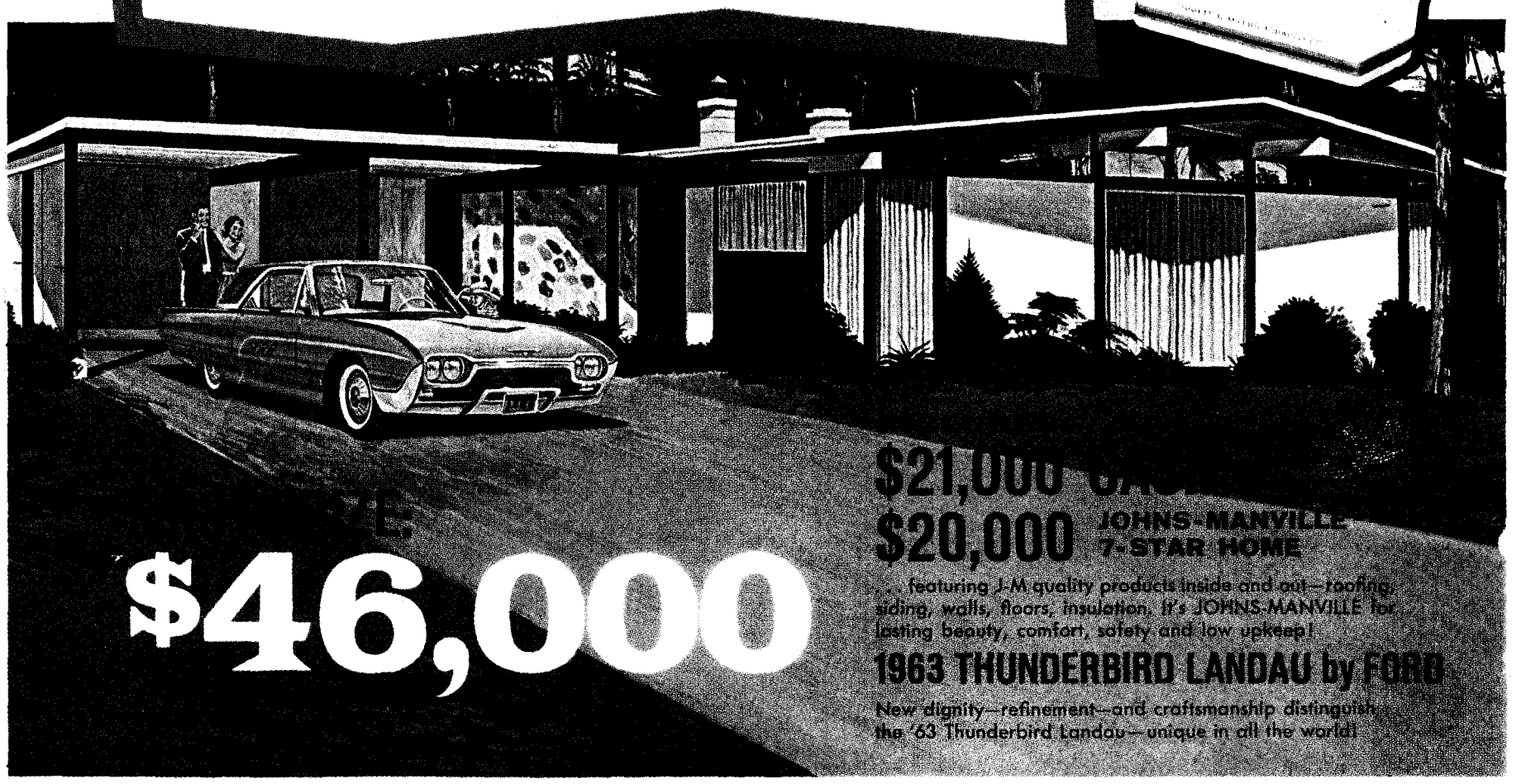

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2ND PRIZES:

21 1963 FALCON CONVERTIBLES

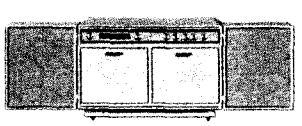
This all-new Falcon Convertible for '63 features new fun, excitement and glamour—plus Falcon's famous economy! Richly styled—smart new bucket seats—spirited new performance—a ride smoother than ever before. Best bet for fun-loving, sun-loving folks.

OVER 2200 CHANCES TO WIN

This is pleasure too good to miss. Join in the fun of helping us coin a short, catchy way of asking for CHESTERFIELD KING—just check your favorite of the four nicknames on the entry blank. Why not make the change to CHESTERFIELD KING today?

THIS IS TOBACCO TOO MILD TO FILTER. THIS IS PLEASURE TOO GOOD TO MISS. THIS IS CHESTERFIELD KING!!

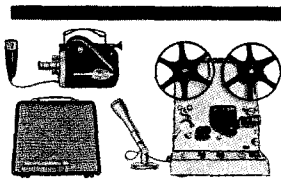
1st-prize winner to be announced on the ENSIGN O'TOOLE television program, Sunday, Dec. 2, NBC-TV, 7:00 PM E.S.T.



3RD PRIZES:

20 G-E STEREO SETS

Custom Decorator Stereo to hang on wall, set on table. Featuring GENERAL ELECTRIC's new HOME MUSIC DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM for music throughout the house without custom wiring!



4TH PRIZES:

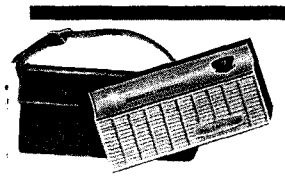
21 FAIRCHILD SOUND

8MM MOVIE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS . . . captures sound at the same time you're shooting the scene. It's the FAIRCHILD Cinephonic for color, action and sound!

5TH PRIZES:

20 RCA VICTOR COLOR TV SETS

. . . from the world leader in perfecting *Color Television! Enjoy new pleasure and new* realism in a color TV set. You have to see it to believe it!



2120 CHANNEL MASTER TRANSISTOR RADIOS

Astonishing power, big-speaker tone, rich, good looks. Easy slide-rule tuning, 6 matched transistors. With cowhide case and earphone.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. On an official entry blank, print your name and address and check your favorite one of the four short, catchy ways of asking for CHESTERFIELD KING. You may also use a plain sheet of paper on which you have printed your favorite of the four ways of asking for CHESTERFIELD KING (see entry blank) along with your name and address. Mail to CHESTERFIELD KING Sweepstakes, Box #226, New York 46, N. Y.

2. Entries must be postmarked by November 9, 1962 *and received by November 16, 1962. Send* in as many entries as you wish. Each entry must be mailed separately.

3. Each entry must be accompanied by any of the following: three empty CHESTERFIELD KING wrappers, or an end panel from a carton of CHESTERFIELD KING, or three pieces of paper, 3" x 5", on which you have hand-copied the words "CHESTERFIELD KING" in block lettering from any source.

4. Prize winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Its decision, with respect to all phases of the sweepstakes, will be final. All winners will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after final drawing, which will be held on or about November 30, 1962.

5. First prize does not include lot or landscaping for house. First-prize winner may elect to substitute $15,000 cash, in place of house (est. value $20,000). This election must be made within 60 days of notification. If winner chooses house, a good lot must be provided within one year. No cash substitution will be made for other prizes. Any tax or liability on any prize will be the sole responsibility of prize winners. Only one prize to a family.

6. Entries limited to residents 18 years of age, and older, of the United States and Puerto Rico. Employees, and their families, of D. L. Blair Corporation, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company and its advertising agencies are not eligible.

7. *Residents of Wisconsin, Florida and New* Jersey may enter, but should disregard the requirements in rule #3 above. Sweepstakes void in any locality or state where prohibited by law. Federal, State and local government regulations apply.

8. For a list of prize winners, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to: CHESTERFIELD KING Winners List, Box #20, New York 46, N. Y. Do not send this request with entry blank.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Join in the fun of coining a short, catchy way of asking for Chesterfield King. Check your favorite among the four names listed below and you qualify for the Sweepstakes.

(check one) ☐ **Chester King** ☐ **CK's** ☐ **Chester K** ☐ **King Chesty**

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Important. Remember to enclose three empty Chesterfield King packs or one carton end (or substitutes, see Rule 3) with each entry.

Mail to: **CHESTERFIELD KING SWEEPSTAKES, Box 226, New York 46, N. Y.**

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